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- ART. I.—1. *Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason*. In Commemoration of the Centenary of its First Publication. Translated into English by F. MAX MÜLLER, with an Historical Introduction by LUDWIG NOIRÉ. London: 1881.
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3. *On the Philosophy of Kant: Shaw Fellowship Lectures*. By ROBERT ADAMSON, M.A., Professor of Logic, Owens College, Manchester. Edinburgh: 1879.
4. *Kant and his English Critics: a Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy*. By JOHN WATSON, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Canada. Glasgow: 1881.
5. *Text-Book to Kant: The Critique of Pure Reason: Aesthetic, Categories, Schematism*. Translation, Reproduction, &c., with Biographical Sketch. By J. HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL.D. Edinburgh: 1881.
6. *Kant*. By WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College. (Blackwood's Philosophical Classics.) 1882.
7. *The Life of Immanuel Kant*. By J. H. STUCKENBERG, D.D., late Professor in Wittenberg College, Ohio. London: 1882.
8. *Studies in Philosophy: Back to Kant, &c.* By W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: 1882.

IT is a hundred and one years last June since 'The Kritik of Pure Reason' appeared at the Easter Fair of Leipzig. The centenary of the publication has been attended and fol-

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lowed by various indications of a revived interest in the Critical Philosophy. This interest, indeed, had been awakened some years before, as shown by the dates of some of the works at the head of our paper, not to speak of Professor Mahaffy's translations and commentary at a still earlier date. A philosophical reaction in favour of Kant had set in still earlier in Germany, against the pressure of the materialistic and pessimistic schools.* It was felt there, as it has since been felt with ourselves, that the Critical Philosophy held the key of the position in the great conflict which is being again waged between Metaphysics and Empiricism. We follow, as usual, Germany in the speculative race, and catch up the echoes of the battle well-nigh fought out elsewhere. The strife of tongues in the fields both of philosophy and theology is renewed on English and Scottish soil, sometimes with little originality, but sometimes also with a notable clearance of the grounds of controversy, and a more sifting, firm, and intelligible hold of the vantage points on either side.

It is the unhappy fate of the German intellect to fight its philosophical and theological battles in the leading-strings of a terminology repulsive to the common-sense of every other educated people, and which often helps to embroil and confuse rather than to elucidate and settle the fray. We have our own defects, but, at any rate, we are free from the barbarisms of language which more or less cling to all learning in Germany. Problems, therefore, which to many readers seem hopeless in the metaphysical jargon of the Fatherland, assume a comprehensible shape in the language of French and English thinkers, and the issues become distinct, if still necessarily difficult. There is some danger that the Kantian revival may prove at the same time a revival of the technical terminology which has so long disfigured philosophy. Kant was himself a chief sinner in this respect, and there was the less excuse for him that he knew, when he took pains, how to express himself with nervous simplicity and clearness. He was alive to the charm of a graceful and even popular style of exposition, and professes to have deliberately laid it aside in the preparation of the '*Kritik*,' content, he says,†

* See the authorities quoted by Dr. Max Müller in his preface, xv, xliii, and by Mr. Courtney, 135; especially Otto Liebmann, '*Kant und die Epigonen*,' 1865, who is the original of the phrase emphasised by both those writers, '*Back to Kant*' ('*es muss auf Kant zurückgegangen werden*').

† Introduction to Prolegomena.

‘to postpone the sweets of an immediate success to the prospect of a slower but more lasting reputation.’ It is easy to find excuses for an obscure style, and stupid admirers will be sure to find them for philosophers or poets who may not have put them forward for themselves. But the real explanation in Kant’s case, as in almost all such cases, was haste of composition,* accompanied by an extreme dislike, more or less common to all minds more reflective than artistic, to recast what has once been written. Obscurity of style has often been said to spring only from obscurity of thought. This is a superficial judgment; the example of many great thinkers, from Kant and Butler to Spencer or Browning, may be held to disprove it. The main cause is undoubtedly haste, and indisposition to kindle anew the fires of thought which have once exhausted themselves in rapid, however confused, products. It is withal a great and sometimes intolerable evil. It aggravates every difficulty of the subject, and, as shown in such conspicuous examples as Hume and Ferrier, to mention no other names, is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the deepest thinking. Kant himself tells us† how much he admired the grace as well as the subtlety of Hume’s expositions. We must take great thinkers as we have them—Kant with others; but he and his successors in Germany are not the more but the less great, that they have frequently left their ideas in chaotic dust-heaps of terminology, which are far more difficult to master than any real thought which they embody.

We can honestly say for the works before us that they are, upon the whole, free from barbarisms of style. In so far as they translate or even paraphrase Kant, of course they repeat his nomenclature.‡ But the authors write clearly themselves,

* The ‘Kritik,’ as is well known, while the fruit of at least twelve years’ meditation, was really written in less than five months. This was Kant’s own statement to Moses Mendelssohn.

† Introduction to Prolegomena.

‡ There cannot perhaps be a better illustration for ordinary readers of the quite unnecessary barbarism of Kant’s terminology, than the manner in which he puts the leading question of his whole philosophy, and Professor Caird’s brief statement of its meaning (p. 7). The question which Kant presents to us at the beginning of the ‘Critique of Pure Reason’ is the following: ‘How are synthetic judgments *à priori* possible?’ The meaning of the question, says Professor Caird, is simply this—‘How can the individual mind get beyond itself? How can we know?’ If this be the meaning, as no doubt it is, every sensible reader is prompted to ask, Then why should not the philosopher have said so in simple and intelligible language? Kant’s whole

and any English reader who will give himself the trouble may understand from them, not only the main principles of the Critical Philosophy, but also, which is all-important at the present time, the manner in which these principles are discriminated from the empirical philosophy which has had its day of triumph once more. Two of the volumes are, to a large extent, biographical, and contain all the information that is known, or can now be known, of Kant's character and habits and the quiet routine of his long professorial career at Königsberg; Dr. Hutchison Stirling has also added to his volume a characteristic 'biographical sketch.' The result is, that we have Kant as man and professor as well as philosopher and writer before us, depicted with more fulness and detail than ever before. Not only the Critical Philosophy, but its great expositor, are made as visible to the common eye as they are ever likely to be.

We propose, in the following pages, to avail ourselves of these recent labours and researches, and to present our readers with a sketch both of the great teacher and of his system of thought, or at least of its ground-principle; for we shall hardly attempt more. It is not our purpose to enter into any controversial disquisition, or to add to the mass of commentary which has already accumulated round the subject, but simply to draw, in such plain language as we can command, an outline of the sage of Königsberg and of the distinctive basis of his philosophy, which we fully recognise with his special admirers to be epochal in its significance. It cuts up by the roots for ever, when understood, the empirical pretensions which have again imposed upon so many in our time. We are not concerned, and the world is not concerned, with the polemical

philosophical apparatus of 'Æsthetic,' 'Categories,' 'Schematism,' with his endless subdivisions, is trying in the last degree; the question throughout being nothing but the question underlying all philosophy, and which Hume had made clear as day in language for ever intelligible to any educated mind—the question, namely, whether we can really know things or only thoughts—whether our knowledge is objective or merely subjective. As Dr. Wallace, who writes very frankly on this subject, says—'Distinction after distinction is made and invested 'with a name,' and with 'a great parade of logical subdivision' there is 'great abruptness.' Anyone who wishes to see in detail the endless verbalism of the Critical Philosophy should look into Mellin's marvellous 'Encyclopädisches Wörterbuch der Kritischen Philosophie' (six large volumes, Leipzig, 1797), in which the student will find much assistance, and may learn the whole Kantian system, and other systems as well.

details which every speculative system raises, or the endless disputations which, in a greater or less degree encircle every philosophical name. We leave aside such details, and have no room to explain, still less to discuss, the special contents of the 'Kritik.' We shall confine ourselves to what is after all the vital essence of its argument—the relation which thought bears to things in the problem of knowledge—the question of mind in connexion with matter. Kant himself is a great figure; he left a great impress upon the history of human thought, which can never be contemplated as if he had not lived and taught. It will be our aim to show our readers what the man was and what he taught, without plunging into arid difficulties which, after all, do not touch the main drift of his philosophy.

Immanuel Kant was born at Königsberg, with which his name remains identified, on April 22, 1724. His parents were poor and pious tradespeople. His father was born a Prussian, near Memel, but he was the son of Scottish parents who had emigrated 'for some reason or other,' as he himself says, with many others, at the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Probably the ecclesiastical troubles in Scotland had to do with this emigration, not only to Germany, but to Sweden, at that time. Many Scottish names, such as Douglas, Simpson, Hamilton, still survived, to Kant's knowledge, 'particularly about Memel and Tilsit;' and his own name, which he, like his father, originally spelled Cant, contains a direct suggestion both of his Scottish descent and of the probable origin of the emigration which landed his father in Germany. The name of Cant is prominently associated with the religious movements in Scotland in the seventeenth century. An Andrew Cant is notorious as a Covenanting opponent of the 'Aberdeen Doctors,' who represented Episcopacy with so much distinction in Aberdeen in the middle of that century. No one has attempted to trace any family connexion between the zealous Covenanting preacher and the Königsberg philosopher, but nothing is more likely than that, with the return of the prelate persecution which followed the Restoration in Scotland, many Covenanting families, and Cant's among them, should have forsaken a country where they could no longer remain unmolested, for one so much associated in their minds with the triumphs of the Reformed religion.

All that we know of Kant's parents bears out such a supposition. They were not only religious, but they were enthusiastic members of the Pietist party which, originating

with Spener in the latter half of the seventeenth century, over-spread Germany, and gave for a time a new life to German Protestantism. Kant himself, alienated as all his mature sympathies were from Pietism, has given a touching picture of the unaffected piety and goodness of his parents. They were but poor people, his father being a working saddler; but they remained to him abiding examples of all parental virtue: 'Never, not even once,' in his knowledge, did his 'parents say 'an unbecoming word or do an unworthy act.' Reflecting on his experience as a tutor and what he had seen in other families, 'he often thought with deep emotion of the incomparably more excellent training which he had received at home.'

'Let men say what they will of Pietism,' he adds, 'those who sincerely adopted it were honourably distinguished. They had the highest which a man can possess, that rest, that cheerfulness, that inner peace which no passion could disturb. No need and no persecution disheartened them; no contention could excite them to anger and enmity. I still remember how a quarrel about their rights broke out between the guilds of the harness-makers and of the saddlers, from which my father suffered considerably; but in spite of this, even in the conversation of the family, this quarrel was mentioned with such forbearance and love towards the opponents, and with such firm confidence in Providence, that the thought of it, though I was only a boy then, will never leave me.'

Kant, therefore, may be said to have owed much in character to his parents, and especially to his mother, of whom he never fails to speak with the warmest feelings: 'My mother,' he says, 'was a lovely, affectionate, pious, and upright woman, and a tender mother, who led her children to the fear of God by means of pious instruction and a virtuous example.' She took the boy often outside the city, and spoke to him with pious rapture of the Divine works and the wisdom and goodness they displayed. He never could forget her, nor how she opened his mind to the impressions of nature, and awakened and enlarged his thoughts. Few philosophers have spoken of their parents with more enthusiasm; and when it is remembered that they had eleven children in all, and that their life seems to have been a continued struggle with poverty, it will be admitted that they must have possessed rare qualities. Unhappily, they both died while the future philosopher was yet young—his mother in the end of 1737, a victim to her courageous affection for a friend suffering from disease; and his father in 1746, just when he had completed his university career as a student. This was not only a definite loss to him,

but seems to have broken up the family, between the members of whom there apparently did not subsist the same helpful affection as had so prominently characterised their parents.*

The religious character of Kant's parents brought him under the notice of their pastor, Dr. Schultz, who early noticed the boy's abilities, and was the means, more than any other, of securing for him an adequate education. Whatever may have been the defects of the gymnasial training at this time in Germany—for the age of educational reform, even for Germany, had not yet set in, and no one has said harder things of the old training than Kant himself—yet it was the only avenue of intellectual promotion; and save for the Pietistic pastor of Königsberg, who was also happily at the head of the local gymnasium, known as the 'Collegium Fredericianum,' the 'Critical Philosophy' might have remained unborn. Dr. Schultz took the boy by the hand, and had him placed at this school when eight years old. The hope of his parents, no doubt, as of the good rector, was that the promising youth should study theology and enter the Church. He did study theology, as we shall see, and never lost a profound interest in its problems; yet, along with some other brilliant young men destined for the Church at this time, he never entered it. A new spirit, unfavourable to the cause of religion and Christian science, had sprung up in the universities, and largely superseded Pietism, some while before the completion of Kant's academic studies. The first Frederick, with his dull piety and orthodox intolerance, had gone in the spring of 1740, and the second Frederick, known as 'The Great,' the friend of Voltaire and of Illuminism throughout the world, reigned in his stead. Kant so far shared in the new influences while never losing a true sense of religion, nor forgetting his obligations to the pious enthusiasm of Dr. Schultz and his parents. One of his last regrets, in the intervals of the weakness of old age, was that he had not raised some memorial to show his gratitude to the man who did so much for him in youth, and whose varied powers as a preacher, an educationist,

* Kant's sisters were of course necessarily left in a very inferior position to himself; but it is strange that he should have neglected them so entirely as he did. He seems to have had little or no intercourse with them, till one of them in his old age was brought from the workhouse to take care of him. There was but little sympathy also between him and his only brother, who attained to some social position as a clergyman; although it is mentioned that Kant, after his brother's death, was very kind and helpful to his family.

and even a philosopher, he continued to admire. Schultz's activities indeed, in more than six distinct offices, seem to have been enormous; and his was not only an external activity as pastor, rector, and administrator, but he had been a favourite pupil of Christian Wolff at Halle, and imbibed the principles of his philosophy so thoroughly that the latter is reported to have said of him, in words the ring of which is rather suspiciously current of German philosophers in general, 'If anyone has understood me, it is Schultz in Königsberg.'

Kant's abilities at the gymnasium did not excite any particular notice. The course of instruction embraced Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, History, Logic, Mathematics, and Geography. The German language itself seems to have been comparatively neglected, and there was no instruction in Natural History or Physics, towards both of which his early predilections were greatly turned. He did not retain any high opinion of the education which he received. The lessons both in logic and mathematics seem to have been superficial (indeed how could they be otherwise, considering the age of the pupils?), and he was wont to laugh at the thought of them. But at least he had the advantage of one distinguished teacher in the person of Heydenreich, who taught the first Latin class, and to whose 'elegant Latin scholarship,' as Kant often afterwards said, he was indebted for the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the Latin classics, and for his proficiency in that language. Latin was his favourite study at the gymnasium. He, Ruhnken, and Cunde, who were fellow-pupils with him, used to meet to read Latin authors, not in the course of study, and he remembered in after-years his happy association with both these scholars. Cunde died young, without realising the fame his remarkable learning seemed destined to acquire; but Ruhnken's name remains associated with the University of Leyden as one of its greatest teachers, and one of the best scholars of the last century. Strangely, philosophy seemed to be *his* bent rather than philology at the gymnasium, while the opposite was the case with Kant. The Leyden professor is said to have regretted that Kant ever left the fair field of the Humanities to wander on the barren steppes of Metaphysics.

After eight years at the gymnasium, Kant left it for the university. Hitherto the university of Königsberg had not been famous. It had been founded as early as the Reformation, in 1544, and a son-in-law of Melanchthon had been sent

to give it *éclat* as rector; but for two centuries it had languished in comparative obscurity, being chiefly known as a nursery for theological students of the north-eastern provinces of Germany, including what was then known as Russia. It was far from Leipzig, the centre of the German book trade, and all literary or speculative novelties came to it late. In 1729 Professor Bock wrote of it: 'The university is in a 'miserable condition; Philosophy is afflicted with a hectic 'fever, and the other sciences are also badly cultivated.' Even theology must have been in a bad way, one man Langhausen being professor extraordinary of Theology and professor in ordinary of Mathematics. In the same manner speculative philosophy and poetry were combined. There were none of the professors, if we except Schultz himself, who lectured on Dogmatics, and a young professor 'Extraordinary' of the name of Knutzen, whom Kant greatly affected, had any considerable reputation.

'Knutzen, like Schultz, was a follower of Wolff and of Spener; but, unlike Schultz, he was a man chiefly of the study and the lecture-room. His main interest lay in philosophy; and his chief literary work, the "*Systema Causarum*," published in 1735, treated of a question then much in dispute between the older school of philosophers, who continued the dogmas of the schoolmen, and the younger school, who derived their ideas from Descartes and Leibnitz. What philosophical ideas Knutzen communicated to Kant we cannot tell, but in general they were the current, somewhat mixed and moderate, theories which prevailed throughout Germany. But we do know a service which he rendered that was of more influence in opening or forming Kant's mind than any formal instruction on abstract philosophy. He lent to the young student the works of Newton, and, when he saw they were appreciated, allowed him to have the run of his extensive library.' (Wallace's '*Kant*,' p. 17.) •

Kant remained for six years a student at the University of Königsberg. It is not easy to say how he supported himself during that time, but he evidently suffered considerable privation, and had in the main to depend upon himself. A brother of his mother, 'a well-to-do shoemaker' of the name of Richter, is supposed to have given him casual assistance; but economy and industry were, as throughout life, his great resources. He and two young friends, Lithuanians, Wlömer and Heilsberg, who afterwards rose to consideration in the political world, were intimately associated in the narrowness of their circumstances, and in a common ambition to distinguish themselves. Wlömer for some time shared his room with Kant, giving the latter free lodging in return for tuition. He had other pupils,

who helped him as they could. One, it is said, 'would pay 'for the coffee and white bread' (evidently a luxury) which made their refreshment at the hour of lesson; and when an old garment needed repair, one of his student friends would remain at home while Kant sallied forth in his borrowed coat. 'His 'only recreation,' says Heilsberg in reminiscences of his old age, which probably, however, should be accepted with some caution, 'consisted in playing billiards, a game in which 'Wlümer and I were his constant companions. We had developed our skill almost to the utmost, and rarely returned 'home without some gain.'*

After the completion of his university career, at the age of twenty-two (1746), Kant's prospects were far from encouraging. He was still too young to attempt the work of a professor, although this was no doubt the ambition of his life from this time forward. With a view to this work he produced in the usual manner a mathematical dissertation entitled '*Gedanken von der wahren Schätzung der lebendigen Kräfte &c.*' (Thoughts of the True Estimate of Living Forces, &c.), in which he treated of a question as to motion between Leibnitz and the mechanical theorists who followed Descartes. This production, however, did not see the light till three years after he had left the university. In the meantime, and for a considerable period, he employed himself as a tutor in various families. The interval between his student and his professorial career lasted nine years, during which we know little of his intellectual growth, although evidently the period was one of great advance. Especially it seems to have been fruitful in the cultivation of his tastes and manners, and a certain delicacy of personal deportment and address, which continued to characterise him amid all the plainness of his final domesticities. During this time also he contracted those higher social relations which lifted him above the old family sphere, and any companionship of his sisters particularly. After all, he is said never to have been above sixty miles away from Königsberg all his life—a strange fact when taken in connexion with his fondness for geographical studies. The family to whom Kant owed most at this time was that of Count Kayserling. He was a man of many accomplishments of head and heart, of diplomatic experience and knowledge of the world. The Countess, however, is especially mentioned by Kant as an 'ornament of her sex,' of rare and charming talents and manners. She had translated a compendium of philosophy into

* Stuckenberg's *Life*, pp. 51-2, also Wallace, pp. 18-19.

French, while her attainments as an artist had procured her the distinction of being elected an honorary member of the Berlin Academy of Arts and Sciences. Within the bosom of this family, by whom his remarkable powers were appreciated, Kant developed not only a certain refinement of personal manner, but a love of politics, which continued to mark him through life. He became, in short, something of a man of the world, and rose above the mere bookworm stage in which German professors are apt to spend their existence. Amid all his isolation and abstraction he was always a keen politician, and when his thinking was done, loved to expatiate with his friends on the news of the day and the affairs of the world.

In 1755 Kant returned to the university as a lecturer or *privat-docent*. He was still, however, far removed from a professorship; and it is rather melancholy to contemplate how long he had to wait and how often he was disappointed before he reached his true position. He hoped, in 1756, to obtain the 'extraordinary' professorship of Philosophy, which had been left vacant by his friend and teacher Knutzen, but economical considerations made the Berlin Government resolve not to fill it up. Then, in 1758, the ordinary professorship of Logic and Metaphysics was given to another *privat-docent*, of older standing. Not till 1766, when he was forty-two years of age, did he receive any salaried office, and then one little congenial to him—the sub-librarianship in the Schloss Library, 'with a yearly stipend of sixty-two thalers' (about 10*l.*). Only in 1770, when the spring of life was quite past, did he reach the goal of his ambition, and attain the professorship of Logic and Metaphysics, for which twelve years before he had been a candidate—so slow was Königsberg in recognising the merits of her great son, and not till other universities, both Erlangen and Jena, had begun to enquire after him and invite him to honour and emolument. The philosopher, no less than the prophet, has often but little honour in his own country.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the fifteen years (1755-1770) during which Kant waited for the post on which he has conferred such a world-wide celebrity, were years of unrequited labour. They brought him fame in the world of philosophy and letters, if not advancement at home. Immediately before entering on his career as a *privat-docent*, he had prepared the most important of all his earlier works—'A General Natural History and Theory of the Heavens; or an essay on the constitution and mechanical origin of the whole universe, discussed according to Newtonian principles.'

This publication appeared in 1755, contemporaneously with the commencement of his academic course. It was, however, unfortunate in the accidents of its birth. The publisher failed, and copies of the book never reached the Leipzig fair. It was dedicated to Frederick the Great, but never came under his eyes. Withal it was no doubt known in Königsberg and to his academic friends, and must have contributed greatly to his success and repute as a university teacher. It possesses no ordinary interest even now, especially as having anticipated the series of cosmological speculations with which our time has become familiar.

This power of prevision in science, no less than in metaphysics, is one of the strongest testimonies to Kant's genius. He anticipated Laplace in his nebular hypothesis; he anticipated Comte in his sociological laws. To this day the mechanical theory of the origin of the universe, with which we are specially accustomed to associate the name of Laplace as if he had invented it, is known in Germany as the Kant-Laplace theory.* It is possible that Laplace never heard of Kant's book; the fame of it was in some degree stifled, as we have seen, at its birth; while the 'Cosmological Letters' of Lambert, which started the same theory, attracted much attention. But this does not diminish Kant's merit. It is even probable that the fame of his book was more extended than his biographers are disposed to allow. It is written with enthusiasm and liveliness of style, and was calculated to make an impression not only by the novelty of its speculations, but by its fresh and interesting mode of treatment. The Kant of the 'Kritik' is hardly to be realised in this earlier work, which, no less than his lectures as a *privat-docent*, brought him, above all, the reputation of an interesting expositor with great power of concrete and varied illustration. His 'Natural History and Theory of the Heavens' shows in the most favourable light not only his scientific knowledge, but his literary powers, and is warm with a glow of religious thoughtfulness which a great subject seldom failed to kindle in him. He sees behind

* Not only this general theory, but many of the special cosmical ideas supposed to have originated in our age, were before Kant's mind. As Mr. Adamson says, p. 15, 'the views as to the antiquity of the human race, our knowledge of the slow progress by which the general human consciousness has advanced from its primitive stages, the theoretical proof of the origin and probable extinction of this physical system, the hypothesis of the evolution of man from lower organic types, and of all organisms from inorganic substance—these ideas were all, in one form or another, present to Kant.'

all the mechanism of natural forces, to which he ascribes the origin of the universe, the presence of Divine power. The mere fact of cosmical Order involves a pervading Intelligence. *There is a God*, because 'even in chaos nature could not proceed otherwise than with regularity and order. All the 'properties of matter have their vocation from the eternal idea 'of the Divine mind.' With a scientific discernment not inferior to that of Laplace, he has a wider and nobler spirit, and rises to a strain of moral enthusiasm to which the 'brilliant 'Frenchman' is a stranger. He even gives way to his imagination, and contemplates the immortal spirit of man holding in some higher orb than ours a more complete union with the Supreme Being. 'When the heart is filled with thoughts like 'these,' he adds, in a passage full of touching beauty, which recalls a still finer and better known passage from the 'Kritik 'of the Practical Reason,' 'the sight of a starry sky in a clear 'night gives a pleasure only felt by noble souls. Amid the 'unusual silence of nature and the repose of the senses, the 'hidden faculty of the immortal spirit speaks a language which 'has no name, and throws out vague ideas which may be felt 'rather than described.'

It is unnecessary to dwell even in passing on the smaller Latin essays which marked his advent as a university lecturer, or opened up the toilsome way of his ascent to a professorship. None of these possess any general interest. Evidently, however, his powers had become known, and the commencement of his lectures was looked forward to with more than usual expectation. For we are told by Borowski * that the hall in which he began his lectures in the autumn of 1755 was not only crowded, but also the vestibule and steps to it. Borowski himself was present, and recounts, along with this fact, the modest embarrassment of the lecturer. He 'spoke less audibly than usual, and frequently repeated himself. But,' he adds, 'this only served to increase our admiration for the man who, in our opinion, had the most 'extensive knowledge, and who impressed us as not fearful, 'but only modest. In the next hour everything was different. 'Then and afterwards his lectures were not only thorough, 'but also easy and agreeable.' The same writer tells that the general opinion of his ability was such that he was supposed capable of teaching any branch within the range of the philosophical Faculty. He still continued, however, during nearly the whole of his pre-professorial career, to treat scientific

* Stuckenberg's Life, p. 68.

rather than purely philosophical subjects. He lectured on Mathematics and Physics, Physical Geography, and even Pyrotechnics. He is said to have been particularly successful as a lecturer on Physical Geography. The subject carried him beyond himself and the circle of his own thought, which in later years hemmed in his mental activity, while it gave scope to his accumulated stores of information. Not only students, but 'officers, professional men, and merchants' flocked to hear him. He continued these lectures every summer for thirty years, and at length published them, after he ceased to lecture, in 1802. Full of many facts and generalisations, vividly descriptive and anecdotic, with a vein of humour and imagination, they are still interesting; but have now, as may be supposed, but little scientific value.

* It is to this earlier period of his great popularity as a lecturer that the description of Herder, often quoted, applies. Herder cared little for his Metaphysics; they rather repelled him: but thirty years after leaving Königsberg he wrote:—

'I had the good fortune to know a philosopher who was my teacher. He was in his best years, and possessed the cheerful vivacity of youth, which I believe he preserves even in his old age. His open brow, formed for thought, was the seat of undisturbed serenity and joy: language freighted with thought flowed from his lips; wit and humour were at his command; and his instructive lecture was like an entertaining conversation. In the same spirit as he investigated Leibnitz, Wolff, Baumgarten, Crusius, Hume, and traced the laws of Newton, Kepler, and the physicists, he criticised the books then appearing—the "Emile" and the "Héloïse"—as well as every new discovery in physics which came under his notice, and always returned from other studies to the impartial study of nature and the moral dignity of man. The history of man and of nations, as well as natural science, mathematics, and experience, gave life and interest to his lectures and conversation. No knowledge was indifferent to him; no cabal, no sect, no advantage or ambition had any attractions for him, compared with the pursuit of truth. He encouraged and obliged his hearers to think for themselves.' *

This bright and varied portion of Kant's academic career, before the concentration of his mind upon metaphysical questions, is perhaps best represented by his 'Observations on the Beautiful and Sublime,' which he published in 1764. Other works, some of them of a distinctly metaphysical character, such as his 'Only possible Argument for demonstrating God's Existence' and his 'Inquiry into the Evidence of the Principles of Natural Theology and Morals,' belong to the same period; but these and other tractates are swallowed

* Quoted by Stuckenberg, pp. 78-79.

up in his larger metaphysical writings of a later period. All the while, no doubt, his mind was working slowly forward towards the new Philosophy which was destined to give his name such celebrity. The philosophical dogmatism of his youth was losing its hold, as his penetrating genius went deeper into the problems of knowledge; but he was content to play with lighter speculations for a long time, and to expatiate in wide and various fields; and his treatise on the 'Beautiful and Sublime,' with the cosmological work already noticed, which preceded his advent as a university teacher, is the highest expression of his mind in the pre-critical stage. It is, like all his earlier works, descriptive rather than speculative and argumentative, and dallies with the subject in many sallies of illustrative effect and anecdotic interest, rather than attempts any profound or subtle analysis. Many of its terse and telling sayings appear now faded commonplaces in the light of the higher æsthetic criticism which was even then beginning in Germany, in the works of Winckelmann. Kant had many great qualities, and a genuine, though limited, love of Nature. His treatise on the 'Beautiful and Sublime' was chiefly composed in the woodland solitudes in which he delighted, about eight miles from Königsberg. But he had no definite knowledge of Art, and his poetic tastes ranged within a very narrow and defective circle.

When Kant at length became professor of Logic and Metaphysics, he continued for some time to lecture very much as he had done. He gave one hour daily either to Logic or Metaphysics; the others to some branch of applied Philosophy, or such a subject as Physical Geography or Anthropology. He was especially famous for his regularity in his work as in all things. One hearer testifies to the fact that for nine years in succession, during which he attended his classes, his teacher never missed an hour. Of his mode of lecturing several accounts exist, some more favourable and enthusiastic, and others more critical. All concur in testifying to his rare power of fixing attention, and imparting his ideas, even when dealing with the most abstruse matters. An attentive listener not merely received knowledge, but 'a lesson in methodical thinking.' He had certainly the true ideal of a great teacher more familiar to the lecture-rooms of the German and Scottish than to those of the English universities. He did not aim to teach his own system exclusively or mainly, even after he had carefully elaborated it, and still less did he aim to impress his own personality upon his hearers. His primary and chief aim was to make them think. He would often say,

Überreife Vorträge Pöhl,

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‘ You will not learn philosophy from me, but to philosophise—
 ‘ not merely thoughts for repetition, but to think.’ In his logic he gave three important rules :—‘ First, to think yourself ;
 ‘ second, to put yourself in the place of others ; third, always to
 ‘ think consistently. The first is the enlightened, the second is
 ‘ the enlarged, the third is the consequent method of thinking.’
 The following picture of the philosopher in his lecture-room represents him in his later years (1795), when the long burden of thought had worn out the fire of his earlier enthusiasm. In order to realise him in his prime, we must imagine, if not a much stronger figure, for he was always lean and little, yet a more living and moving force of intellect. The picture, however, possesses interest not only in itself, but as the sketch of a young nobleman, the Graf von Purgstall, who in his twenty-second year made a pilgrimage to Königsberg to see the ‘ Patriarch ’ of the Critical Philosophy, the enthusiasm of which he had caught under Rheinhold, one of Kant’s disciples, at Jena. In the following manner he describes his impressions to a student friend :—

‘ Imagine to yourself a little old man, bent forward as he sits, in a brown coat with yellow buttons, with wig and hair bag to boot ; imagine further that this little man sometimes takes his hands out from the close-buttoned coat where they lie crossed, and makes a slight movement before his face, as a man does when wishing some one else quite to understand him. Draw this picture to yourself, and you see him to a hair. Though all this can scarcely be termed elegant, though his words do not ring clear, still everything which his delivery, if I may say so, lacks in form, is richly compensated by the excellence of the matter. . . . Kant lectures on an old Logic by Meier, if I mistake not. He always brings the book with him into lecture. It looks so old and stained, he must, I think, have brought it to the class for forty years. On every page he has notes written in minute characters. Many of the printed pages are pasted over with paper, and many leaves struck out ; so that, as you can see, almost nothing of Meier’s Logic remains. Not one of his hearers brings the book to lecture : they merely write to his dictation. He does not, however, appear to notice this ; and follows his author with much fidelity from chapter to chapter, and then corrects him, or rather says quite the reverse ; but all in the greatest simplicity, and without the least appearance of conceit over his discoveries.*

The uniformity of Kant’s life as a professor leaves little to be said. It was marked by no events except the publication of his several works, and so his biographers tell stories how the philosopher spent his day, each day being exactly like

* Wallace, p. 38.

another, and what his sayings were about society and women, and even chess. His servant Lampe—a characteristic figure—and several of his friends are worked into the tissue of the biography, which is little of a story after all. He never married, although he is understood to have had one or two love passages, and to have been more than once on the point of asking now a ‘gentle and attractive widow’ and now ‘a pretty Westphalian maiden’ to share his lot. He was always too late, however, in making up his mind, and in the meantime the object of his affection was snatched from him by some more eager suitor. According to his reported conversations, he had no exalted ideal either of womanhood or marriage. Especially, he had no love for blue-stockings, and is even alleged to have given utterance to a saying which must lower him immeasurably in the estimation of the sex which in our day has shown both such enthusiasm and such capacity for learning—‘A woman who has her head full of Greek may as well have a beard to the bargain.’ A woman above all, he thought, must be a good cook, and he did not hesitate to maintain in argument that this was one of the most honourable functions to which any lady could devote herself. All the same, he seems to have been a favourite with bright and intelligent women, and the Countess Kayserling has left on record the inspiration and charm which she derived from his enlivening conversation, seasoned with the light salt of satire, and conveyed in the driest tone.

Lampe, we have said, is a chief figure in the biographic story. He began the day with rousing his master exactly at five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, with the invariable call, ‘Herr Professor, die Zeit ist angekommen.’ The call was never neglected; and the Professor was seated within a short time at his study table with a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco before him. He professed to take only a single cup, but sometimes, as he filled up his cup before he had finished, it became two. He busied himself in preparation for his lectures till seven o'clock, when, in frequent darkness and wintry cold, he descended to the lecture-room, where he was engaged for two hours. On his return at nine o'clock he still worked at his desk till a quarter before one, when, at the summons of his housekeeper, he sprang up with alacrity and prepared for dinner. He never dined alone after he set up an establishment of his own. Two guests at least, always, never more than five, shared his only substantial repast for the day. The guests were invited each morning, and were expected to observe his own punctuality. As soon as they arrived, Lampe

announced that dinner was ready, and all took their seats, cheerfully conversing about the weather or any other casual topic. Philosophy was tabooed. The time was one of relaxation, and, as Kant himself took his napkin, exclaiming, 'Nun, meine Herren,' he expected his guests not only to share his meal, but to assist in the flow of general and varied talk which was his delight on such occasions. Politics was a frequent subject, and nothing warmed and interested him more than to learn what was going on in the world—any new geographical discoveries, or any nonsense about Swedenborg and his dreams. He sat for two, three, and sometimes, it is even said, five hours at table, while the conversation passed its accustomed round from information to discussion and jest. Then he went out for his constitutional walk, in which he practised various peculiarities, such as keeping his mouth closed, and breathing only through the nose, which he also attempted during sleep. His regularity was a byword. His neighbours knew exactly the hour from seeing the philosopher pass to and from his house. Not even, as Heine says, was the cathedral clock more punctual in its time. His daily walk was the Linden Avenue, which is still called after him 'the philosopher's walk.' In his earlier years he often had companions, but latterly he walked alone. Heine adds, drawing no doubt somewhat on his imagination, that he walked eight times in all seasons up and down the avenue, his old servant Lampe in uncertain weather 'wandering anxiously 'behind him, with a long umbrella under his arm, like a 'picture of Providence.' On his return home he resumed work, after glancing at the newspaper, 'for which his appetite 'was always keen;' and as the darkness began to fall he would fix his gaze on the tower of the church opposite his window. This tower, strangely, so entered into his thoughts, and seemed to himself so to help them, that, when the view became obscured by the growth of his neighbour's poplars, he found himself suddenly arrested in his speculations. The course of his thought only flowed freely again when the poplars were cut at the top, so as to bring the familiar object once more within his view. He left off working a little before ten o'clock, and by this hour was tucked by Lampe again safely in his eider-down.

There might be a good deal to say of Kant's guests at dinner, who were also, in the main, the friends associated with his life of whom all his biographers have spoken at large; but our space is rapidly filling, and we can only mention those of them more closely identified with his work. Scottish

by descent, he cultivated not only British literature, particularly delighting in the works of Swift and Fielding, but he found perhaps his chief friend in a British merchant of the name of Green. Curious stories are told of the manner in which they made acquaintance, and also of the funny results which came of their respective devotion to punctuality; but we must pass them over. Green was evidently not only a great friend of Kant, but a valuable adviser in his affairs, and even a sound guide and critic as to many of his speculations. His devotion to literature and Kant seems to have led him to abandon his business and give himself to thoughtful leisure. He and the philosopher were for years daily companions, and every Saturday evening they spent together at Green's house. Green's death, in 1787, greatly affected his friend, and after this he seldom went into company in the evening. John George Hamann, the well-known religious philosopher, styled the 'Magus of the North,' was also for a time closely connected with Kant, although their philosophic and religious tendencies were very diverse. He and Herder, who, with all his admiration of Kant as a lecturer, had no sympathy with his Philosophy, were wont to exchange confidences severely critical of the great teacher's doctrines, while sharing a common enthusiasm for his powers. Evidently, Kant was very kind to Hamann, whose erratic character and mystical opinions could have had little attraction for him, and whom it was by no means easy to assist. Dr. Wallace, in his monograph, has suggested a comparison between the relations of Kant and Hamann and those between Hume and Rousseau: 'the same benevolent tranquillity on one side, the same passionate intensity on the other.' But Hamann, with all his faults, was not a sinner like Rousseau; and there was a solidity in Kant's moral intentions which outweighs the easy-going kindness of Hume.

The later friends of Kant, Borowski, Jachmann, and Wasianski, are chiefly remembered in connexion with memoirs of his life. Borowski and Wasianski were both clergymen, the former having risen to the singular and exceptional position of archbishop of the Evangelical Church in Prussia. The latter was the close friend and 'care-taker' of the philosopher's closing years, when his growing feebleness rendered it necessary for some one to manage his affairs. They had both been his students, and in their love and devotion to the old man only expressed the warm feelings which all his students cherished towards him. Other friends who can hardly be passed over were Lambert, of whose 'cosmological letters' we have already

spoken, and Kraus, Erhard, Rheinhold, and Kiesewetter. Lambert was only four years younger than Kant, and had struck out some of the same ideas. There was a strange affinity, not only in their cosmological speculations, but in their general studies and attainments, mathematical as well as metaphysical. They never met; but Kant cherished a cordial admiration for the younger thinker, and recognised in him a fellow-worker. They had entered into a sort of mental partnership for the furtherance of common ideas, when all was frustrated by Lambert's early death. Kraus was one of the most interesting of Kant's disciples. Entering the university at the height of the great teacher's fame, he became his enthusiastic admirer. Afterwards, when he became professor of mathematics at Königsberg, he was for a time one of the most constant guests at Kant's table, and always deeply attached to him. He never sank, however, into indiscriminate eulogy of the 'Critical Philosophy,' and ventured to criticise both it and its eulogists. This, or something else, led him to absent himself from the philosopher's hospitality after a time. Kant deeply felt this, but the estrangement went no further. He continued to speak with enthusiasm of Kraus, in whom there seems to have been a beautiful blending of profound thought and scholarship with a truly religious spirit; while Kraus, on his part, spoke of the old philosopher as his 'father,' to wait on whom he was content to abandon his holiday. He dined with him on his last birthday, when his feebleness had become painfully apparent, and he wept with his sister at his grave. Erhard, Rheinhold, and Kiesewetter were all enthusiastic Kantists, whose language of eulogy runs into the nonsensical exaggeration not uncommon with German enthusiasm. 'All the joy of my life fades into 'nothing,' says Erhard, 'when compared with the quivering emotion I felt as I read Kant's "Kritik of the Practical Reason."' Tears of highest delight burst forth again and 'again on that book.' 'It answers,' said Kiesewetter, 'to the moral ideal of Christianity; and if Christ could have heard it he would have pronounced it to mean exactly what he meant when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul."' 'In a hundred years,' said Rheinhold, more audaciously if possible, 'Kant will have the reputation of Jesus Christ.' One shrinks from transcribing such absurdities, and doubtless it was language of this kind which came justly under the smart of Kraus's satire.

Kant's great work was written by the beginning of 1781. All his deeper meditations, from the time that he became professor of Logic and Metaphysics, led up to it. In silence con-

tinued for many years he was gradually more and more concentrating his attention on the question, 'Is there a science 'of metaphysics possible?' He had said long before, in his earliest work, 'The Estimate of Living Forces,' 'Our metaphysics is really like many other sciences—only on the 'threshold of genuine knowledge. God knows if it will ever 'get further.' Thus early he seems to have felt that the real business of thought is to settle what can be known, not to build extensive but uncertain systems. He set himself, therefore, to ponder the foundations of science. To the great problem of the method and the evidence of knowledge his mind returned again and again amidst all his other and more popular labours. He fixed his inner eye on the boundaries of reason. All his efforts culminated, he said in a letter to Lambert as early as 1765, 'in a search for the proper method 'of metaphysics.' And at length, years before the appearance of the 'Kritik,' he considered himself in possession of the true secret. A work which he published about Swedenborg, in 1766, 'The Dreams of a Visionary explained by Dreams 'of Metaphysics,' shows how his mind was working. The book is entirely negative; it indicates no process of metaphysical construction; but it already enables us to understand how deeply laid in his mind were those lines of experience from which he started, and how determinate were the limits which reason, by its very nature, imposes upon itself. We see clearly in this treatise all the negative side of his thought. Again, five years later (1770), we have, in his inaugural dissertation after his appointment as professor, a full statement of the doctrine as to Space and Time afterwards elaborated in the first part of the 'Kritik'—the 'Æsthetic.' His mind, therefore, was gradually grasping the whole subject of the problem of knowledge. He kept asking himself, How do we know at all? and How far do we know?

Still he worked slowly, and not till after eleven years' further meditation did his great work see the light. It came rapidly forth from the furnace of his thought, when once fully conceived—far too rapidly, as we have already seen. The offspring of long gestation and yet rapid production, it is at once powerful and deformed, great in conception, deficient in form. It was never delivered as lectures, like most of his other works, and this also may have contributed to its obscurity. It lacked the advantage of leisurely revision, either by the pen or by oral repetition. At first it attracted little attention. The first review of it did not appear till half a year after its publication, and for some time afterwards,

reviewers failed to appreciate its great significance. It was remarked as merely a revival of the old idealism—a repetition of metaphysical ideas which had already played their part. This was annoying to the great thinker, who had wrought out his system with such patience and forethought. There survive in his hand many sketches and notes directed against idealism, which were afterwards wrought up into the chapter 'The Refutation of Idealism' in the second edition, which appeared in 1787. Onwards from this date the Critical Philosophy attained a rapidly growing popularity in Germany.*

Schopenhauer, it is well known, has specially attacked the changes made by Kant in the second edition of his great work. He has ascribed those changes to the author's weakness and timidity. But there is no real ground of justification for these charges. Kant had hitherto been entirely free from molestation in his speculations; and it was very unlike his manliness to yield to imaginary fears. He has, moreover, himself expressly said that nothing is changed except the representation of the system. The principles of the second edition are, in all essentials, the same as those in the first, only presented in what appeared to the author a more clear and discriminating form.

In the meantime (in 1783) the 'Prolegomena to every future Metaphysical System' appeared. This comparatively simple work is really of the nature of an introduction to the 'Kritik,' posterior as it is in publication. It deals with the same problem of the conditions of knowledge. It asks, as the larger work does, 'Is such a thing as metaphysic possible?' and tries to give the answer in a more popular and intelligible shape. Occupying the same standpoint towards idealism as the second edition of the 'Kritik,' it is of itself evidence that the changes in Kant's mind were natural changes, arising out of the course of his own thought, and the criticism to which his work had been subjected. The Introduction to the 'Prolegomena' betrays a consciousness of the neglect with which his speculations had as yet been received. They

* It was not till some time afterwards that it attracted serious attention in France and England. Efforts previously had been made to excite an interest in it in London; but it was only the publication of Villers' 'Philosophie de Kant' at Metz in 1801 which awakened public attention and called forth any important criticism of the system. An elaborate examination of Villers' volume opens the second number of this Journal, published just eighty years ago in January 1803, an article which still deserves perusal.

have been 'misjudged,' he says, 'because misunderstood'—and 'misunderstood because men chose to skim through the 'book and not think through it.' He admits that it is 'dry 'and obscure,' although he is astonished at such a charge 'coming from philosophers,' and cannot refrain from a sneer that 'everyone is not bound to study Metaphysics.' He designs the 'Prolegomena' to remove all obscurity, and at the same time to show that the substance of the 'Kritik' is 'a 'perfectly new science' with exceptional claims upon the world's attention. He was laying meanwhile the foundation of his ethical system, which from the beginning proved more attractive to many minds, and drew more powerfully and warmly disciples around him. In 1785 appeared his 'Foundation of 'the Metaphysic of Ethics;' in 1788, immediately following the second edition of the 'Kritik of Pure Reason,' his 'Kritik 'of the Practical Reason;' and in 1790 the 'Kritik of the 'Judgment Power' ('Kritik der Urtheilskraft'), elaborating his views of a criticism of taste. This completed the trilogy of Critical Philosophy, and the great labour of his thought and life.

Some time after 1790, when he had reached his sixty-sixth year, he continued still vigorous as a writer. It was after this date that his well-known 'Religion within the Limits of 'Mere Reason' brought him into conflict with the Prussian Government, then under a new and less tolerant reign (Frederick William II.). But his great philosophic work was really done from this time, and his health, as he himself mentions in a letter to Rheinhold in the year 1791, began to give way. His 'capacity for brain work' was no longer the same.

We cannot follow Kant's biographers in drawing any picture of his declining years, nor do we think it right to do so. It is a somewhat painful picture, which had better have been kept in shadow. But Kant's circumstances left his closing years without the veil which becomingly falls over the feebleness of age in the home of natural affection; and so his growing weariness with life, his fretfulness and weakness, the misbehaviour and dismissal of his old servant, the introduction of the sister whom he had long neglected to nurse him (whom, it is said, he did not know when brought into his presence), the necessity of making notes for him of the dishes at table, his barber's name, and even his little jokes for after-dinner use, which he could no more remember—all these melancholy incidents of the close of his great career have been faithfully chronicled. They had better have been forgotten. The philosopher lived almost to finish his eightieth year. Till about

the end it is said that his eye retained its glad fire of living blue which used to lighten upon the students in the happier moments of his expositions. His cheeks also remained fresh and ruddy; but his body was greatly attenuated. He was thought-worn and withered to a shadow. At length, on February 12, 1804, he passed away quietly, his last words being, as he declined some refreshment, 'Es ist gut.'

What, then, was the special work of Kant, and what its value? Especially, what is its meaning once more for our generation? Did he really open a new pathway to knowledge? Did he show the possibility of metaphysics in his own words, or in other words verify by his criticism the higher conditions of all science? These are the perennial questions that surround his name, in comparison with which all others are of no moment. It is only because his mode of thought—rather than his system—is supposed to have some living message for us in these respects, that the world of speculation is once more turning back to him, and finding a renewed interest in the Königsberg sage and his philosophy. These questions require careful pondering. Let us look at them fairly, and with such clearness as we can.

Our task, it will be observed, is a very distinct one—quite distinct from that which many of Kant's critics and expositors have undertaken. We are not concerned, or at least we do not mean to concern ourselves at present, with any mere exposition of the Critical Philosophy. We do not intend to examine, as Professor Caird and others have so well done, the growth of this philosophy in Kant's mind, the mixture of Wolffian elements in the earlier expression of Kant's thought, and the manner in which he shook himself at length clear of the philosophical traditionalism of his time; nor shall we enter at length into his relation to Locke or Berkeley, or even Hume, or attempt any estimate of the mingled traces of dogmatism, scepticism, or idealism which survive in the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason.' This would be to travel over ground which has been trodden till it is bare, and as to which our readers will find ample help for discussion in the volumes before us. Our special task is a simpler, and yet perhaps a more difficult one. Taking Kant at his best, and crediting him with the full fruit of his philosophic efforts, we are to ask what is the value of those efforts in a spiritual or metaphysical direction? What are the principles on which he vindicated, or sought to vindicate, metaphysic as a true region of knowledge and of ideal aspiration, and how far are these principles good and valid—

whether he himself has always held them consistently, or worked them into an harmonious system? The question is not the exact historical position of Kant, although it will be found impossible to understand him apart from some consideration of this position, and the manner in which both Wolff and Hume brought as it were the vital problems of all philosophy to his door; nor is it in any degree an account of the contents of the Critical Philosophy. We are to touch on no question of Kantian polemics, but to try to feel the heart of the Kantian thought; for nothing repays intellectual trouble less than the customary polemics which surround all philosophic names—polemics often proceeding on assumptions which the philosophers themselves would never have made. If it were only admitted all round that philosophers, the greatest among them, often nod no less than poets, and that the business of the world is to drop what is weak, or poor, or inconsistent with the broad lines of great thinkers, and take them in the spirit, aim, and sum of their accomplished work, Philosophy would prove a more inspiring study than it often is, and the fruits of a true wisdom would be more frequently gathered from it. What really concerns us now in relation to the Kantian revival, which has come as a welcome relief to the dreary monotony and sterile arrogance of materialistic speculation which has oppressed our generation so long, is the value of the revival, and how far it furnishes us with principles which have significance and validity for all time, temporarily obscured as they have been.

There is much, we are free to confess, in the details of the Kantian philosophy that appears neither true nor well considered. It is not merely the endless logomachy that characterises it, the arid and tormenting terminological divisions bristling everywhere: the author's involutions of style, and the dead weight of philosophical jargon, partly inherited and partly of his own creation, which he carries along with him in his expositions; but it is the character of some of these expositions which, instead of illuminating the course of his thought, form by themselves a series of side-puzzles. With all his freedom from prejudice, too, he is strongly wedded to certain presuppositions.*

* We are glad that Mr. Courtney has had the courage to write frankly of the Kantian divisions and terminology. Speaking of 'points' in the "*Kritik of Pure Reason*" which hardly anyone is interested 'in maintaining,' he says: 'Such are the categories with their derivation from the dry bones of formal logic, the absurd "*Schematism*" 'with the strange rôle which the imagination plays, and nearly all the 'curious technicalities of expression.'—P. 168.

The strong reaction of his mind against the assumptions of the Leibnitz-Wolfian system leads him into an equally unwarrantable dogmatism of his own. This is especially shown in his dealing with the problems of theology, and the persistent determination with which he tries to isolate the sphere of the speculative from the practical reason, as well as from the divine and transcendent sphere, which really inspires both, and makes them intelligible. His whole distinction of transcendental and transcendent,* which is vital in all his mode of thought, is based on vitiating negations which will not hold good; at least, not to the extent which he supposes. His separation of the sphere of the sensibility, the understanding, and the reason, with the conditions or categories which he applies to the operations of the understanding, is a tangled mass of confusion, the divisions of which, by his own admission, overlap and are involved in one another. No attempt is made to clear them up, or fix their boundaries, for, indeed, no such boundaries exist. His most applausive expositors can do no more here than ask readers to remember that, while the author is saying one thing, he is really also presupposing another thing, and that what he says in the 'Æsthetic' is only true under the modifications set forth in the Logic. The truth is that, with all his originality, Kant never disengaged himself from much of the traditional nonsense of philosophy. He is always working his own fresh thoughts into the old logical moulds, which had become a part of his thinking being, and from which he could not free himself. Much of the difficulty and confusion of all his writing arise out of this habit of trailing behind him the *débris* of systems which he had rejected, but the influence of which he could not cast aside. It is said in a passage which we have already quoted that he carried to the last to his class-room the old Logic of Meier, and professed to comment upon it, although in his exposition nothing of Meier remained. The story illustrates his whole mode of exposition. The old stratum of logical and pseudo-logical definition is constantly cropping up through the fresh soil of thought. This more than anything gives its peculiar hardness and perplexity to Kant's style. His true and higher thought is never or seldom difficult. It lays less stress upon the intellect than the thought of some other writers, and no thinker can write more clearly and pregnantly than

* Transcendental is with Kant the *a priori* sphere or function of the speculative reason, as given or verified in experience, yet having validity beyond it. Transcendent is the sphere above and beyond experience, that is, sense-experience altogether.

Kant when he likes, as in his preface to the two editions of the 'Kritik,' or when he breaks through the hyperlogical ceremonies that held his mind in bondage.

While we leave aside any discussion of the historical development of the Kantian philosophy, it is yet impossible to understand Kant without reference to the philosophy of Wolff on the one hand, and of Hume on the other. Beyond these two poles of thought his own had hardly travelled. He was no student of philosophy in the larger historical sense. He shows nowhere any special insight into Greek or mediæval thought. He had difficulty in appreciating any system opposed to his own. He had even a certain contempt for the narrative treatment of philosophy, for those who pottered over systems in general, and thought they were teaching philosophy by explaining the opinions of others. His mind was intensely original. By his own inquisitive and meditative genius he excogitated the great principles which appeared to him to furnish the key to all metaphysical questions. With all his modesty, he has never any doubts of his own great achievement. He was the apostle of the 'Pure Reason,' and before him no one had interpreted its true meaning, and no one after him could read in it a higher meaning. 'Extravagant and self-glorious,' as he himself felt, and, in his preface* to the first edition of the 'Kritik,' allows, as such pretensions may seem, they are better founded than most boasts of the kind. No man ever grasped with a keener or firmer touch the vital realities of all thought, or drew from a more inexhaustible fountain of rational wealth in his own brain. How far he succeeded is another question, but no one ever saw to the heart of the problem of knowledge with a steadier eye than Kant, or has done more to set it in a clear light by the strength of his own right reason.

Thus original and independent in the conception and elaboration of his system, he yet starts, like every other thinker, from the level of his time. He was of mature age, before his own thought took wings to itself, and although evidently dissatisfied with the philosophical dogmatism of his youth, for

* In the sentences immediately before, he says: 'In this work I have chiefly aimed at completeness, and I venture to maintain that there ought not to be one single metaphysical problem that has not been solved here, or to the solution of which the key has not at least been supplied. In fact, Pure Reason is so perfect a unity, that if its principle should prove insufficient to answer any one of the many questions started by its very nature, one might throw it away altogether, as insufficient to answer the other questions with perfect certainty.'—Müller's 'Kant,' xxiii-iv.

a time he dwelt in it with such content as he could. The Wolfian dogmatism was rampant at every German university seat in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was a natural development from Cartesianism, elaborated by Leibnitz, and still further formulated and stretched into a vast system of logical postulates by Christian Wolff. Starting from the Cartesian dogma that our inner conception was the measure of reality, it sought, like the old scholastic theology, to raise a complete structure of truth on the basis of abstract reasoning. Never doubting of its foundation, it piled logical proposition upon logical proposition, by the help of the old principle of identity and contradiction, and a new principle of its own, the sufficient reason. By these two keys it tried to unlock all the mysteries of the universe. The principle of identity and contradiction governs the consecutive trains of all necessary truth—as, for example, the truths of geometry, to which Wolff closely allied the truths of philosophy and theology. The principle of sufficient reason, again, of which Leibnitz's formula—that this is the best of all possible worlds—is a familiar illustration, explains the order of contingent events—they all converge towards a divine plan, and accord with the counsels of absolute wisdom. There never was a bolder system of rationalism. The formal conceptions of the human understanding were made the measure of truth in all directions. The mere power of deductive reasoning was considered capable of solving any problem.

Kant soon realised how hollow and unstable was such a system of thought. Its fundamental principle was never satisfactory to him, and is exposed over and over again in his writings; and, starting as it did from a wrong basis, the philosophical structure which a succession of teachers had reared thereon was a mere mass of assumption. The metaphysics of his time, according to a sentence already quoted from him, was, like many other sciences, merely on the threshold of knowledge. 'Its great aim is to extend human knowledge,' to build a tower of science. But the real question, he says, is not one of extension but basis. It is needless trying to raise a tower till we see whether its foundations are good. Not a grand philosophy but 'a sound one' is the desideratum. This is one of the earliest of Kant's thoughts, and also the latest. There was no principle more present to his mind throughout than the necessary limitations of the human understanding, little as some may think so who read him carelessly. And although the enforcement of this principle is not the most vital part of his philosophy, or the greatest service he has rendered to thought, it is yet a potent

and beneficent principle in his hands. He works it in two ways equally significant and fruitful; by both of which he strikes at the pretensions of the philosophy which preceded him in Germany, and has laid down canons of rational knowledge which can never be reversed.

Against all the Cartesian school he maintains that the beginnings of all knowledge must be no mere ideas in our mind, but experience. Knowledge cannot start save from a basis of experience. He is never tired of reiterating this cardinal truth. Apostle of the Pure Reason and special vindicator of the *à priori* element, without which knowledge cannot exist, he is yet never done with maintaining the necessity of experience as an essential co-factor in all knowledge. Apart from something given to the human mind, perception is impossible. 'Conceptions without sensations,' in his own language, 'are empty.' Without content there can be no intuition, and the forms of the understanding would be mere blank machinery—wheels revolving with nothing to grind. The experience of Kant is not, indeed, the experience of the sensational schools. It is something more from the first than a 'manifold of sense.' The world of sense is as clearly acknowledged by him as by the common understanding—but never by itself as a factor of knowledge. There is in truth no 'world' of sense, merely-in-sense—only a confused and vanishing mass of particulars. Sense is not experience, but only the raw material, so to speak, out of which experience is wrought. Intuition is rational from the first; and light is not kindled—knowledge is not constituted—save by the presence of the inner as well as the outer factor. Neither are anything in themselves—the inner any more than the outer. 'The essential fact in all cognition is synthesis.' The inner must combine with the outer. But the inner cannot create the outer; it must receive it; and it is with this necessity of an outer factor of knowledge we are at present concerned. The mill must grind and form the grist, but it cannot grind without the grist. All knowledge begins in the concrete, or must take up, as in mathematics, the concrete, and be verified by it. The object must be given in intuition before the mind can work at all. It cannot work by mere self-evolution. It cannot spin the web of knowledge from its own bosom by its own sheer activity. Material must be furnished to it. The material is unformed. It is mere blind impulse or sensation—a mere collection of 'stimuli in themselves incognisable,' but it must be there before the mind can move and knowledge begin. 'Sensations are 'the data, and the indispensable data.' 'Without such a

‘starting-point there can be, at least for human beings, no ‘such product as knowledge.’ We are so constituted—to adopt an illustration of Dr. Wallace—that certain waves, as it were, pass over the surface of our mind; and those wave-impressions are the primary embryonic conditions of all knowledge. They do not constitute experience, for experience is the material wrought up. Experience only lies in intuition; * and the inner as well as the outer is already present in intuition. But without the sense-data experience is impossible.

Kant, therefore, in opposition to the whole school of Cartesian idealists, here touches firm ground. He everywhere accepts the vulgar view of facts or things external to us, although he by no means tries, like the Scottish school, to build a philosophy upon vulgar or popular opinion—in other words, upon common sense. He is very derisive, in fact, over the failure of ‘Reid, Oswald Beattie, and even Priestley,’ who, according to him, ‘entirely missed the point of the problem.’ ‘It is, indeed,’ he says, ‘a great gift of God to possess right, or (as they now ‘call it) plain common sense. But this common sense must be ‘shown practically by well-considered and reasonable thoughts ‘and words, not by appealing to it as an oracle, when you can ‘advance nothing rational . . . for what is this but an appeal ‘to the multitude, of whose applause the philosopher is ashamed?’ It is the business of philosophy not merely to plant the foot on common sense, and say here is an end of it—everybody thinks so and so; but to justify by a criticism of reason the work of reason. And this is what he believed himself to have accomplished. He started from objectivity, as mankind usually do, but he supposed that he had explained how knowledge is constituted in the union of subject and object. Intuition implies an object, but no less a subject; and how vitally and multiformly subject acts in sense and understanding, so as to constitute the world of knowledge, it is the aim of the ‘Kritik’ to show. ‘But essential and constitutive as is the intellectual factor—working transcendently on all the material supplied to it, and transforming the crude unformed data of sense into intelligence—he never parts with the necessity of data. There is always in the fabric of knowledge more than the mere turning of the wheels of the intellect—more than a thinking subject. And idealism with him is the assertion ‘that there are none but thinking ‘beings; all other things being nothing but representations in

* ‘Experience consists of intuitions which pertain to the sensibility, ‘and of judgments which are entirely a work of the understanding.’ *Prolegomena*, Part II. Mahaffy, 78.

'the thinking beings to which no object external to them really corresponds. Whereas I say that things, as objects of our senses existing outside of us, are given; but we know nothing of what they may be in themselves, knowing only their phenomena, that is, the representations which they cause in us by affecting our senses.'* That is to say, the secret causes that affect our senses are unknown to us—we have no means of apprehending them. They are all known in relation to our intelligence; but in this relation they are real. They are verities given to us, and not fictions created by us; and the product of the external and internal of the sense-data and intelligence is what Kant everywhere—or at least whenever he is carefully defining his own critical standpoint—means by experience. 'Can this be termed idealism?' he asks. 'It is the very contrary.' Here, as everywhere, we avoid polemic, and do not enter into question whether Kant's transcendentalism does not involve idealism after all. We are content to state his own standpoint.

Experience is therefore everywhere the basis of the Kantian system. Nothing is more untrue than the common view which, as Professor Watson says, regards Kant 'as a benighted *'à priori* philosopher of the dogmatic type.' He was totally opposed to dogmatism here as everywhere. Knowledge cannot come merely from the outside, but it cannot be without an outside. Nature and mind are not separable realities. The one cannot be conceived as derived from the other, whether by a process of cogitation or by a process of materialistic idealism (both of which are dogmatisms); they are inseparable in knowledge—the matter and thought—the content and the form.

But Kant not only appeals to experience as a basis; he makes it the limit as well as the starting-point of all knowledge. He is opposed not only to the dogmatism which separates mind and nature, sense-data and intelligence, but no less to the dogmatism which would transcend experience. He directs his criticism over and over again against all attempts to find knowledge beyond the sphere of speculative reality. He does not deny that there is such a sphere; nay, he strongly implies the affirmative, both in the third part of the '*Kritik*' and in all his ethical writings. But he wholly denies that we can know anything of it. He was so far, therefore, an agnostic before the birth of Agnosticism; yet he was as much opposed to dogmatic agnosticism as to any other form of dog-

* Prolegomena, Part I. Mahaffy, 54.

matism. This was, in our view, the weak and inconsequent side of his philosophy, yet it brought out a truth much needed in his day, as at all times. Men are always too prone to pass beyond the bounds of the knowable, and to substitute their own fancies and conjectures and reasonings in place of reality. The dogmatist has nowhere such a favourite field as the spiritual or theological, where he may convert his own imaginations into objective verities, and draw endless conclusions without fear of contradiction. Here he does not strike his head at once against the well-known safeguards of knowledge, because his head is in the clouds. By hypothesis he has transcended all the canons of reason. This pretence of spiritual or theological knowledge was specially obnoxious to Kant, as many portions of his writings show. He turned away from it as superstition and fanaticism; and his dislike of it made him draw the limits of the knowable with a very strict hand. There are good grounds for excepting to the rigorous manner in which he drew these limits, and especially to his interpretation of experience as always resting on sense. But there is a significant caution in his anti-dogmatism here as throughout. There is a true meaning in his constant assertion that the knowable, the intellectually cognisable, cannot pass beyond the bounds of experience, or, at least, that whatever is known to us beyond these bounds can never be known as objects of sense-experience are known.

These features of the Kantian system point the relation in which Kant stood to the philosophical schools of his day in Germany. They were in the nature of reaction to the Wolfian dogmatism, which prevailed both in philosophy and theology, and which sought to solve all the mysteries of the universe by sheer force of deductive reasoning. Against these schools Kant is the apostle of experience. He brings down philosophy, if not from heaven to earth, from empty processes of abstract ratiocination to the solid footing of reality. *A priori* concepts without intuition, he said repeatedly, are blind and empty. They have no content. Intuition is the door of the intellect, and intuition takes place through sense. He may limit his base of fact too narrowly, but he is right in never parting with such a base. He was truly, therefore, a positive philosopher before Positivism, as he was an agnostic before Agnosticism. But his positivism as well as his agnosticism was quite different from the modern type. It was not exclusive. It made no dogmatic pretensions. It did not set up for a philosophy by itself. Nothing could appear to him more insane than such an attempt. The vindicator of experience,

he was specially the apostle of the pure reason, of the *à priori* side of human knowledge. But on this very account it is the more necessary to bear in mind how firmly he planted his foot on fact, and did justice to science in all its relations. Of all men he is the last who can be accused of reasoning in the air. He starts everywhere from a scientific ground, and constantly appeals to mathematics and the physical sciences in illustration of his principles. He is at home in all scientific truths and discoveries—thoroughly master of the wide field of geometric and physical induction, in which his great intellect tried its first strength.

But if Kant is thus truly positive in the ground of his speculations, his great glory is that he has shown for ever that no mere positive, material, data can ever constitute knowledge. This he has done with such clear insight and solidity of reasoning that it seems astonishing that mere positive speculation should ever have been able to raise its head again. That it has done so, and once more established so wide an influence in our time, only proves that the course of human thought is under influences which often reflect rather the unsteady gyration of passing sentiment than the onward flow of deep and settled thought. Especially every new generation of scientific advance seems to carry with it a rise of materialistic speculation, submerging for a time the old landmarks, and leaving their position doubtful. The deepest and best thinkers are made to stand aside, or are for a time forgotten, while the new wave of fashionable Democritism seems to carry everything before it. Such a wave has been passing once more over us, and the old errors, exploded a hundred times, seemed for a while to have fairly covered spiritual philosophy out of sight. There are various signs, however, that this wave has spent itself. It may well do so, for if it never spread over a wider surface, it has never carried more rubbish in its sweep. It was never more superficial and more arrogant, and future generations will be astonished at the influence which resuscitated sophisms, which were pierced by an intellect like Kant's more than a hundred years ago, have exercised in our time. This is the special significance of the revival of the Kantian philosophy: it marks a turning-point once more in human thought.

As Leibnitz and Wolff represented the dogmatism against which Kant recoiled, so Hume signalises the scepticism which called forth the higher and more fruitful elements of his thought. Hume remains the highest expression of scepticism.

The wave of doubt has never risen higher. It may be safely said that every weapon with which the materialistic host in our time has fought its battles is drawn from his armoury. The problems with which he set Kant's mind working are exactly the problems once more before us; and if the philosophy of Spencer, and the science of Huxley, and the psychophysiology of Bain have given, so to speak, a wider horizon to the sceptical point of view, and enlarged the possibilities of materialism, they have not yet altered in the slightest degree the essential conditions of the main problem, which was before the mind of Kant, with as full an appreciation of its difficulties as it can ever be before any human mind. His admiration of Hume as the great teacher of sensationalism is honest and hearty. He was fascinated by the subtlety and grace of his intellect, the keenness of his philosophical penetration, and the exactitude with which it laid bare the real point at issue.

Kant himself saw this point far more clearly than he can be said to have formally expressed it. The possibility of metaphysic, he sees, was involved in it, and he has spoken of the problem in such language often. Nowhere has he stated it more clearly than in the Introduction to the 'Prolegomena.'

'Hume,' he says, 'started chiefly from a single but important concept, that of cause and effect including the deduced notions of action and power. He called on Reason, which pretends to have generated this notion from itself, to answer him with what right it thinks everything to be so constituted that, if granted, something else must necessarily be granted thereby; for this is the meaning of the concept of cause. He demonstrated irresistibly that it was perfectly impossible for reason to think such a combination by means of concepts, and *à priori*—a combination that contains necessity. (No purely analytic judgment or analysis of our mere subjective ideas can yield a necessary truth.) We cannot at all see why, in consequence of the existence of one thing, another must necessarily exist (No amount of observation of mere external changes can give us the idea of cause), or how the concept of such a combination can arise *à priori*. Hence he (Hume) inferred that reason was altogether deluded by this concept, which it considered erroneously one of its children, whereas in reality the concept was nothing but the bastard offspring of the imagination, impregnated by experience, and so bringing certain representations under the law of association. The subjective necessity, that is, the custom which so arises, is then substituted for an objective necessity from real knowledge (intuition). Hence he inferred that the reason had no power to think such combinations even generally, because its concepts would then be mere inventions, and all its pretended *à priori* cognitions nothing but common experiences marked with a false stamp. In plain language, there is not, and cannot be any such thing as metaphysic at all.' (Mahaffy on Kant, p. 4.)

As Hume was unable on any sensational basis of knowledge (and he recognised no other) to account for the idea of cause, so he consistently threw out the idea altogether. It was to him a mere invention generated by custom, a bastard of the imagination, and not a child of reason. And on the same basis Kant held this conclusion to be irresistible. But if Hume had enlarged his view, so Kant argues, he would probably have discovered his mistake. He would have seen that on the same basis there was no room for mathematics, or a science of nature, any more than for metaphysic, and the good company into which metaphysic would then have been brought would have saved it from the danger of a contemptuous ill-treatment, for the thrust intended for it must have reached mathematics, and this was not, and could not be, Hume's intention. In point of fact, Hume did not shrink from the attempt to base 'the axioms of mathematics' upon experience. But this does not alter the question at issue. Hume did not and could not deny, any more than Kant, that these axioms, with such ideas as causality and substance, are held to be universal and necessary judgments. As such they may be delusions or imaginative inventions, but there is no doubt of their character. In Kant's view, as in the ordinary view, they are true elements of knowledge. Knowledge cannot be constituted apart from them, and all knowledge implies them. How, then, do they arise? Or, to put the question more broadly, how is knowledge possible? There is no doubt that mathematics is a true science, and that there is a true science of nature resting on principles which neither come to us from nature nor from a mere analysis of our mental conceptions. How do we get them? It was sufficiently obvious that nature, or the mere series of our sense-impressions, could not yield any necessary truth. This was the very conviction that had led Hume to impugn the idea of such truths altogether: a mere sensation, the impression of a bright colour or a sweet taste, or, in Kantian language, a mere 'unrelated feeling,' a particular which can yield nothing beyond itself—no mass of such particulars can ever generate the coherency and universality that all science implies. They can never rise into a unity or synthesis. They can have no objective validity, no validity beyond their own subjective and fleeting existence. 'The most that we can philosophically base upon a series of ideas is a knowledge of particular objects, particular series of events, and particular co-existences.' This is what Hume pointed out in the case of the sequence of events.

'I observe flame to be attended by the feeling of heat, and finding

this particular sequence repeated frequently in my consciousness, I infer that flame is actually connected with heat, and that the one cannot exist without the other. The inference, however, is unwarranted. All that I can legitimately say is, that in my past experience as remembered, and in this particular experience I am now having, flame and heat occur successively. Individual perceptions of such sequence I have; but the inference based upon them, that these could not be otherwise, arises merely from the nature of my imagination, which illegitimately leaps beyond the immediate principle and converts it into a universal rule.' (Watson, 'Kant and his Critics,' p. 18.)

Perception, in short, or, strictly speaking, sensation, is good for itself. It is a guarantee of the particular feeling or impression. But it cannot transcend itself, and guarantee anything beyond. It cannot vouch the reality of its object (a mere 'unrelated feeling' cannot be properly indeed called an object), or the validity of its relations to other objects. Through the sense merely we cannot therefore come at knowledge, rightly so called, at all—at either objective or necessary truth.

But can we come at knowledge any more successfully through our mere mental ideas? If not through sense, cannot we reach our goal through thought? But thought without sense, we have seen, is impossible. It is a mere blank without content—a name without even potentiality. The attempt of the pre-Kantian or purely Rationalist theory to base a knowledge of facts on supposed theoretic deductions of the intellect was a hopeless failure. For it separated entirely between nature and mind—things and thought. It provided no process for gripping them in cognition. Ideas (if the expression has any meaning on the supposition) remain ideas and can never be translated into fact.

'We cannot show them to have any application to real objects or events. Thus, having the conception of substance, we may throw it into the form of the judgment. "Substance is that which is permanent." Such a judgment is, no doubt, correct so far as our conception is concerned, and is even necessarily true in the sense that it is free from self-contradiction, or conforms to the logical principle of identity; but it has no demonstrable relation to the real substance we suppose to exist without consciousness. All that we have done is to draw out or state explicitly what was contained in the conception with which we started, and however necessary and valuable this process may be in making our conception clear, it is valueless as a means of proving the reality of an object supposed to correspond to it. The mere analysis of the conception of substance no more shows that there are real substances in *rerum natura* than the analysis of the conception of a hundred dollars entitles me to say that I have a hundred dollars in my pocket.'

 (Watson, p. 19.)

Dogmatism, whether of the ideal or sensational kind, cannot get beyond these two alternatives, separating, as the former does, between thought and things, and striving, as the latter does, to derive thought from things. By no rational process can things pass into thought, a conclusion virtually admitted by all fair and consistent materialists. No body of necessary truth, either mathematical or physical, and of course no metaphysic whatever, can be raised on a basis of mere sense-experience in the ordinary meaning of the words. Observation of the particular can never rise into the universal, can never yield the elements of pure cognition. Again, no thought by itself merely, the ideal dogmatism of Descartes and Leibnitz and Wolff, can give any knowledge of fact or reality. It can never get beyond analytical or tautological judgments. The intellectual mill may go round and round, but no corn is produced. No content can be got out of any amount of mere thinking, however clear. In other and Kantian words: No particular can rise into a universal—no mere sense-impression can of itself rise into a complete object; while, on the other hand, conception can tell us nothing at all about objects, because hypothetically the object is outside of the subject altogether. The idea of the dollar and the dollar itself are quite different things.

How does Kant escape from the dilemma? In his own words, 'How are synthetic judgments *à priori* possible?' This is the special Kantian form of the problem of knowledge. He puts it in many ways. How is science possible? How are judgments of experience possible?—'A judgment of experience,' in contrast to what he calls a 'judgment of perception,' being a cognition of the universal in nature, in contrast to mere observation of the particular.—Even, How are objects possible? How do we acquire cognisance not merely of our own ideas, but of reality, and satisfy ourselves that our knowledge 'is not a mere combination of coherent fictions, but a knowledge of actual existences'?

The only way in which this can be done is to recognise from the first that thought and things are not diverse or dualistic. The one does not exist apart from the other. Objects are not passively apprehended by the mind as something distinct from it, but are actively constructed by it. Intelligence is present from the first in their creation. Apart from intelligence they are nothing, or at least nothing to us, or at the best mere formless material supplied to the senses. It is the intelligence alone that gives form and objective reality to the impressions of sense. Knowledge is only possible as arising out of the in-

teraction of mind and matter—as an organisation of mind working on the raw material before the senses. The universal and necessary element in all science—the very ‘object’ itself (for otherwise the sense-impression does not rise into the completeness of an ‘object’), springs from the organising unity of ‘what is itself *à priori* and complete—the mind.’

This is the solution of the problem of knowledge, according to Kant. How far it is absolutely original may very well be doubted, for after all it is only a new application of the principle, as old at least as Anaxagoras, that the mind is the creative element in knowledge, or again of the well-known Platonic doctrine which has reappeared in all metaphysic, that mind is the *prius* in cognition, imposing its own laws upon nature, and alone reading a rational meaning in it everywhere.* Is it even more than a new rendering of the famous saying of Leibnitz, who, when pressed by the sensational *brocard* of the day, ‘*Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*,’ replied, ‘*Nisi intellectus ipse*.’ From the first, intelligence itself is concerned in the operation of the senses, and without it nothing is known that is known. There is a general truth in all this. It is not to be supposed that it remained to Kant to formulate the theory of mind as before matter, and as the creative activity in any body of true knowledge. The originality of Kant consists not in the general principle which lies at the foundation of all metaphysic, and without which science could not truly exist, but in the penetrating and comprehensive criticism in the light of which he has set the principle. Not only had no one before so completely exposed the futility of the opposite sensational principle, but no one had set forth, as he has done, the conditions of the true theory. No one had shown, as he has done, how the potentialities of intelligence underlie all the modes of knowledge, and alone explain the fundamental postulates on which they rest; while no one certainly had ever made clear in the same degree how impotent the intellect is shut up within itself, or trying to evolve any science out of its own form or power of thinking apart from the material germ in intuition. It is, as we have already said, among the chief glories of Kant that, so conspicuously on the side of intelligence, he is no less on the side of *sense*; that, speculative in the highest degree, he is no less positive;

* Kant has said boldly, but no less boldly than truly: ‘Extravagant and absurd as it may seem to say that the understanding is the source of the *laws* of nature, such an assertion is as correct as it is conformable to its object, namely experience.’—Müller’s ‘*Kritik*,’ p. 112.

and recognises with such clear force that as no step can be taken in knowledge without the activity of the constitutive intellect, so equally there is no step that does not start from the basis of experience, and draw into the folds of the intellect the contents of intuition. The apostle of the *à priori* he is no less the servant of the *à posteriori*. Experience, in a true sense, is not only the starting-point but the limits of the speculative reason. No man was ever less of a dreamer than Kant. He planted the first movements of thought on solid ground, and everywhere he brought back its highest flights to the test of reality, and sought in the concrete, verification of every intellectual form or law.

How he did all this, and searched all round the potentialities of intelligence, and brought to light the *à priori* energies of perception and thought, is written at large in the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason,' and more popularly explained in the 'Prolegomena to any future Metaphysic.' As we have already said, we have no intention of entering into the details of Kant's system. Nothing can be more luminous than parts—the opening division of the 'Kritik' for example, or 'Transcendental Æsthetic.' The second great part or 'Transcendental Logic,' in its two divisions of 'Analytic' and 'Dialectic,' presents difficulties, and even hopeless obscurities and contradictions. This is largely the result, as we have already said, of the author's attempt to use the old logical language to describe processes of thought which are not logical or purely conceptual. The clear lines of his rational thinking are buried beneath masses of formal nomenclature that weary the most patient student. But we gladly refer our readers for help and enlightenment as to all the details and connexions of the system to the volumes at the head of our paper. The clear and admirable translation of the 'Kritik' by so distinguished a scholar as Max Müller is a boon to all students of Kant, although it cannot be said to have been urgently required after Professor Meiklejohn's excellent translation which appeared in Bohn's Philosophical Library. But so skilful a scholar as Max Müller, both in German and English, has thrown light on many passages, and especially brought out shades of meaning in Kant's connecting sentences and numerous exceptional clauses, which help the reader through the natural difficulties of the book. Kant's 'adverbs and particles,' upon which 'the articulation of his thoughts so much depends,' are more nicely rendered than ever before, and, where the mere difficulty of style is often so great, this is a valuable service. The extent of this difficulty may be judged from Dr. Müller's

statement that there are sentences in the 'Kritik' which even he 'cannot construe,' and where none of the friends whom he has consulted have been able to help him. This is a license of obscurity beyond what can be fairly allowed even to a philosopher, who himself elaborately superintended a second edition of his work. Dr. Müller apologises, perhaps at greater length than is necessary, for his occupying his time with a translation of the 'Kritik.' Considering his estimate of the importance of the Kantian system, he could hardly have been better employed.

The study of Kant appears to this distinguished Oxford savant 'the best hope of a philosophical rejuvenescence' for England and America even more than Germany. We cordially unite with him in this view, although we are inclined to think he under-estimates the prevailing ignorance of Kant till within the last few years. It is not so much ignorance of Kant as general influences springing out of the progress of material civilisation, and the strange oscillations of human thought in the face of such influences, which have once more depressed philosophical thinking, and kept it during the last quarter of a century at such a low level in England as well as elsewhere. Materialism, in one form or another, is the likely philosophy of a period of rapid advance both in science and society; and however deplorable have been some of the aspects of recent speculation, there was nothing really strange in this, any more than there was anything substantively original in the movement itself, to the student of philosophy. He discerned, through materialistic Darwinism and empirical physiology and sociology, simply the old 'Atomic' spirit which dogs the steps of higher thought everywhere, and not unfrequently runs it down. It was no marvel that the Epicurean type of thinking should spread with the Epicureanism of modern society, and be taken up as a gospel both by fashionable dilettanti and the many earnest and powerful but ignorant minds to whom the results of industrial progress have given leisure for meditation without knowledge. Stripped of the old traditions of religion—in many cases profoundly ignorant of Christianity and its course of development—in all cases ignorant of the history of philosophy—it was only natural that such minds should take up with the pretentious organisation of the new modes of materialism, and find in them a species of Revelation. It is far more wonderful, as it is more discreditable, that the English universities—or at least one of them—should for so many years have been a nursery of materialistic speculation, and, by special encouragement of its text-books, should have given a sort of premium to this line of thinking.

But the reaction has at length happily come from these universities, as well as from Scotland, where spiritual philosophy has never lost its ascendancy. The country of Hume is proud of him, as it has good reason to be, for he is really the intellectual progenitor of all that is strong in materialism. To him both the Mills, father and son, and Bain, and Huxley, and Tyndall, and even Herbert Spencer—whose great range of knowledge and organising genius yet give him a philosophical position quite by himself—owe the essential breath of their thought. Great, however, as is the admiration for Hume's genius in his native country, he never carried before him the drift of speculation there as in England. His limits have been understood in Scotland as in Germany; and, acknowledged to be impregnable strong on his own ground, the measure of this ground has yet been noted and pointed out. We make no pretensions, on the part of the Scottish school of philosophy, of having given an effective rational reply to Hume—pretensions which Kant, no less than many English philosophers, somewhat contemptuously denies them. Such a question is beyond our present purpose, and could not be raised at the close of this too lengthened paper. But, at any rate, they stood in the breach, and the Scottish universities have never been swept by the wave of materialism which overspread Oxford twenty-five years ago, and still surges in so many of the ablest minds then and since trained within its walls. Thanks, however, to a new group of thinkers—of which the late Professor Green, whose premature death the philosophical world has had recent occasion to deplore, and Professor Edward Caird, now of Glasgow University, along with Dr. Wallace and Mr. Courtney of New College, are the best types—the reaction in favour of rational thought has again set in. There might be much to say of the defects as well as the excellences of the type of thought, especially initiated and supported by Professors Green and Caird. Meantime, we merely point to it, and to Professor Caird's truly enlightened and well-written treatise on 'The Philosophy of Kant,' as marking the rise of the higher wave of speculation once more in Britain, which Max Müller desires to carry forward by his new translation. He does full justice to Professor Caird's work, as well as to Professor Watson's, whose critical analysis of the bearings of the Kantian system on all the points of the modern materialism, as represented by Lewes and Spencer, is beyond praise. We have seldom seen a more admirable mastery of principles both on one side and the other, both those of the master and of the critics who have assailed him. And Professor Watson, like

Professor Caird, writes always, not only with high intelligence, but with a clear, rapid, and incisive force that communicates pleasure as well as illumines thought.

Professor Adamson's volume preceded Professor Watson's in publication, but did not happen to come into our hands until this paper was well-nigh written—it has not been easy to keep up with the copious flow of Kantian literature during the last five years. This has been our loss; as, in a rapid perusal, we have not seen anywhere a clearer or more masterly grasp of Kantian principles than in Professor Adamson's *Shaw Lectures*, within such limits as those to which four lectures necessarily confined him. Many of his special criticisms are very effective, and point with light recesses of the Kantian thought.

Dr. Hutchison Stirling's '*Text-Book of Kant*' we presume had not appeared before the completion of Max Müller's preface. At any rate, he has not referred to it. To those who know Dr. Stirling's philosophical writings it is needless to speak of the profound and yet often delicate grasp of thought which distinguishes them. No one in our day has done so much to interpret German philosophy, as no one has shown a firmer and deeper apprehension of the essential problem of thought. He has smitten the sophisms of Huxleyan materialism with a hammer-like force, crushing to the bone. The scientific investigator, great in his own department but not in the region of pure thought, may have ridden off lightly after his encounter, with his protoplasmic theory safe, as he supposed, in his keeping; but no one who witnessed the encounter and could understand the weight of the blows given could doubt on which side lay the victory.* The '*Text-Book of Kant*' shows all the well-known qualities of Dr. Stirling as a philosophical expositor. It is independent, powerful, and luminous throughout, with a light that shines from beneath rather than over the surface. It requires study, as the '*Kritik*' itself does, and warns off the careless or amateur reader. There is, as in the '*Secret of Hegel*' and Dr. Stirling's other writings, an occasional uncouthness of style—a harsh rugged grip which only yields to a correspondent grip. It would have been better otherwise. We are not to allow, in Dr. Stirling's case any more than in his master's, that there is any real excuse for this ugly hardness of speech of which we have already said so much. But the translator and commentator, no less than the

See Dr. H. Stirling's two brochures, '*As regards Protoplasm*' and '*Address on Materialism*.'

original, must be taken as we have them, and we need say no more on the subject. Both Dr. Stirling's elaborate volume and Dr. Wallace's smaller one, in the excellent series of Philosophical Classics issued by Messrs. Blackwood, will do much to aid in the revival of Kantian thought, and of that deeper and truer philosophy of which Kant is the great type and teacher. Dr. Wallace and Dr. Stuckenberg have told us all, and perhaps more than all (the latter especially), that is of any interest in the philosopher's life. He had really little variety of life apart from his work. He was a thinker and nothing else, and it is not of so much importance as these writers seem to think as to what the views of such a solitary thinker were of women, and many other matters of which a philosopher is probably no better, if not a worse, judge than men of the world. It is a poor compliment to really great men to drag to the light all the foolish as well as wise things they have said. No greatness in any department of work makes a man really wise in lines of observation or reflection away from his experience.

Mr. Courtney's interesting volume, 'Studies in Philosophy,' has only appeared since we set about our task; but we have read with care his two essays on Kant, and his concluding essay on 'A Philosophy of Religion,' and all these are eminently worthy of the author of the very clever volume on 'The Meta-physics of John Stuart Mill.' There is no philosophical writer of our day more acute in the exposure of a logical or metaphysical fallacy than Mr. Courtney, and he had ample scope in dealing with Mr. Mill's Logic, which has always appeared to us, where it touches on real problems of thought, one of the most sophistical books of our time. He is equally at home in tracing the main lines and dilemmas of the Kantian philosophy, especially in its ethical development; and there is everywhere throughout his present as in his former volume a healthy breeze of good sense and well-balanced religious feeling no less than of sound philosophical thinking. We heartily welcome him as a valuable accession to the band of Oxford thinkers who have thoroughly emancipated themselves from the slough of materialistic psychology and ethics.

Dr. Wallace's volume, it deserves to be added, has the special merit of treating, within reasonable compass and in a style upon the whole attractive and expressive, the full system of Kant as exhibited in his trilogy of Criticisms, and especially of giving a brief but intelligible *résumé* of his moral system. In order to have done full justice even to the limited point of view to which we have confined ourselves, it would have been well if we

could have embraced some discussion of the 'Kritik of the 'Practical Reason,' and the relation of its principles to those of the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason.' It would have been particularly interesting to point out the difference of Kant's attitude to the great realities of the moral and spiritual life—God, Freedom, and Immortality—from the modern agnostic attitude, similar as in some respects it is. The spiritual or transcendent (as distinct from the transcendental) region was no doubt unknowable to Kant no less than to Spencer and all our scientific Agnostics. He was at one with them in denying that we can ever have any science of the Divine in the sense in which we have a science of phenomena. The phenomenal is the only true region of science, because it is the only true region of speculative cognition. All the play of scientific knowledge is between sense on the one hand, and the constructive reason which builds the temple of knowledge out of the 'manifold of 'sense.' But this is merely to say, in other words, that the natural world belongs to science, and beyond this world it cannot travel. Through science we can never get at either morality or religion, however much help it may give us in interpreting the canons of both. The moral sphere rests not on the phenomenal but the noumenal, and religion draws its truths from the same hidden source of inspiration. But Kant, while he set those realities outside the sphere of cognition in the scientific sense, did not, with our modern Agnostics, relegate them to the mere domain of imaginative fiction. They were not to him phantasms destined to disappear as science extended its horizon. Still less could he ever have supposed it possible with some ingenious but deluded thinkers, in our day, to forge an effective religion out of Nature and Art—to weave the control of human life out of the web of natural desire, even in its most beautiful and delicate manipulations. His deep moral enthusiasm, his insight into the evil element in human nature, and the impossibilities of a moral culture, resting on no Divine Reality, below the stream of time, saved him from delusions of this kind. He held fast, therefore, however inconsequently, to the great realities of God, and moral freedom, and immortality. We might have much to say not only of the incomplete relation between his speculative and moral system, but, of the imperfect and somewhat helpless manner in which he develops his moral principles and the relation which they bear to one another. But we can do nothing more now than emphasise the clear and strong grasp with which he holds to these principles under all difficulties, as springing out of no fantastic dream, but out of true and deep and eternal fountains of inspiration in the

human reason and conscience. We cannot reduce this hidden region of Divine promptings—of visionary gleams ‘apparelled in celestial light’—to science. But there they are notwithstanding, the true offspring of reason, although reason cannot construct them as it does ‘the manifold of sense’—the true life of thousands—for the very fact that they do not come within the full compass of human cognition.

ART. II.—*Correspondance Diplomatique du Baron de Staël-Holstein, Ambassadeur de Suède en France, et de son Successeur comme Chargé d’Affaires, le Baron Brinkman. Documents inédits sur la Révolution (1783–1799), recueillis aux Archives royales de Suède, et publiés avec une Introduction par L. LEOUZON LE DUC. 8vo. Paris: 1881.*

THERE are many circumstances which make the diplomatic correspondence of Baron Staël a singularly important contribution to the history of the stormy period to which it refers. Not only was the writer a resident in Paris at the time of the First Revolution, but he had been so for ten years previous to it: his opportunities for information were those not only of an ambassador, of an intelligent man in the midst of society, and on familiar terms with ministers and courtiers, but of the son-in-law of Necker, of the husband of Madame de Staël, herself the author, many years later, of the ‘Considerations on the French Revolution.’ And what information he had was written down at the time. More distinctly and more strictly than any memoirs or narrative, these letters are contemporaneous: as they were written, so they remain, unaltered, untouched-up, unmodified in accordance with later, perhaps more correct knowledge. It is, of course, to be supposed that Staël’s opinions on passing events received a certain tone from his alliance with Necker. It could not well be otherwise; for Necker’s personality strongly impressed itself on all those with whom he was closely connected; and Staël’s own principles were, in many respects, not unlike those of his father-in-law: but as an ambassador, whose duty and endeavour were to give his king a correct idea of the social and political state of France, his writing was guided, if not restrained, by a sense of responsibility. The opinions so recorded and now published have thus a special significance: whether they relate merely to the course of events, or take the form of forecasts of the future, of sketches of character, of judgments on contending parties, or of criticisms on the policy of the

court and the king, they contain much to interest, much to instruct; and whilst on the one hand they enormously raise our estimate of the man whom France and Europe, in their almost exaggerated appreciation of Madame de Staël, have commonly described as a nonentity, a mere *mari de sa femme*, they afford us also much food for the most serious reflection.

Erik Magnus Staël von Holstein,* of a family German by descent, but long settled in Sweden, was born in 1749, and began life as a volunteer in the Swedish army. Of poor though knightly birth, he had no very bright prospects; but having in some way—concerning which history is silent—rendered good service to Gustavus in the Revolution of 1772, promotion fell quick upon him, and in the one year he was made lieutenant, captain, and knight of the Order of the Sword. Four years later, on the outbreak of the war between England and her North American colonies, he is said to have resolved to seek service in the English army, but to have been prevented by his appointment as chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, between whom and the king there would seem to have been, about that time, some approach to a better understanding. In 1778 he was made a Baron; and a Secretary of Legation being wanted at Paris, Gustavus III. wrote to his ambassador, Count Creutz, asking him which of two he would have, 'the little Staël, or Count Oxenstierna.' 'I know not,' he added, 'what Staël's talents for business may be, but he 'has one very great one; namely, that of pleasing.' Not unnaturally, Creutz accepted Gustavus's recommendation, and Staël was appointed.

In Paris he would seem to have at once become a general favourite in the very highest circles. The Countess Jules de Polignac entertained for him what is called the most tender friendship; Madame de Boufflers loved him as a son; Louis XVI. treated him with the freedom of a personal friend; and his relations with the queen were almost on a footing of intimacy. He is described as a young man of agreeable person, well-informed, industrious, and refined; but he was poor. His influential protectors determined to remedy this fault, and, by way of doing so, to marry him to the daughter of Necker—not so much Necker the minister, as Necker the banker, Necker the millionaire. In many respects the match was agreeable to the Neckers and in accordance with their aims. They

* The French chose to call him the Baron de Staël-Holstein, and his wife—who signed *Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein*—sanctioned the change, which, however, is incorrect and, in Swedish, unknown.

wanted for their son-in-law a man of noble birth, himself worthy of his ancestry, and a Protestant. A Frenchman was out of the question; for the French nobles were too courtly to profess a religion different from their king's, and the French clergy were firm in their prohibition of mixed marriages. It was necessary therefore to look abroad; and in Staël many of the wished-for qualities were united. But, as attached to the embassy, he might any day be recalled or ordered to another country, and the joy and delight of her parents be carried into exile. This thought they could not endure; and round the marriage of Mademoiselle Necker raged a diplomatic contest, to which not only Necker and Creutz were parties, but the King of Sweden and the Queen of France.

Necker went out of office in May 1781, but his pretensions were none the lower on that account. In the previous March the Queen had written to Gustavus suggesting a hope that M. de Staël might some day have a permanent appointment in Paris; and in the following year Creutz urged that Staël should have the *survivance* of the embassy, because it would enable him to marry Mademoiselle Necker, and thus bring in among the Swedish nobility an income of 500,000 livres. 'It is necessary,' he added, 'that your Majesty should make up your mind without delay; for Mademoiselle Necker is sixteen and a half, and her parents will not be long in disposing of her.' In this, however, he was mistaken: two years later the project was no further advanced; and in May 1784, Madame de Boufflers, writing to Gustavus in the interests of her favourite, stated the Necker terms as definitely:—The assurance to Staël of the Swedish Embassy at Paris in permanency, and of a pension of 25,000 livres, if, through unforeseen circumstances, he should lose it; he is to be made a count, is to have the Order of the Polar Star conferred on him, and must pledge himself never to take his wife to Sweden, except for a short visit, and then not without her own consent; finally, the queen, Marie-Antoinette, is to show herself interested in the matter. Many of these conditions fell through, and some were modified. Other negotiations, too, distracted the Neckers. The young and handsome Count Fersen, on his return from America, was spoken of as a suitor, but gave way at once in favour of his friend Staël; and the young heiress was, it has been said on very doubtful authority, offered to William Pitt during his visit to France in 1783. All this made delay, and it was not till January 1786 that the marriage was at length celebrated, and that Madame de Boufflers wrote to Gustavus: 'I confess that this business has occupied

‘and worried me for a long time past. It is more than five years since I made the first proposals regarding it, and for the last three years I have not ceased to push it both by word of mouth and by writing.’

Many writers have spoken of Staël as at this time an elderly man, quite unsuited by age to be the husband of a very young girl such as Mademoiselle Necker. This is one of the many mistakes which have crept into the story of Madame de Staël's life. At the time of her marriage she was of the then mature age of twenty, and her husband was just turned thirty-six, no very uncommon or disproportioned difference. It is spoken of also as purely a *mariage de convenance*, and as having led to no results happier than a separation. This, too, is erroneous. The elder Fersen, who was continually instructed in Parisian gossip by his son, wrote in his journal at the time, that the marriage was the wish of the young lady, and not approved of by her parents; * and, as will be seen, the two lived together, on the natural footing, for many years, and separated afterwards, for a time only, on some quarrel about money, such as not unfrequently arises between a couple when the wife holds the purse.†

Nearly three years before his marriage, however, Staël had received his appointment as ambassador. On the recall of Creutz, he was made Chargé d’Affaires, and, some little time afterwards, Minister Plenipotentiary. This was not sufficient. Both he and his friends were anxious for the highest rank in his profession, on which, as they frankly represented, his marriage with Mademoiselle Necker depended. Gustavus was favourably inclined to him, but more favourably still to his own interests. The negotiations attendant on the Peace of Paris were in progress, and he had fixed his mind on obtaining for Sweden a station in the West Indies, and specifically the island of Tobago. He directed Staël to exert himself to that

* July 1784. Grefve Fredrik Axel von Fersens Historika Skrifter, utgifna af R. M. Klinckowström, v. 226.

† About the relations of the Baron Staël and his wife many absurd and ill-founded stories have been told, which sprang, we may suppose, from a silly idea that the wife's fame is magnified by depreciating the husband. The following may serve as a sample: One day an acquaintance of some standing asked Madame de Staël ‘what had become of that nice quiet old gentleman whom he used to meet every Wednesday evening at her house, and whose absence he had noticed for the last month.’ ‘Oh! that,’ she answered, ‘was my husband: he is dead.’ At the time of his death, this nice, quiet, but utterly unknown old gentleman was 52, and had been for many years an admired member of the highest and busiest society in Paris.

end. 'If you succeed,' he wrote, 'whether by your credit, by your address, or by inducing the Queen of France to enable you to justify her recommendation, you shall be my Ambassador; but if you do not win Tobago, I tell you candidly that you will have to content yourself with the title of Minister Plenipotentiary, and may give up all idea of being Ambassador. So now, you may do what you can for yourself.' The negotiation was, in part, successful. St. Bartholomew, which Gustavus accepted as a satisfactory compromise, was ceded to Sweden, and Staël received the stipulated reward. The appointment seemed strange to the old Swedish nobility, who looked on Staël as a needy hanger-on of the court, with no particular recommendation, without any diplomatic knowledge or experience, and without any claim which military service might give. So wrote Count Fersen,* thinking, perhaps, that his son, who had been through the North American war on the staff of the Count de Rochambeau, ought rather to have been preferred. Count Fersen's judgment would seem to have been warped by personal and family pique, for Staël had served with credit as secretary for five years, had given his king the required proof of ability in this crucial negotiation about Tobago, and now appears to us in his correspondence as an acute and judicious minister.

This correspondence, as given by M. Le Duc, opens on August 30, 1783. From that time till Baron Staël's recall in February 1792, the complete sequence of letters is extant, although a selection limited to those of an historical and more peculiarly French interest is all that is now published; they are addressed direct to the king, Gustavus III., and are written in French which, if not always elegant, is still sufficiently readable. They bear, as has been said, marked traces of Necker's influence, but of that influence filtered through a mind by no means wanting in power and originality. As years go by, and the writer's acquaintance with the internal and social politics of France becomes matured, so do his letters become more truly his own; but throughout they show a competent understanding and convey a clear idea of the critical times in which he lived. It was possibly with Necker's words still ringing in his ears that he wrote on May 12, 1785: 'Your Majesty's opinion of the weakness and selfishness of the French king's Council is unfortunately only too well founded; the want of nobility and firmness in their conduct of affairs is absolutely astonishing;' but from this judgment of the Court party he

* Historika Skrifter, v. 183.

never swerved: his later observation but confirmed the view which Necker may perhaps have first suggested. There have always been in England many who have maintained the purity and integrity of the nobles who surrounded the French king. That there were amongst the French nobles, even then, men of honest principles, loyal feelings, and lofty aspirations, we cannot doubt; but these were not the men who infested the French Court, who used their social rank as a foundation for their foul slanders of the queen, or who, in furtherance of their own petty and selfish ambitions, pushed on the French monarchy to its destruction and Louis XVI. to his death. Of the noxious character of these, Baron Staël, at any rate, had a very decided opinion. It was thus, for instance, that he wrote on July 8, 1787, with reference to the possibility of war with England:—

‘Judging by the simple calculations of reason, it would seem to be the interest of the Archbishop [of Toulouse] to endeavour, with all his might, to prevent the war: but the resistance of the Parliaments to the imposts, and the resistance of the courtiers to economy, increase every day: and it is possible that he thinks he may obtain by war that power which he does not derive from his own character. He is a man of good parts, but of a yielding disposition; a fault very general in this country, where patriotism is almost extinct, and where people would seem to believe that great things are to be achieved without sacrifice.’

And a few days later, August 16, he again wrote:—

‘There is great excitement about the banishing the Parliament to Troyes, in consequence of its having declared that the nation alone has the power to impose taxes: it is therefore punished, not for asserting its privileges, but for giving them up. The conduct of the Court is so extraordinary that it can only be explained by the supposition that war is determined on. It would scarcely adopt a measure so violent and so contrary to public opinion, were it not that it has a pressing need of money and of an excuse to offer to the nation, by showing it once the necessity of the war and of the imposts to sustain it. Such an issue would undoubtedly be disastrous to France, but it might possibly extricate the Government from its dangerous position. Mean-time, everyone's attention is engrossed by the conduct of the Ministry, every measure is discussed; a change in the Constitution is eagerly wished for; and the king, far from being considered as an obstacle to the progress of liberty, serves as a pretext for those who are aiming at it. War, by exciting the ambition of the military and stirring up a general passion for national glory, might perhaps turn aside men's minds from the business of the administration and lead them to favour the imposts. It is quite possible that the Government does secretly reason in this way, though such a course must indubitably prove fatal both to it and to the State. I do not think that public opinion is as yet ripe for

revolt: the movement which begins a civil war must come from the lower classes; and at present, in Paris at least, it does not extend to them. The wish is rather, by the resistance of the Parliaments, to force the King to convoke the States-General; and, in fact, the desire of a change in the Constitution is so great that the principal dread is lest some good administrator should be called to office; as, in that case, the crisis, and the revolution which must follow on it, may be postponed.'

It was this opposition of the Parliament to the Court party in its clamour for war as a means of keeping the power in its own grasp, and, on the other hand, the fierce endeavour of that party to crush the Opposition, which gave the first impulse to the demand for convening the States-General. It is impossible to say whether the Court, if successful, would have actually begun the war. We may believe that it was infatuated and selfish enough even for such a measure; and we know that it did, in anticipation, go the length of ordering the equipment of a fleet at Brest and of appointing Suffren to command it. But the fleet, after all, was not equipped, for the simple reason that the Government had neither money nor credit; and the Parliament was resolute in its determination not to uphold the one or to grant the other. The financial state of the kingdom was, in fact, alarming to all but the members of the Court party, which, unfortunately for the cause of civilisation and humanity, was able to control the king and his Government. Considering the position on September 8, 1787, Staël wrote:—

'I believe the Cabinet of Versailles is too feeble to maintain a line of conduct worthy of France. If the Archbishop of Toulouse has any energy, we have, as yet, seen nothing of it. Everywhere the topics of conversation are the disorder of the finances, the gross speculation in all the departments of the Government, and the general discontent under an excessive burden of taxation: added to this, an army which seems kept up for the personal advantage of the courtiers, rather than for the glory and safeguard of the kingdom. Such a state of things scarcely admits of any hope that France may adopt measures inspired by nobility and strength. The only chance depends on the restoration of order, and on strict morality taking the place of corruption.'

Under Louis XVI. any such reform was impossible. It was not that the king himself was depraved or corrupt, but that he was completely wanting in firmness, resolution, and moral courage. It is very much the custom to speak of his suavity, gentleness, and humanity, of his fortitude, piety, and resignation: but dirt, according to a well-known definition, is but matter in the wrong place; and untimely virtues may in the

same way be considered as close akin to vices. Gentleness and resignation are admirable qualities in a sheep brought to the shambles, or in a man afflicted by some irremediable calamity, but they are very doubtful virtues in a soldier on the battle-field, a sailor amid the howling tempest, or a king in face of disaffection and rebellion. Through the later years of his reign, Louis XVI.'s endeavour would almost seem to have been to misplace and travesty the virtues with which he is accredited. He was gentle—to his most ferocious assailants; stern—to his counsellors and friends; tender-hearted—to the most revolting of assassins; resigned—to the murder of his adherents; yielding—to violence; firm—against modest demands and constitutional reform.

His demeanour on the momentous November 19, 1787, is but one instance of this. A new loan had been determined on by the Government: the king himself brought it before the Parliament; proposed that it should be distributed over five years; offered a vague promise that, at the end of the time, a full statement of the financial condition should be produced; and concluded with the wish that they should immediately sanction it. To this the Parliament was much opposed, and was no longer afraid of saying so. For nine hours the king sat, whilst seven members, one after the other, urged him to give his royal promise to call together the States-General within two years, and attempted to convince him that to borrow without security was but augmenting the deficit, and, though putting off the evil for the present, was increasing it for the future. The king listened in silence; at the end he only said as he had done at the beginning: '*Je veux qu'on enregistre.*' The Duke of Orleans rose and asked if this sitting, in which freedom of discussion was permitted, was to be changed into a *lit-de-justice*,* where the royal will was to be accepted in silence. The king answered No! but all the same desired them to register; and so saying, he rose and went out: on which the Parliament, instead of registering, entered a formal protest. This conduct the Court would not tolerate. Two of the leaders of the Opposition were forthwith arrested and committed to prison; the Duke of Orleans was banished to his country-seat; the king ordered the protest to

* To the stern action of our forefathers in the second quarter of the seventeenth century is due the defect in the English language which prevents our simply translating these terms, now obsolete even in France.

be erased; and so, by the high hand, the question of the loan was carried.

'At this moment,' wrote Staël a day or two later, 'the great question is whether the loan will be subscribed. It is put for this year at 125 millions. If the high rate of interest determines the capitalists in its favour, the archbishop is secure enough in his place; but if, on the other hand, credit fails him, I do not think the power of the king and queen together can sustain him. Meanwhile, a very general feeling of terror is spread abroad, and I should believe we were on the eve of a revolt, did I not know how transitory is every impression in this country.'

This affair, most important in itself, is the more interesting as being the first overt act of the Duke of Orleans in opposition to the king. Round his name such a cloud of infamy has gathered that it is now difficult or impossible to pronounce any certain judgment as to the real origin of the quarrel; but many considerations point towards the duke's conduct in the battle off Ushant, in 1778, as his first effective chance of publicly disgracing himself; and to the exclamation *Lâcheté!* of the warm-hearted but imprudent Marie-Antoinette, as the seed which, falling into the corrupt ground, grew and ripened into such a horrible crop of iniquity and degradation. Four months after he had been banished to the country, Staël wrote, under date March 27, 1788 :—

'The Duke of Orleans, having received permission to come into Paris for a couple of hours, took it as an opportunity to pay a visit to the archbishop. This ignoble proceeding has been far from serviceable to him; for, on the one hand, his exile still continues, and, on the other, no one now pities him, since he has shown that the conduct which brought him into disgrace with the Court was due to imprudence rather than to courage.'

In the early months of 1788, then, the political situation may be briefly described as this: The Court, at variance with the Parliament on the important questions of taxation, had imprisoned two of its leading members, Sabatier and Fréteau; the Duke of Orleans, with whom these were believed to be associated, had been driven from Paris; but, chafing under his exile, was secretly fomenting the ill feeling that already existed, whilst popular discontent and financial embarrassment had reduced France to a nonentity in the disputes between Russia and Turkey, Austria and Holland, which were threatening to entangle the whole of Europe. On May 1, Staël wrote:—

'The Parisian public is in a state of mingled expectation and alarm as to the result of the violent steps which, according to the general

belief, the Government has decided on. Nothing, in fact, is unlooked for, except, perhaps, lenient measures: if the Government should but adopt these, it would strangely disturb the calculations of its opponents.'

Leniency, however, was not yet in vogue; and D'Éprémesnil and De Monsabert were arrested in the very middle of the Parliament to which they had fled for refuge on the first alarm, after escaping the one by jumping out of a window, the other by climbing over a back wall. The confusion rapidly became worse.

'It is impossible,' wrote Staël on May 28, 'to know what will be the issue of the general disorder into which things here are drifting. It appears that the Government is determined to carry out its plan to the fullest extent; and, on the other side, that the resistance will be stubborn—if, that is to say, stubbornness is possible amongst a people so fickle and corrupt as this.'

For this state of things the archiepiscopal head of the Government was, in Staël's opinion, chiefly to blame. On August 3 he wrote:—

'I understand that the archbishop has given his word that the States-General shall be convoked next May: but if this is really the case, it is extraordinary that he does not endeavour to win back the country to his support. One would think that he ought to abandon a measure which it will certainly reject, and which is no longer of any use to himself: but he seems to be urged by a feeling of bitterness against the Parliaments: his conduct is uncertain and vacillating; and his frequent fits of passion are more like those of a child: it is, however, of a child armed with the whole power of a king of France.'

He did not continue, however, so armed: within a fortnight from the date of this letter he was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by Necker amid great popular rejoicings and some popular disturbance. A fortnight later, on August 31, Staël again wrote:—

'The nation, overjoyed by the appointment of Necker, expects miracles from him. There is no doubt that France may be regenerated within a few years, if Necker is not thwarted in his measures. The public confidence in him is unbounded: his genius, his moderation, his character, his morality, have won for him a love which words are inadequate fully to express.'

We have been long accustomed to the extravagant laudation which Madame de Staël was in the habit of lavishing on her father's name: if these lines written by her husband were not dictated by her, they afford a remarkable instance, if not of that perfect love described by the poet in which 'two hearts beat as one,' at least of a matrimonial unison in which two minds

think as one. But as addressed to Gustavus, who was of course fully cognisant of the relationship between Staël and the object of his eulogy, they must have had a somewhat ludicrous effect. Undoubtedly, however, the agreement in opinion between Necker and his son-in-law was sufficiently close. We have already seen that Staël represented the character and policy of the Archbishop of Toulouse in no favourable light. His harsh comments he repeated still more harshly a year later, on September 13, 1789, when the revolutionary anarchy had already begun.

'To get,' he wrote, 'a correct idea of the extraordinary events which are now exciting our astonishment, it is necessary to go back to the administration of the archbishop; for it is in it that we find the germs of the revolution which has just taken place. The exhausted state in which that minister found the treasury determined him to make several attempts to fill the king's coffers; but his measures being all badly conceived and badly directed produced the fatal effect of degrading the royal authority and of dismissing the ministers who were most urgently needed. He wished to gratify the nation, but was unable to lull it to slumber or to blind it to its true interests. Promises, which he certainly trusted might never be realised, were not spared: a speedy convening of the States-General; an invitation to all citizens to express their ideas regarding it; and the declaration, frequently and solemnly put into the mouth of the king, that the nation alone had the right to impose taxes on itself—such were the methods he made use of to arrive at the desired end. But suspicion of his good faith, the knowledge of his weakness and incapacity, and the general contempt which it entailed, could not but render them fruitless.'

All which agrees exactly with what was afterwards published as Madame de Staël's: 'The strong measures which the Government wished to take, the blows which it wished to strike, served only to show its weakness; and the Archbishop of Toulouse, arbitrary and constitutional by turns, was equally awkward in each of the two systems which he alternately tried.*' Baron Staël's account of the opening of the States-General compares still more closely with that given by his wife. What Staël wrote on May 10 is:—

'Tuesday was the greatest day in the history of France. Nothing could be more imposing for the sight or the imagination than the majestic array of a powerful nation assembled by its king to work with him for the regeneration of their common country.'

And Madame de Staël wrote in her posthumous 'Considerations on the French Revolution:—

* Œuvres complètes, xii. 130.

'Never shall I forget the moment in which I saw the 1,200 deputies of France pass in procession on their way to hear mass. It was a most imposing spectacle for the French, and a new one . . . and I abandoned myself, I confess, to the most lively hope and exultation at seeing, for the first time in France, the representatives of the nation.'

To people of duller imagination the spectacle did not offer the same roseate hues; they foresaw, as Madame de Montmorin said at the time, that 'great calamities to France and to us will be the 'result of this.'

A comparison of these and many other passages leaves no doubt of the extent to which Staël's judgment and opinions were influenced by those of his wife and his wife's father. This, however, can scarcely be considered as detracting from their interest. Madame de Staël's 'Considerations' were published posthumously in 1818, and Necker's essay on his own administration, which was first published in 1791, is of the nature of an apology rather than of a history. In both there was ample time for afterthought, and for reflections dictated by the result of events: as far as the writers of these works are concerned, their contemporaneous thoughts and opinions, modified it may be in their passage through the medium, are now published for the first time; for though Madame de Staël carried on a long correspondence with Gustavus, only a very small portion of it has been given to the world. It is then the absolute and unrevised synchronism that constitutes a great part of the value of Staël's letters, that forms the entire value of one dated July 9, 1789. It runs:—

'The inconsistency of the king's conduct in a position so grave as the present is indeed strange. Alternately guided by M. Necker or by the party of which the queen and the Count d'Artois are the chiefs, he goes a step now with the one, now with the other; and thus advancing without any definite plan, exposes himself, it may be, to danger from all the opposing parties. M. Necker is unceasing in his representations to him, urging him to adopt one uniform system, and pressing on him the necessity of employing all possible means to keep off the revolution which is imminent: that he ought either to join himself to the nobility, to the clergy, to the Parliaments, which seem openly to avow that they wish the States-General had never met; to take a minister whose principles are in conformity with these ideas, and to adhere persistently to that line of conduct; or that if, on the other hand, he is—as well he may be—scared by the frightful evils which that would entail, he ought frankly to favour the public cause, and, being unable to avoid the revolution, should put himself at its head and conduct it. But no great course, good or bad, is in his character. He contents himself with wavering between totally opposite counsels, in order to balance the one with the other, and

conciliate the two parties ; a false idea, the result of which is an alarming want of respect for a king who is brought face to face with the nation.'

And after speaking at some length of the advance of the troops under the Duke de Broglie, now in his old age, the agent for Louis XVI. of a domestic policy in antagonism to his ministry, as his brother, the Count de Broglie, had in his youth been the agent for Louis XV. of a similarly antagonistic diplomacy ; after pointing out the reasonable suspicions or fears of the National Assembly, and the extreme danger of some violent outbreak attending the approach of 20,000 foreign troops, he continued :—

' We can only hope that Heaven will preserve France from it ; for dreadful misfortunes will follow in its train, without any advantage to the king's authority. Men's minds are in such a state of excitement, intelligence is so widespread, every town in the kingdom has expressed such thorough approval of the conduct of the Commons (*des Communes*),* that nothing can hinder the revolution, which has more immediate reference to some of the high nobility than to the throne. The king may cause it to be bloody ; the king may cause it to be preceded by bankruptcy and by famine ; but, far from stopping it, far from weakening its effects, if he embitters public opinion by evident delays, the greatest misfortunes and excesses of all kinds are to be feared. It might indeed be possible to weary out the French nation ; Cardinal Mazarin might perhaps have found a resource in bringing about a general feeling of disgust for politics, or of weariness of them : but open resistance, on the contrary, will give the nation that impulse, that energy, which it is commonly charged with wanting.'

Two days after this was written Necker was dismissed from his office, and on the 12th Staël wrote :—

' The new ministry seems too hateful to the people to be able to subsist. According to all appearances the nation will upset it, but, alas ! by what means ? At this very moment the excitement has reached such a pitch that everything may be feared from it. The king is infinitely to be pitied : it is impossible to foresee the misfortunes which his weakness may draw down upon France.'

About this letter there is a difficulty which would seem to have escaped the notice of M. Le Duc. Staël writes as if in Paris, at the fountain-head of information ; but his wife, in

* The use of this word in this sense would seem a distinct mark of the direct influence of Necker, a Swiss who had been in England, who, throughout, aimed at establishing a constitution similar to the English, and who, in his own writings, frequently uses the word as the equivalent of the *Tiers-Etat*. But, according to the Academy, the word in this usage relates only to England.

one of her few published letters to Gustavus, says that he was then on the road to Brussels, taking care of her father in his flight. The greater part of this interesting letter, written apparently about the end of July, is filled with lamentations over the violence of the people, blame of the Court, more particularly of Count d'Artois, and lavish praise of M. Necker—always with her a fertile theme; but it concludes:—

'It remains for me to render your Majesty an account of my personal conduct. I required and obtained from M. de Staël that he should absent himself for ten days, in order to accompany my father* at a time when his life, or, at least, his liberty, was at stake, for the rage of his successors increased in proportion to the grief exhibited by France. I have ventured to feel sure that your Majesty will approve of this. It is with respect, but not with disquietude, that I submit to you the conduct of M. de Staël. I beseech your Majesty to continue your goodness to him: the fate of us both depends on you.' †

All which is curiously out of keeping with the alleged coldness and separation following on the *mariage de convenance*. Gustavus's reply to this appeal was a direction to Staël to send him a detailed account of the state of things in Paris; in obedience to which Staël wrote on October 22 a long letter, chiefly remarkable for the many blunders it contains. These, however, are of little importance; the history of mere facts has not now to be gleaned from Staël's curiously confused narrative, and his letters are not the less valuable as a critical commentary because his dates are occasionally inexact. His mistakes in no way affect either the interest or importance of his opinions and forecasts. In these he would seem to have felt his own strength: he attempted nothing like a narrative of events until specially called on, but had repeatedly commented on them for the instruction of his king. On August 9, for instance, he had written:—

'To those who can think of the future, nothing offers a more terrible picture than the present state of France; especially when they consider that having just come through one revolution unexampled for its rapidity and its importance, it is, according to all appearances, advancing towards another, less interesting, perhaps, from the political or historical point of view, but more baleful to humanity by the

* 'Pour accompagner mon père;' which the historians do not admit. Thiers, for instance, says (Engl. trans. i. 55), 'Necker . . . set out without apprising his friends, or even his daughter;' and Dareste (vii. 174), 'Necker . . . partit en poste pour Bruxelles, sans même avertir sa famille.' Is it possible that Madame de Staël's *accompagner* means to follow after?

† Geoffroy, 'Gustave III et la Cour de France,' ii. 92.

number of victims who will undoubtedly be sacrificed in the new troubles. And this opinion, however contrary it may be to that of many, who think that the revolution must at once take a uniform and steady course, is warranted, on the one hand, by the flight of the princes and many distinguished persons, and, on the other, by the countless heart-burnings amongst the great, whilst amongst the people there is a vast amount of uncurbed pretension, as foolish as impossible. Add to all this, that, in the concessions to which they have submitted, the king and queen have listened only to the harsh imperious law of necessity; and it appears to me that there is a hundred times more than sufficient reason to dread another general explosion.'

The prevision here made would appear to be Staël's own. It is certainly not derived from Necker, who up to October 5 continued to hope for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, with a House of Commons and a House of Peers, such as he had known in England. That ruder measures prevailed, that the Revolution ran its course as history has related, was, he wrote six years later, due to the ignorance, perversity, and cowardice of the Assembly which mistrusted the Court. 'Everything was in favour of moderate ideas, if only the National Assembly had known the value of them, and if the popular chiefs, who after the events of July had become absolute masters, had possessed sufficient force of intellect and loftiness of character to prevent their abusing their victory.*' He seems to have ascribed not only a great part but all the anarchy which followed, to the deliberate misconduct of the so-called leaders; nor to have recognised, as Staël did, that, like a mountain stream in spate, the popular frenzy, having once burst its bounds, rushed onwards in resistless and overwhelming destruction. Not indeed that Staël by any means ignored the secret and traitorous influences which undoubtedly had a large share in the violent outbreaks that followed. He wrote that the Duke of Orleans was believed to be at the head of a formidable party; that the soldiers, throwing off all control, flocked into Paris and lived there, though it did not appear how or by whom they were maintained: money they certainly had, whether they got it from English emissaries or from agents of the Duke of Orleans, not improbably from both; and on September 17:—

'The conduct of the National Assembly proves the truth of what is asserted by those who say that the French nation is destitute of the qualities necessary in a free people. As soon as ever the representatives understood that all power had fallen into their hands, far from endeavouring, by prudent measures, to moderate the wild fury of

* *Œuvres complètes*, x. 257.

some or the foul depravity of others, they stimulated the popular excitement, not reflecting on the misfortunes they were preparing for themselves, by making use of an engine which nothing can stop when it is once set in motion. . . . The party of the Duke of Orleans is foremost in all exaggerated and violent opinions. I believe it is quite certain that the prince carries his pretensions extremely high, although his deportment is simple enough. It is probable that he is furnished with money from England. . . . We are here in a position similar to that of those dwelling on the flanks of Etna or Vesuvius, when the noise from the interior of the volcano announces that they may shortly expect an eruption.'

As is well known, the eruption took place on October 5. It is unnecessary to follow Baron Staël into his account of that terrible night, as he wrote it on October 8, when the shock was still recent. On the 11th he added:—

'The terrible catastrophe of last week is very far from being the end of the misfortunes with which France is threatened; but we have long ceased to be able to calculate the events which, from moment to moment, may befall. The fickleness of the nation, its want of character, and, above all, its extreme impetuosity and immorality, render the most horrible and the most absurd things equally likely. It is not possible to portray the barbarity with which the French have treated the unhappy victims who have fallen in this revolution. People speak now of murder and bloodshed as formerly they would have spoken of a grand show: a scene of horror draws a large crowd of spectators; and the scoundrels who can offer the grossest insults to the dead bodies receive such applause as used to be given to the most celebrated actors. . . . As I write it is feared that some fellows have been hired to set fire to the city. Several houses are marked, mine amongst the number. I hope it may please heaven to save us from this misfortune.'

A few days later, and Staël, according to specific instructions, wrote the letter of October 22 already referred to, in which he gave not only a general narrative of events, but also a more detailed account of the parties into which the Assembly was divided. These he considers to be four. The first 'is the 'old party of the Aristocrats,' with the Count d'Artois at their head; a party whose vain efforts can serve no end except to rouse popular fury and give a pretext for new revolutions. The second, the only honest and well-intentioned party, is that which would establish a constitution closely resembling the English; at the head of this are M. Mounier, Count Lally-Tollendal, and Count de Clermont-Tonnerre, who, finding themselves unable to carry their point of 'two Chambers' and an absolute veto,' have left Paris. These two parties are powerless; the first by reason of the intense popular hatred, and the second by sharing the odium cast on the first,

as well as by the absence of its leaders. The third, which is rather a conspiracy than a party, has the Duke of Orleans for its chief, and England for its motive power. The Duke of Orleans does not so much lead as permit himself to be dragged along by it; when the time for action arrives, his courage fails as in the last Revolution; one moment of boldness would have made him master of the kingdom; craven fear made him rather fly from it. He is supported by his chancellor, M. de la Touche; his friend, the Duke de Biron—the base slanderer of the queen; M. Sillery—the captain of his guards and the complaisant husband of his mistress; and more especially by Laclos, the author of an infamous book, whose title might well be transferred to the party of which he was the soul. With these are allied also Mirabeau, for his own selfish ends; the Bishop of Autun, and the Abbé Siéyes. Distinct from this, though with some appearance of being connected with it, distinct from all honest people, and destitute of true ability, is a cabal which is profound only in intrigue and talented only for mischief. It is not bound up with the party of the Duke of Orleans, but may, without agreement, act with it, since it is equally desirous of tumult. Its members style themselves ‘Defenders of the People and of Liberty,’ and maintain that all means are justifiable if only the end is pure; and under the pretext of securing the Constitution, they adopt every petty means in the world to excite revolts in Paris and in the provinces. At the head of this party are M. Duport, false, ambitious, poor, always talking of liberty and always aiming at being Minister; M. Barnave, returned as a Deputy from Dauphiné by the influence of Mounier, whose principles he seemed to adopt, but, tired of a subaltern and secondary part for good, he has preferred taking a leading part for evil; and the Chevalier Alexandre de Lameth, young, ruined, ambitious, daring, but of no particular ability.

This was Baron Staël's view of parties and of the leaders of parties in October 1789. Later writers, guided rather by a knowledge of after events, have spoken more favourably of Barnave and Lameth, both of whom have been described as honest and well-intentioned friends of liberty led astray, possibly, in the beginning, by excess of zeal and youthful ardour. It may be so: they lived to repent and to endeavour, however ineffectually, to repair some of the mischief they had caused; and failing in that, Lameth, a nephew of the Duke de Broglie, emigrated, whilst Barnave died a victim of the sanguinary tribunal which they had helped to call into existence. About the Duke of Orleans there is less doubt, and Staël's judgment

agrees better with the known facts than does the character of the melodramatic villain which has been commonly assigned to him. That he was capable of inspiring, and did inspire, the most violent antipathy and loathing, is sufficiently well known, and whatever he did was certain to be considered under its most repulsive aspect. In private, he was greedy, selfish, depraved, and unclean, beyond even exaggerated limits; but so far as relates to his public life, his alleged misdeeds fall into two classes so opposed to each other that it is difficult to conceive him guilty of both: he cannot have been at once an abject coward and a bold conspirator. We believe that he was the coward, that he was the tool rather than the chief of his party, and that those actions which have been supposed to indicate a deep-laid design against the Constitution, denoted rather a very earnest wish to take care of himself. That he hated the queen, and included the king in that hatred, is very certain; but his hatred, however intense, was not so perfect as to cast out fear, which, as we understand it, was the ruling passion of his public character.

Orleans, Mirabeau, Barnave, Lameth, and some others, were thus those whom Staël considered largely responsible for the violent turn that affairs had taken. The most zealous advocates of liberty's noble cause are, he wrote on November 19, obliged to admit that most iniquitous means have been employed to attain the proposed end. But, he added---

'it is equally true that the persons most interested in hindering the revolution have mainly contributed to render it such as it is this day. Without speaking of the enormous pecuniary depredations of the Court, it cannot be denied that the corruption, incapacity, and immorality, which were almost a title to high office, have necessarily rendered the Government hateful to the provinces. Neither could this hatred be appeased or lessened by the clergy, to which the defence of the throne is ordinarily entrusted: for this body, far from making itself loved and respected by teaching religion and purity, consoling the poor and assisting them with its pecuniary means, has been, on the contrary, an insult to the wretched by its luxury and to the pious by its immorality. As it is natural that a very bad administration should generate in the people a desire to be delivered from it, it is not astonishing that this end has been arrived at. It is, however, sad that a king so good, a man so honourable, as the King of France, should suffer for the injustice and pride of his predecessors, and the rascally actions of his ministers and courtiers.'

And so the Revolution rolled along. On July 14, 1790, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille was celebrated with regal pomp and great display of enthusiasm and affection for the king's person; 'only,' wrote Staël, in giving an account of

the proceedings, 'the same persons who shout *Vive le Roi!* to-day, would die to-morrow to prevent his having any prerogative. They want a king to be a mere spectator rather than 'an integral part of the Constitution.' This Constitution, he continually repeated, was impracticable, both in itself and by reason of party opposition. The Revolution was very far from an end, and the counter revolution at which the 'aristocrats' were aiming could only be effected by the intervention of foreign powers. Those in favour of it were but few, and the violence of its opponents is, he wrote on August 12, 'so great that the attempt will give rise to most frightful massacres.'

'At the present moment,' he continued, 'two events seem possible: the dissolution of the kingdom in consequence of the non-payment of any taxes, or the counter-revolution by means of foreign powers. If these two dangers are avoided, France will be disturbed for a long time; but as the people grow weary of disorder, they will, on reflection and experience, amend the faults of the Constitution. The Orleans party is no longer to be feared.'

But everything was in confusion, and any certain forecast was out of the question. Three days later he wrote:—

'The disunion in the popular party may cause the most violent shocks. The Lameths, Barnave, and Duport, remain at the head of the famous club of the Jacobins; the Bishop of Autun, Mirabeau, Chapelier, Montmorency, are at the head of another club named the Club of 1789. The hatred between these two is stronger than that between the democrats and aristocrats. Attempts are being made to unite them, but their success does not appear to me probable: for personal interest is the first, if not the only, motive power of these different parties.'

Staël's judgments about this time take the form of general disapproval. His own predilections were undoubtedly in favour of the popular movement, but restrained by reason and humanity: he would have gladly seen a constitutional and limited monarchy, and was almost equally opposed to the extreme parties. Of the two he thought worst of the 'aristocrats'; the democrats might often be mad with rage or influenced by selfish and corrupt leaders; but the aristocrats were even more corrupt, and were utterly wanting in every manly and patriotic virtue. Here, for instance, under date March 17, 1791, is one of many such expressions of opinion: it refers to the oath required from the clergy, which he thinks uncalled for, and which, by increasing the difficulties of the situation, is exceedingly dangerous, and likely to cause great excitement in the provinces. He then goes on:—

'It would be impossible to foresee how far this might go if the aristocrats were to conduct themselves with greater prudence than they have yet done. But, judging by the past, this is not to be expected from them. They seem destined to do nothing except commit enormous faults, and to fail in courage and unity on every occasion. They gave a very decided proof of this at the Tuileries on February 28, when four or five hundred gentlemen allowed themselves to be treated in the most humiliating manner.* . . . For some time back it has been believed that the emperor has the intention of interfering in the affairs of France . . . I do not know what foundation there may be for this; but if it should be true, the position of the king and the royal family would be most alarming so long as they remained in Paris; and the misfortunes which would threaten the town are incalculable.'

This view of the danger of foreign interposition he repeatedly urged. Gustavus was bent on interposing; in that intention he was carrying on negotiations with the agents of Louis; and on May 24 he set out from Stockholm for the French frontier.† He did so in direct opposition to the advice of his ambassador, whose letter of March 31 he must have received only a few days before. In it Staël had written:—

'Although several of the powers appear engrossed with the war between Turkey and Russia, it is suspected here that the matter which more particularly occupies their attention relates mainly to France, the astonishing revolution in which must necessarily exercise a great influence on all Europe. This fact calls for the closest attention and the most careful conduct on the part of the other powers; for it is not to be concealed that a false step in such a critical position would probably occasion results which might well terrify even the boldest. . . . It appears to me, just now, impossible to make any open attempt against the Revolution. Last year there may have been a favourable moment, but there is such no longer. . . . Violent measures on the part of any foreign power could only act on the Revolution as a weight on a spring, and by compressing it increase its elasticity.'

And this, in other ways, he continued to repeat; but the timidity or complaisance of the king at home, and the threatening attitude of the princes abroad, increased the danger every day. 'If,' wrote Staël on April 21, 'the art of govern-

† * This is but one instance, then only a few days old, of the settled rule which M. Taine (*L'Ancien Régime*, p. 219) thus describes: 'Jamais 'on ne verra un gentilhomme arrêté chez lui casser la tête du Jacobin 'qui l'arrête. Ils se laisseront prendre, ils iront docilement en prison; 'faire du tapage serait une marque de mauvais goût.' Compare the same author's '*Revolution*,' i. 390.

† As to the policy of Gustavus in this, see *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cliv. p. 99.

'ing consists in yielding, never king knew it better; his constant rule has been to resist entreaty and give way to force.' 'M. de Bouillé is at Metz, where he would gladly receive the king, but the question is—How is he to get there?' A plan had been arranged with M. de Mirabeau, which the death of 'that truly able man' has rendered abortive. Failing any possibility of getting out of Paris, 'the only chance he has of saving his life is to show himself as revolutionary as Barnave, and even that is doubtful.' But assuredly the appearance of foreign troops on the frontier would be the signal for some terrible outbreak. Of the Duke of Orleans at this time Staël continues to have the worst possible opinion. The only restraint on his villany is his cowardice; he is *méprisable, lâche*; and this prevents his having a large following. Of himself, he does his party harm rather than good: his agents, however, are more to be feared. Laclos, especially, is a man of remarkable ability, and well versed in intrigue. That this faction was busy in the cause of disorder, Baron Staël had no doubt. On June 9 he wrote:—

'The fear of a foreign invasion increases daily. The aristocrats, who have their hopes on the help which they expect from abroad, contribute in no small degree to spread these reports, as much to intimidate their enemies as to encourage their friends. The Orleanists, whose views are well known, have also a good deal to say about the armed foreigners who are to enter France. No better method could be devised for exciting the people against the Court and for increasing their mistrust. However, if a foreign invasion should take place, it would be impossible to foresee to what height the factions might raise the popular fury, in order to minister to their own hate and ambition. After all the fruitless attempts which the party of Orleans has made, it has no other resource than to risk everything; and for such projects nothing is more favourable than the wildest disorder.'

It was very shortly after this that the king made his unsuccessful and fatal attempt to escape from Paris; he was arrested at Varennes on June 21. Already on the 22nd, Staël, sending a bundle of newspapers, wrote: 'The most perfect tranquillity, the most astonishing unity, has reigned in Paris all yesterday and during last night. . . . This calm, under the extraordinary circumstances, could not have been anticipated.' Two days later he added:—

'Nothing is yet known of the line of conduct which the Assembly intends to observe towards the king; unless, perhaps, that it will treat him with much respect. Meanwhile, every endeavour is made to maintain tranquillity. The Orleanists have indeed attempted to disturb this: but their chief is held in such contempt that nothing is to be feared on that score. The king's plan is attributed to Count

Fersen : it is most fortunate that he has made good his escape. It was asserted that I gave him the passports ; and, following on that, that I was in the secret, and that your Majesty had ordered me to co-operate in order to facilitate the departure. The excitement was very great ; and I owe my escape from gross insults only to the fact that when Count Fersen's porter was interrogated before the Committee, he deposed that on the Sunday, the 20th, his master, whilst conferring with a Frenchman, had forbidden him to let in anybody, even the Swedish Ambassador. All Paris, however, is quite certain that your Majesty is to attack France with 30,000 men, in order to bring about a counter-revolution.'

From this time the correspondence is mainly occupied with the great danger of the king, the utter selfishness, worthlessness, and ineptitude of the aristocrats, and the terrible consequences which must result from foreign invasion. Baron Staël condemns the conduct of the popular leaders in terms sufficiently strong ; but his opinion of the aristocrats compares only with his detestation of the Duke of Orleans. It is unnecessary to repeat this ; one phrase will be sufficient. ' I have ' always remarked,' he said, ' that those persons who call themselves the friends of the king, show by all their actions that they think less of him than of their own miserable interests, their fears and their private hatreds.' What he has to say of the king is pretty well summed up in his letter of July 13 :—

' The important question of the king's having left Paris has this day come before the Assembly. The report which has been presented condemns only those who assisted him, and completely absolves the king and his family. It is therefore proposed to re-establish his Majesty in the authority which he had before his departure, and to ignore everything which has happened since that time. It is, however, to be feared that the people are very far from being of the same opinion ; for they consider the several promises which the king has made as so many engagements which he could not break without forfeiting the esteem and confidence of his subjects. Without being on the spot, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the lamentable feeling towards the king ; and it is difficult to conceive what will be his situation even if the Assembly does agree to restore him to his former power.'

To which on July 17 he added :—

' The most extreme measures against the king and the Assembly are advocated by the mob, at the instigation of those who are desirous of a Republic ; and it is beyond doubt that their partisans are paid to clamour in support of this cause. Yesterday, a deputy, well known for his loyalty, made a very earnest effort to moderate the wild ideas of a frenzied group. One of them stepped out towards him, and, showing him twelve francs which he held in his hand, said, " What you " say is very true, but your arguments are not so good as these." The

Orleanists and the English are suspected of scattering much money about, and of employing every possible means to drive things to an extremity.'

The suspicion of England which is here referred to is spoken of by Staël again and again, with every appearance of belief. He says, for instance, on August 5:—

'The conduct of England confirms the opinion that she is secretly working hard at some plan to bring about the dismemberment of France; and clearly it would be of very great advantage to Great Britain if that power could be extinguished which has hitherto prevented her extending her dominion over all seas, and controlling the commerce of the world.'

This was by no means the belief of Staël alone. The younger Fersen, whose point of view was certainly very different from Staël's, who pronounced Necker a pompous imbecile, if not a traitor, and 'as ignorant in matters of administration as he is' said to be learned in questions of finance,' wrote to his father, as far back as February 1, 1790, that 'M. Necker's excessive' conceit led him to think that he would honestly persuade a 'number of rascals to support the king; but the money of 'England had stronger and irresistible arguments at command.*' In Paris the opinion was very generally held, nor was it without acceptance even in England; and though we know that it was destitute of any real foundation in fact, there were, undoubtedly, many circumstances which rendered it at the time sufficiently plausible; more especially the preparations in England consequent on the dispute with Spain regarding Nootka Sound. To a people wrapped up in their own struggles, and profoundly ignorant of the affairs of other nations, such an armament might well denote hostility to themselves. Diplomatically and politically those who conducted the affairs of France recognised its true meaning, and maintained friendly relations with the one great power which was not openly threatening their frontier; but this did not prevent the independent action of the frenzied or fanatical. It was known to our Government in the summer of 1791, that at least one party of Jacobin agents came over to this country, commissioned to set fire to Portsmouth dockyard; and though timely intelligence defeated the attempt, it was impossible to feel sure that it might not be renewed without warning and with better success.

At all times, and more especially when their passions are

* Klinekowström, 'Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France,' vol. i. p. liii.

violently excited, the greater number of men are incapable of distinguishing between knowledge and suspicion; and thus, during the early days of the French Revolution, the ignorant crowds, tutored or maddened by the arts of the greedy, the selfish, and the vile, were impelled to the wildest confusion or the most sanguinary enormities. The princes were on the frontier, supported by a foreign army, and threatening the safety and independence of the kingdom. England had been, more lately than any other power, the active enemy of France, and might be supposed to be, both by sentiment and by material interest, the most hostile of all; more dangerous, perhaps, because just at present pretending friendship. The popular enmity to the queen was of the same nature. Her family ties were Austrian; she was presumably more inclined to intrigue for the interests of Austria than of France. She had broken down the strictness of court etiquette; she had conducted herself with a carelessness of public opinion that had given rise to the worst suspicions, and with a freedom from conventional restraints that would ruin the character even of the heroine of a modern society-novel. She may have been—she was only imprudent; but numbers of even intelligent people believed her to have been guilty; and to the savage crowds that roared '*Mort à l'Autrichienne! Mort à la Messaline!*' suspicion or belief was absolute certainty. Of her truth and loyalty both to the people and the King of France, Staël had no doubt, and on August 25, 1791, related the substance of what had been said during an interview between her and the Abbé Louis, the agent of the *Comité diplomatique*, which was at that time the nearest equivalent to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He does not say how he obtained his information, but speaks with decision:—

'In their conversation,' he says, 'the Abbé laid before her the three different lines of conduct which seemed possible for her under existing circumstances: these were, to favour the enterprise of the princes, to throw herself into the arms of the democratic party, or to trust to time, tact, and prudence, for the return of the people to moderate ideas, such as the evils of anarchy must make them feel the necessity of. I am told that the queen vehemently rejected the first course, repeating more than once that the princes wanted to play the hero at the expense of France, and without regard to the safety of the king or of herself; that she had always detested their intentions, and was determined to owe nothing to any foreign assistance, and to rely only on the opinion in favour of the monarchy which should be formed in France. She testified equal disinclination for the democratic exaggerations, and said that, in her judgment, the proper course was that which would permit the king to take advantage of every opportunity for regaining the

affections of the people. On this the Abbé Louis represented to her that the emperor's conduct might be one way of inspiring the people with confidence : that if he should be the first sovereign to conclude an alliance with France, and should banish from his territories the French emigrants, who were known as having hostile views, it would be believed that she had honestly determined not to attempt any change in France, except such as might be suggested by time and experience : to all which the queen appeared to assent.'

Again, on September 1, he reports :—

'About a fortnight ago the queen wrote to the emperor to say that as she was now better satisfied with the leaders of the popular party she did not wish him to take any steps to hinder the establishment of the Constitution. I am told that the emperor has answered, by a courier just arrived, that he does not yet see any change in the treatment of the king and queen, which renders their cause the cause of all kings in common : that he awaits the presentation of the Constitution to the king, and the modifications in it, in order to judge if the king's acceptance of it is unconstrained, and to decide on his own line of conduct.'

Baron Staël then goes on to say that he believes the king and queen, being convinced of the impracticability of the Constitution, will wait quietly for it to demonstrate its own failure, devoting themselves solely to winning the affection of the people.

'If, as it every day becomes more probable, the king should succeed in dominating the legislature, he will be more sovereign than ever ; for the destruction of the privileged orders must, sooner or later, minister to the royal authority. The people begin to weary of the never-ending elections ; * and, notwithstanding the insults offered to the king's person, it seems possible enough that the Revolution, having destroyed the nobility, and every power between the people and the king, may finish by being more favourable to the power of the king than to the liberty of the nation.'

Of the amount of truth and error in this prevision the chronicles of the period have already instructed us. We know that the Revolution did end in a despotism beyond what had ever been known under the most autocratic of kings ; but it was not in kingly hands, nor was the end so near or so peaceable as Staël was, at this date, inclined to hope. The mistake was from no fault of Staël's. It is impossible, we are told by an examiner of great experience, to fathom the abysmal ingenuity of a fool : and it was the imbecility of the National Assembly which, by excluding its members from the

* Compare Taine, '*La Conquête Jacobine*,' pp. 42-3, 73-4.

Legislative Assembly, falsified Staël's forecast, and led to results so fatal to France; to wars and murders, and the Jacobin Conquest and the Terror.

With these, however, we have now small concern; for of Baron Staël's letters after the meeting of the new Assembly, few are given, and they come altogether to an end on February 2, 1792. Gustavus, whose views on the subject of foreign intervention in support of the French monarchy were, as we have seen, very different from those of his ambassador, hastily recalled him. Staël quitted Paris on February 5, and arrived at Stockholm only a few days before the assassination of his king. Immediately after this tragic event, the Regent, the Duke of Sudermania, reversed the foreign policy, and distinctly declined the invitation of the Empress of Russia to assist in forming an allied army to act against France on the Rhine frontier. He considered imperial Russia as more dangerous to Sweden than republican France, and had no intention of being made the empress's cat-spaw, or of risking his country's advantage in any Quixotic adventure in support of a poor creature who neither wanted to be, nor could be, succoured. Towards the end of the year he ordered Staël to return to Paris; and the ambassador had got as far as Brussels when he received a further instruction, dated February 12, 1793, wherein—in consideration of the revolting horrors which had taken place in Paris, and rendered it impossible for anyone even to dream of allying himself with France, without exposing himself to the just anger of Europe—the Regent desired him, without completely breaking off the negotiations, to postpone them, 'on account of our position relatively to Russia, which 'is only waiting for a pretext to attack us.' Staël, however, judged that these last instructions were optional, and determined to proceed. He went on to Paris; and after some delay consequent on the disturbed state of the country and of the government—if, indeed, the commencement of the Terror may be called a government—he did actually, by May 16, 1793, conclude a treaty of alliance between Sweden and France, according to the terms of which Sweden was to acknowledge the Republic, and enter into diplomatic relations with it; whilst France, on her part, was to pay Sweden a sum of ten million francs. If the announcement of this treaty should bring war on Sweden, France was to support her with a yearly subsidy of eighteen millions, whilst Sweden would contribute to the common cause an army of at least sixty thousand men, and a fleet of fifteen ships of the line and twelve frigates. When this treaty was sent to Stockholm, the Regent

considered it too hazardous to ratify it : he would seem, however, to have agreed to do so, if Marie-Antoinette and her family were set at liberty. As Staël's diplomacy in this respect was unavailing—as, on October 16, Marie-Antoinette was put to death—the Regent considered it unsafe to venture further at that time, and Staël was recalled; though informal relations were maintained by his secretary, a M. Signeul, who is described as a fierce Jacobin.

In March 1795, Staël was again sent to Paris. Before this, however, the Terror had been crushed in the counter-revolution of the 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794); Robespierre had paid a small instalment of his debt to humanity, and European opinion was not so determinedly hostile to the Republic. Austria, Prussia, Spain were already thinking of making their peace, and had entered, informally, on negotiations. The Regent understood that in the clash of contending interests the first might fare the best; and Staël had instructions to recognise the Republic, and to conclude a treaty which should assure to Sweden aid against Russia. France, on her side, was determined on an equivalent, in the shape of aid in the war with England and in the liberation of Poland. Staël was not empowered to promise this, and determined, as a bold stroke, to acknowledge the Republic, and to trust to the national gratitude. This he did, publicly and ceremoniously, on April 25. Russian intrigue was, for the moment, vanquished; and a treaty, on nearly the same basis as that of 1793, was again concluded, but again the Regent refused to ratify it, conceiving that its immediate effect would be to expose Sweden to the united, or, at any rate, the simultaneous, attack of England and of Russia: a reason surely sufficient in itself to decide the prudent sovereign of a State whose resources were very limited, even if the ignoring his request for a personal subsidy was, as M. Le Duc considers, not without weight. Further negotiations were still pending when the Directory learned that it was proposed to marry the young king, Gustavus IV., to the granddaughter of the empress, and immediately recalled the French envoy from Stockholm. Thereupon the Regent also recalled Staël, who, after some delay and a peremptory repetition of the order, left Paris in the summer of 1796. From that time he resided chiefly at Coppet, making occasional private visits to Paris, and being engaged, in the course of 1798, in some informal and fruitless negotiation. He finally retired from the public service in 1799, on which M. Brinkman was sent to succeed him, with the title of *Chargé d'Affaires*.

Brinkman arrived in Paris at an interesting period; and, free from the interests and influences which, in the course of years, had wound themselves round Staël, his correspondence is, more distinctly even than his predecessor's, that of an able and observant foreigner. The account which he gives of the events of the latter part of 1799, culminating in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire (November 9), has thus a very peculiar historical importance, and cannot but be considered of the greatest value, not only by reason of its impartiality, but by reason also of its clearness and its fulness. When Bonaparte broke up the Directory, there were but few foreigners in Paris; and those few were men of but limited ability or opportunities. Brinkman, as an almost solitary exception, was not only a diplomatist, a man trained, in political business, to observe and to criticise what was going on, but was also a man of singular excellence in many lines of study. As a linguist, he wrote with equal facility and correct elegance in Swedish, French, English, German, and Latin: it is a Frenchman who says this; a competent, possibly an exacting, authority as to the French: and as Brinkman, in his youth, studied at more than one of the German universities, as his diplomatic career afterwards held him for many years at Berlin, and for four years in London, the rest of the statement would seem sufficiently probable. He is spoken of also as versed in Greek and Hebrew, theology and Oriental learning.

His habits of life were peculiar, even for a student, still more so for a diplomatist. It was his custom to work all night: he never went to bed, but slept on the sofa for three hours every afternoon. On Christmas Eve, 1847, when the three hours had been long exceeded, his friends became anxious: they opened his door, and found that he had quietly passed away into the sleep from which there is no awaking. He had then nearly completed his eighty-fourth year, so that, in its concrete sense, never going to bed cannot be pronounced an extremely unwholesome practice. Eight years before his death, M. Brinkman presented his library to the University of Upsala. This magnificent gift comprised 20,000 volumes, independent of a splendid collection of MSS., pictures, works of art, coins and medals. The University acknowledged the gift by an honorary degree; at the ceremony attending which he was crowned with laurel by the rector: and the king, with a very flattering letter, conferred on him the title of baron. As Brinkman was by no means a wealthy man, having, in fact, little income beyond his official pay, it might seem extraordinary that he should have been able to accumulate such costly

treasures. This was another of his eccentricities. Whenever he dined out, he paid a dollar into a money-box; to this he also paid in the money he received (*jetons de présence*) from different learned societies; and the hoard, which in the course of thirty years would have amounted to a considerable sum, was devoted exclusively to his literary and artistic collection.

When Brinkman's correspondence opens, the political atmosphere of Paris foreboded another revolution. During the four years of its existence the Directory had won neither the love, nor the esteem, nor the admiration of the people. Its foreign policy, says the earliest letter now published, June 9, 1799, had succeeded in nothing but in proving the ineptitude of its devisers, and had been throughout characterised by the insolence, the baseness, and the clumsiness of a revolutionary government; whilst its home administration had copied and repeated the oppressive and ruinous system of the olden time. Still, thought M. Brinkman, it might possibly last, so great was the general desire to be governed methodically rather than in accordance with even the best theories. 'The government of a great empire is strong by the very fact that it exists, and has little to fear from external enemies until it is on the point of falling to pieces by its own corruption and immorality.' At this time the accession of Siéyes to the Directory was considered an event of peculiar importance. He brought with him an almost extravagant reputation for ability. 'His pretensions,' wrote Brinkman, 'will at last be realised; or if he fails, he will furnish a striking proof that genius trained in abstract speculations is not always the best suited to hold the helm of the State;' and in a long examination of his antecedents he inclines to the belief that this is what will happen. He is, he says, undoubtedly an able man; but under the existing circumstances his personal character is of more importance than his ability; he prides himself on having maintained the purity of his principles and the fixedness of his opinions; but there is no denying that till now he has always avoided the absolute necessity of acting in his own name in a decided manner, and through the whole course of the Revolution he has been distinguished as a superior genius rather than as an energetic leader. He has, in fact, conducted himself with an excess of caution which some might call poltroonery. It was directly after this was written that, on June 18, the reorganisation of the Directory was effected; the breaking down, wrote Brinkman on the 21st, of a despotism which had become more absolute, more insupportable, than the subaltern tyranny of the Ministers, which was formerly charged with

being the principal cause of the Revolution. 'These self-styled arbiters of Europe have displayed in their fall a state of panic and a cowardice worthy of the insolence and the revolting harshness which have throughout characterised their criminal usurpation;' and after a page of general condemnation he proceeds to particularise. The public money, he says, has been scandalously wasted.

'Scherer, generally known as the favourite and creature of the Directory, and especially of Rewbell, was publicly denounced as the most vile and most criminal of the Government officials; and on the heads of his protectors have fallen all the infamy of his conduct, and the whole weight of this formidable accusation. The Directory would willingly have sacrificed their faithful servant, as soon as they saw themselves compromised by his conduct; but, unfortunately, the crimes and malversations of which he was accused were not so distinctly limited to him as to free his superiors of all dread of any legal investigation whatever. It was thus that, embarrassed and incapable of deciding what to do, at a moment in which the slightest hesitation was more than suspicious, the Directory themselves indicated to their enemies the measure which enabled them to undermine the executive power. Of all the directors, Rewbell had long been pointed out as guilty of the most unblushing corruption; and his intimate connexion with Scherer* rendered him still more hateful, just at the time when the lots had to be drawn to renew the Directory. This drawing is, in reality, nothing more than a pretence (*une façon de parler*), which even the populacc scarcely believes in. The means are perfectly well arranged for confirming, according to the established forms, whatever has been resolved on beforehand; and, on this occasion, the only difficulty has been to reconcile opposing interests.'

This was managed by the Council insinuating to the Directory the necessity of getting rid of that one of its members who had the greatest number of enemies and whose continuance amongst them could not fail to render all his colleagues unpopular. Pressure was thus brought to bear on Rewbell, and he virtually resigned. This was a signal success to the legislative body, for in Rewbell they had got out of their way a man who, 'notwithstanding his moral faults, had so much strength of character, so much firmness and experience, that he would have offered a stout resistance to the first burst of senatorial intrigues;' and, on the other hand, it was considered of great importance that the Revolution should be made without violating forms. At the same time they gained over Barras, who is described as having courage and resolu-

* Also, says Lanfrey ('Napoleon,' i. 420)—'*ses liaisons avec le fameux Rapinat, dont les exactions avaient trop bien justifié le nom.*'

tion, natural good sense, liberal views, as well as the polish and experience of a man of the world; but always ready to take part in any revolution so as to participate in the advantages of success. Many writers have spoken of Barras as merely an unprincipled and debauched voluptuary; that he was also a bold and ingenious intriguer is certain, with talents which sustained him in the foremost position through five troubled and dangerous years, and with temper and tact which have preserved his name from any great public reproach.

It was after all this had been arranged, after Rewbell had been replaced by Siéyes, and Barras had been won over, that, on June 18, La Réveillère and Merlin were compelled in a stormy meeting of the Council to resign, and the Directory was reorganised under the leadership of Siéyes, with whom were Barras, Gohier, Moulins, and Roger-Ducos. Those most concerned had, however, no intention that this new Directory should be permanent. In one direction or another a revolution had become a necessity of the situation. The whole political body was a confused and struggling mixture of the most heterogeneous elements, amongst which the friends of order or of disorder, of peace or war, the monarchists, republicans, anarchists, and Jacobins, were as the 'sweltered venom,' the

'Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing,'

in the witches' cauldron. As a party the Jacobins were most powerful, not so much by their numbers as by their energy and compactness. All honest citizens felt the danger, and its imminence was so far a bond of union amongst the most opposite factions. The general desire was for peace and tranquillity, but for anything rather than another term of Jacobin rule. The Directory could not be depended on; it had no real consistence. Its leading members were Siéyes and Barras; but between Siéyes the philosopher and Barras the corrupt sensualist there could be no unity of action. Ducos, a weak-minded man, so far as he had any principles, was supposed to favour the Jacobins. Gohier also, and Moulins were said to be Jacobin at heart. None of these, however, had any active power; and Barras, when not sunk in sloth and debauchery, was intriguing with the exiled Bourbons.

The effective head of the Government was Siéyes, and Siéyes had long looked on the existing constitution with scorn and contempt. More than four years previously he had drawn out a scheme of his own which, since August 1795, had lain idly in his desk. With the ardour of an inventor, rather than

of a patriot, he hoped the time was now come for it to have a real and full development. For this, however, he required a soldier of repute as an ally, or rather as a tool. His colleague, General Moulins, was more likely to be hostile, and in any case had neither ability nor army influence. Bernadotte, the most distinguished of all the military men then in Paris, was severely republican, democratic, and utterly impracticable. Joubert, of moderate views and sympathetic temper, might, it was thought, be won; but he fell at Novi (August 16), before the plan could be matured. Moreau, politically timid, would have nothing to do with it. Siéyès was thus at a standstill in his revolutionary project, when, on October 15, Bonaparte arrived in Paris, having come home from Egypt without orders. It has indeed been said that Siéyès had written to him desiring his co-operation. Of this there is no evidence, and it seems most unlikely; for Siéyès was well aware of Bonaparte's ambitious and unscrupulous character, and between the two men there was neither cordiality nor confidence. It is known, however, that Joseph Bonaparte had written to his brother, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was this letter which determined him to return. The step was on his own judgment, and he intrigued—as Harry Wynd fought—for his own hand. In this his selfishness and isolation gave him a peculiar and unexpected advantage. Not being entangled or mixed with any one of the factions struggling for power, he posed before the seething crowd as disinterested and impartial. He really was so, so far as the aims and ambitions of others were concerned; he was thinking only of himself. But this appearance of disinterestedness and impartiality procured him adherents from all the opposing ranks, more especially from amongst those who were aiming at a purely personal goal, and from the military, many of whose leaders had been already won, while the rest were willing to look on any success achieved by a fellow soldier as in a measure their own. And to the public he was the hero of the hour. During the last two years the armies of France had been unfortunate, except where he commanded. His despatches announcing his victory at Aboukir * and his destruction of St. Jean d'Acre had been received almost as he returned to France: it mattered not that a great part of these despatches was false; it was a vulgar lie, but it was a successful one; it was believed, and that belief enshrined him in the hearts of the populace.

He was thus in himself, and from the moment of his appear-

* On shore, over some Turkish troops, July 25, 1799.

ing on the political stage, a real and rapidly growing power. All Paris waited on him and flattered him; the Directors Gohier, Roger-Ducos, Moulins; Fouché, the agent of Barras; Cambacérès, the Minister of Justice: soldiers, such as Augereau, Jourdan, Bernadotte, who suspected and had no reason to love him, now veiled their hostility, whether from policy or intrigue; and the soldiers who had come with him from Egypt—Lannes, Marmont, Murat—gave brilliance to his receptions. Moreau, too, timid and retiring in civil dudgeon, was willing in such case to rank as a follower of Bonaparte. He put himself at his rival's disposal, not asking as to his plans, and even refusing to hear them. And this attitude he preserved up to the last. When, on the very eve of the outbreak, Bonaparte wished to explain his projected measures, Moreau, as if afraid of the responsibility, interrupted him, saying that there was no necessity for letting him into the secret; but he was tired of the rule of a pack of lawyers, and put himself and his staff at Bonaparte's disposal.

One man only avowed his hostility, but that was the one man whose hostility was, to all seeming, the most to be feared. It was Siéyes. The two met at a dinner, where Bonaparte simply ignored the powerful Director. Siéyes was furious. 'See,' he cried, 'the insolence of this fellow towards the representative of an authority that ought to have ordered him to be shot.' Bonaparte, on his side, proposed to his friends to have Siéyes dismissed from the Directorate and himself put in instead. He proposed this to Gohier and Moulins, and only gave up the idea of forcing himself, in a constitutional manner, to the head of the Government, when he realised that his being under the required age of forty was an insuperable constitutional objection. How much of this hostility, so curiously open, so plainly acknowledged, was real, how much was feigned, it is impossible to say; but amidst such a tangled mass of corruption, falsehood, and intrigue, it is permitted to suspect almost anything. The received story is, that their common friends, Talleyrand, Rœderer, and others, seeing the force of a combination between the two, laboured to bring about a reconciliation and alliance, and succeeded to such an extent that within a few days from the time when Siéyes spoke of having Bonaparte shot for a breach of military law, or Bonaparte spoke of having Siéyes turned out of office for treasonable intercourse with Prussia, the two men were joined together in a scheme to subvert the Constitution. Bonaparte put himself at the disposal of Siéyes, offered himself as the military tool which Siéyes had felt the want of, and the alliance was con-

cluded; this was on October 30. From that time the approaching revolution would seem to have been a very open secret; the details of it were veiled, but the broad fact was familiarly talked of. On November 8, Brinkman wrote:—

‘For some days back everybody is whispering of a great *coup d'état* which is supposed to be preparing at the Luxembourg, under the auspices of Bonaparte. It is spoken of as a sort of “fructidor,” which is to exterminate the Jacobin party and to strike its supporters, even in the Directory itself. The report of this project makes a very great sensation, especially amongst the diplomatic body. It is necessary to speak of this; for here, in Paris, the probability of such a thing is not to be denied on account of the utter incoherence of its details. I will defer, however, till the next courier, the honour of explaining to you more at length my doubts as to the real nature of this new conspiracy, concerning which I trust I may meantime get some more definite information. It is very remarkable that the boldest of the Jacobins, who, in their papers, are incessantly insulting the Government, and Siéyès in particular, have not yet ventured to say anything against Bonaparte, in spite of the understanding said to exist between him and the self-styled “moderate” party in the Directory.’

The next day the storm broke, and on the 10th Brinkman had to say:—

‘The great blow, which my last despatch of the day before yesterday could only prognosticate, has disconcerted us all, falling like a thunderbolt, and shaking the Republican Constitution to its lowest foundations. It would appear that the art of revolutions is now so perfect that nothing more is necessary than a little boldness and secrecy. This particular one has been carried through with as much high-handed assumption on one side as base and cowardly submission on the other. At this moment, Bonaparte is in fact and almost in law the arbiter of the commonwealth; and if he does not reap the sole profit of his superiority, it will be that a deep sense of prudence and ambition places bounds to his despotism, rather than from any respect for the Constitution, or even for the essence of the republican system.’

He then describes in outline the summary proceeding of Bonaparte, who, having once made up his mind as to the course he had to pursue, wasted no time in further intrigue, but went straight to his end by force of arms, and at once established a military dictatorship. The story of Barras's downfall, when read by the light of the former relation of Barras to Bonaparte and to Bonaparte's wife, is a gem of purest water.

‘With that profound dissimulation which has always characterised his master-strokes, Bonaparte had given Barras no cause to suspect that he himself might become the victim of an intrigue carried on by his former dependent, whom, too, by his influence, he had started on that revolutionary career which the general had traversed with giant

strides. Barras, with a carelessness befitting his sensual epicurism, never perceived that he was the dupe of the plot until the very moment of its execution. Then he sent his aide-de-camp to Bonaparte to ask for explanations. Bonaparte answered coldly and arrogantly, "Tell Barras that he ought to know me. I have no love for blood; but I loathe his scandalous immorality, and will not suffer a man so utterly depraved to remain in the Government. Let him retire, and send in his resignation at once." Before noon, the ex-director quitted Paris, without venturing one word in answer to such peremptory orders.'

It is unnecessary to follow M. Brinkman into the more detailed account of this *coup d'état*, which he wrote a few days later, and which, though clear, relates to matters of fact sufficiently well known. One point only has any particular interest, as further evidence on the question of the daggers with which, it was said, the outraged representatives threatened Bonaparte, in a manner to justify the violence of his further proceedings. Lanfrey, examining the evidence, has said, 'The fable has been disproved by every witness worthy of credit.' Brinkman had arrived at the same conclusion within a week after the affair: 'Some of the representatives,' he says, 'in whose honesty I have perfect confidence, and who were close by at the time, have assured me that there is not a word of truth in the story.' He tells, however, of great confusion. Bonaparte was insulted, reviled, and hustled: the danger was one outside of his experience; he was in a state of nervous trepidation, which, in a smaller man, would be called abject terror, and may well have fancied that he saw a dagger in each angry fist, a bloody menace in each fierce gesticulation. When he escaped to his soldiers he said so; and the men, indignant at the insult offered to their general, cleared the council-chamber at the point of the bayonet. 'It is impossible,' wrote Brinkman, 'to conceive a spectacle more sad, more degrading to national representation than the deputies, all in their robes, flying hither, thither, not knowing how to save themselves for the moment, or what they had to expect for the future.'

And so the Consulate was provisionally established under Bonaparte and Siéyes, whilst Roger-Ducos, ex-director and amiable nonentity, served, according to the expression of the day, as a piece of cotton between two precious vases, to keep them from clashing. That the two would clash, might be considered certain. Siéyes, whose genius was altogether of a speculative and metaphysical turn, had perhaps imposed on Bonaparte when the two men were comparative strangers; but when brought into daily contact, the contest between the practical experience of the soldier and the crude theories of

the philosopher was of no long duration. Siéyes brought forward his darling scheme of a constitution, only to have the essence of it ruthlessly destroyed by the overbearing will of Bonaparte. The new Constitution, the Constitution of the year VIII., which was proclaimed on December 15, 1799, had but faint traces of resemblance to that which Siéyes had proposed; and the disappointed author, unequal to the turmoil of political life, retired to a post of dignified obscurity—the presidency of the Senate. Cambacérés and Lebrun, able and unscrupulous partisans, were admitted to a share in the government, with the title of consuls; but towering far above them, first in name but alone in fact, monarch and dictator, was the successful soldier, General Bonaparte. To this end the Brinkman correspondence leads up, and finishes with an historic though accidental completeness. For at the same time that the new Constitution was proclaimed, a long-pending negotiation, in which Sweden claimed redress for certain infringements of neutral rights, proved abortive, and diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended; and though M. Brinkman continued to reside in Paris for some months longer, it was in a private capacity, which has left no public record.

It thus happens that the Swedish diplomatic correspondence, now published, is closely limited to the opening and closing scenes of the Revolution; but, for the time to which it relates, its interest can scarcely be exaggerated. The mere facts have, indeed, been so often described and scrutinised by eye-witnesses and by writers of the most opposite, or even hostile schools, that anything new is now scarcely to be expected; but as a strictly contemporaneous and independent criticism, and as throwing new light on the inner and secret workings of men and parties, the volume which M. Leouzon Le Duc now gives us is, and must remain, a very valuable addition to even the enormous mass of revolutionary literature.

ART. III.—*Narratives of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century.* By G. LATHOM BROWNE, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: 1882.

WE propose to avail ourselves of the two volumes of Mr. Lathom Browne which we have placed at the head of this article in order to give a short account of some of the most interesting of what he designates as State trials in the first thirty years of the present century. The author has comprised in his work twenty-one of these trials and other proceedings, beginning with that of Governor Wall in 1802, who was tried for a murder committed in the island of Goree in 1782, and ending with that of Forbes and others for a conspiracy and riot in Dublin, a case which was popularly known as 'the Bottle Conspiracy.' The name of State trials, however, is rather misleading. We generally confine it in idea to trials for treason, sedition, and attacks on the Government, when the Government is the direct prosecutor and the prosecution is conducted by the law officers of the Crown. Mr. Browne embraces in his *Narratives* trials which do not come within that category, as, for instance, that of Lord Cochrane and others on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Stock Exchange, and the curious case of the Berkeley Peerage which came before a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords—besides several others. And if we look through the voluminous records of Howell's *State Trials* contained in thirty-three volumes, we shall find a great many trials which cannot be said to come within any proper definition of the title. They contain cases of offences of all kinds, such as abduction, bigamy, blasphemy, duelling, forgery, libel, robbery, perjury, and witchcraft. In fact, they are a repertory of all kinds of cases of a criminal or quasi-criminal nature—interesting, no doubt, but many of them below the dignity of what we should now consider a State trial.

These ought rather to be designated as *causes célèbres*, according to the French term used for the large collection of cases in France, which embraces civil as well as criminal proceedings. But we need not quarrel with the appellation. The cases which Mr. Browne has brought together were all of great public interest, and some of them excited an extraordinary degree of attention at the time when they occurred. The memory, however, of many of them has now nearly faded away, and none are remembered with anything like accuracy of detail. So many important trials have taken

place since the early part of this century—not indeed such as could properly be called State trials, for happily during the last fifty years our criminal annals have few offences like treason or sedition to record, but sensational murders and frauds and other crimes—that the attention of the public has been riveted upon them, and they have been reported by the press with a minuteness of detail unknown in former years, so that the earlier cases have almost passed into oblivion.

It is, we think, surprising that greater use has not been made of the volumes of Howell to give in an abridged form an account of some of the most celebrated cases which are there recorded. The only work, so far as we are aware, in which such an attempt has been made is the two volumes of the late Mr. March Phillips, who selected a few of the earlier State trials, and in a very masterly manner presented them to the public in an interesting and readable shape. Mr. Lathom Browne has endeavoured to do the same with regard to famous cases in the early period of this century; and upon the whole we think he has acquitted himself creditably, considering the mass of materials with which he had to deal, and the great difficulty of condensing the evidence. But he has too much mixed up preliminary narratives of the events with the trials themselves, and thus we have the same facts repeated twice over, sometimes with contradictions and chronological errors. The statement does not always agree accurately with the report of the evidence, and the reader is at a loss to know on which he ought to rely. And we think that he might have spared his historical summaries of different periods of the reigns of George III. and George IV., the formation of Ministries, and accounts of the war with Napoleon, which occupy some ninety pages of his volumes. They were not necessary for the treatment of his subject, and throw little or no light on the trials themselves. But we do not wish to review the work in any spirit of fault-finding, for our object is to try and interest our readers in some of the cases, and, within the short limits to which we must confine ourselves, give a rapid summary of their salient points.

It is obvious that within the limits of an article we can only do this in a perfunctory manner; for many of the trials and other proceedings involved long and complicated details of evidence which require careful study in order really to appreciate the result at its proper worth. We must content ourselves with calling attention to the main points of the case and the salient facts, so as to enable our readers with such materials as we shall lay before them to form a tolerably correct judg-

ment with respect to its nature and the strength of the evidence brought forward on either side. We think this will be enough to give interest to the subject, and we shall endeavour to present the features of each case with sufficient clearness to make it easy to comprehend the bearing and effect of the evidence. But it must be remembered that this is often of two kinds, documentary and oral: of the former we can judge by mere perusal; but the testimony of witnesses depends much upon manner and demeanour, and the degree of credit that ought to be attached to it can only be properly appreciated by those who, like a jury, have the witnesses before them, and who see the mode in which they give their evidence. And in the cases that we intend to select, the issue depended chiefly if not entirely upon the credit due to the witnesses, and not upon the meaning or genuineness of documents.

We will begin with the trial of Governor Wall in 1802. The remarkable feature in this case is the length of time that elapsed between the commission of the offence and the date of his being brought to trial—a period of eighteen years. It shows that no lapse of time is allowed by the English law to give a Statute of Limitations to crime, and strikingly illustrates the truth of the maxim that *nullum tempus occurrit regi*. It was indeed a memorable instance of the truth of what Horace says:—

‘Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.’

The island of Goree, to the south of Cape Verd, was captured by us from the French in 1779, and Colonel Wall was its governor in 1782. The garrison consisted of 150 men of the African corps and a small detachment of artillery. The African corps were the very refuse of the army, and many of them were military convicts whose punishment was remitted for service in that pestiferous climate. The garrison was frequently reduced to short rations, and there was a custom of crediting the men with the value of their arrears of food, and liquidating this when opportunity offered. In July 1782, Wall was about to leave the island, and the men to whom arrears were due, headed by a sergeant named Armstrong, proceeded to the house of the Commissary, and as they passed the residence of the governor were met at the gate by Wall. He, in his defence, alleged that the attitude of the men was mutinous, and his subsequent fate really depended upon the question whether this statement was true. There was a conflict of evidence as to whether a drumhead court-martial was or was not held. At all events Armstrong was

sentenced, either by him or by the court-martial (he approving of the sentence) to receive 800 lashes, and the punishment was inflicted by negroes with a knotted rope, the result of which was that the unfortunate man was taken to the hospital and died there within a week.

Wall left Goree the day after the punishment, and when he reached England reported himself to the Secretary of State, giving an account of the state of the garrison, but he said nothing about the alleged mutiny. Soon afterwards Captain Lacy, who had succeeded him in the government of Goree, came to England and informed the Secretary of State of what had happened. Wall was arrested at Bath in October 1784, under a warrant charging him with the crime of murder, but at Reading, on his way to London, he effected his escape. He went abroad, where he remained until 1801, when he suddenly returned and surrendered himself to take his trial. At that time only one officer who had been a witness of the events at Goree was alive, and no doubt Wall imagined that it would be impossible to procure evidence to convict him. He was arraigned at the Old Bailey in January 1802, before Chief Baron Macdonald, and the leading counsel for the prosecution were the law officers of the crown, Law and Perceval. The witnesses against him were the soldiers of the African corps, and their evidence was that on the day in question there was no mutiny; that the men had no arms, and they only asked peaceably for a settlement of their arrears. They declared that the Governor ordered them to return to their barracks or he would flog them, and they obeyed; that in the evening he ordered the drum to beat for quarters, and Armstrong was called out of the ranks, tied to a gun-carriage, and flogged by negroes in the way we have mentioned. They further proved that Wall stood by and said to the blacks, 'Lay it on, or I will lay it on you.' There was some doubt whether Armstrong did not while in the hospital get access to ardent spirits, which, in the state he then was, was very likely to accelerate his death. The garrison surgeon said that he had prohibited this, but he could not state that his order was attended to. He admitted that he did not interfere during the flogging, saying that he saw no reason why he should do so. We must remember that at that period the use of the cat was frightfully excessive, and sometimes even a thousand lashes were inflicted on military offenders.

For the defence witnesses were called who swore that the conduct of the soldiers was mutinous and riotous, and that they threatened to break open the stores; that Wall did order

a drumhead court-martial, which tried Armstrong as the ring-leader and sentenced him to 800 lashes; that the 'cat' had been destroyed that morning by the soldiers, and therefore the rope was substituted; and that Armstrong drank ardent spirits in the hospital. It would require a minute examination of the conflicting evidence to decide which side ought to have been believed, and even that would not be sufficient, for much, as we have already said, would depend on the demeanour and character of the witnesses, on which the jury, and the jury alone, could come to a safe opinion. The testimony to Wall's character for humanity was not satisfactory as it was spoken to by those who had only known him when he was abroad; and Major Phipps, who commanded the artillery when he was in Goree, admitted that his reputation in this respect was very doubtful. The Chief Baron in summing up to the jury told them that allowance should be made for a man in the position of Governor Wall, far away from England and with but few British subjects to rely upon, if his conduct did not show malice but only human infirmity, but he was bound by the rules of good sense and common humanity not to administer excessive punishment, and to use the ordinary instrument in its infliction. As to the alleged drinking of spirits in the hospital, he said that 'no man was entitled to place another by violence in such a situation that mortification was not unlikely to come on by the careless mistreatment of himself.' The importance of the question really was whether Armstrong would have died if he had not had access to drink. As the governor had nothing to do with this, he could not fairly be charged with the death of a man from excessive punishment if the evidence showed that death would not have been the consequence without the excessive drink. We do not think it was enough to prove that the death was partially caused by the flogging in order to constitute the crime of murder. All that could be said in that case would be that the lashes greatly contributed to the death, but the real cause of it would be not the punishment but the drink, for *ex hypothesi* he would or might have recovered if he had not wilfully, by his own conduct, brought a fatal result upon himself. Of course it would be different if a man were, by excessive punishment, deprived of the proper control of his faculties, and in that state took what was fatally injurious, for this would be the direct consequence of the illegal act, and could not be separated from it. This distinction does not seem to have been sufficiently adverted to in the case, and it might have made an important difference. The verdict was

Guilty, and Wall was hanged in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

With this trial may be compared that of General Picton in 1804, on a charge of misdemeanour for torturing a female slave named Louisa Calderon, in Trinidad, at the time when he was governor of the island. Trinidad was taken from the Spaniards in 1797 by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and Picton, who was serving under him, was appointed governor. In his letter signifying the appointment, Sir Ralph said, 'Execute Spanish law as well as you can, do justice according to your conscience, and that is all that can be expected of you.' During the trial there was much argument as to whether under Spanish law torture was or was not legal, and whether, if it was, Picton was justified in inflicting it. In the case of a 'conquered country,' it was laid down by Lord Mansfield, and it is undoubtedly true as a general proposition, that its laws continue in force until they are altered by the conqueror, but in the case of *Fabrigas v. Mostyn*, 20 *State Trials*, p. 181, Chief Justice de Grey expressly said, as to torture being allowed, that 'the constitution of the country put an end to that idea.' It is a punishment utterly abhorrent to the law of England; and whatever the Spanish law may have been, it could form no part of a sentence which a British governor was justified in passing. Supposing that it had been in accordance with the law of Spain, that an accused person might in certain cases be tried and condemned without any opportunity of his being heard in his defence, such a law would never have been allowed to be administered under British rule, as being opposed to the first principles of justice, and the use of torture would come under the same prohibition as barbarous and unworthy of the jurisprudence of a Christian nation. True it is that torture has in dark times, on rare occasions, disgraced the English law, and in the case of Peacham, in the reign of James I., the prisoner was put to the rack, and, to the everlasting shame of Bacon, who was then Attorney-General, the poor old man was examined by him while undergoing the torture. With reference to this, Lord Macaulay says, 'The fact is, that the practice of torture was then generally acknowledged by lawyers to be illegal, and was execrated by the public as barbarous.' Coke himself had set the example by examining prisoners under the rack when he was the law officer of the Crown, although in his 'Third Institute' he has laid it down in the most authoritative manner, that torture is contrary to the law of England. His view, however, was that the Crown was not bound by this exposition of the law, and when a warrant

for administering torture was granted by the Council, he had no scruple in seeing it enforced. When Felton was brought before the Privy Council for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham in 1628, and threatened with the rack, all the judges at Serjeants' Inn were consulted, and their unanimous opinion was that 'the prisoner ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no rack punishment is known or allowed by our law.' The result was that Felton escaped the cruelty, and, as Lord Campbell says in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. i. p. 392, 'torture has never since been inflicted in England.'

Picton left the island of Trinidad in 1802, and was succeeded by Colonel Fullarton as Governor. He accused Picton of many illegal and arbitrary acts, and these became the subject of inquiry before a Committee of the Privy Council, which lasted until 1807. Picton was arrested in 1803, but was released on bail. The Committee finally reported to the King in Council, that it was not advisable that proceedings should be taken against him, but in the meantime Fullarton came to England and caused an indictment to be preferred against him for misdemeanour in torturing Louisa Calderon; and the Grand Jury of Middlesex found a true bill. We should mention that Picton was gazetted in 1801 as Civil Governor of Trinidad, and by the commission issued by the King in Council he was to administer the government according to the terms of the capitulation as nearly as circumstances would admit in conformity to the ancient laws and institutions that subsisted within the same previous to the surrender, subject to such directions as he might hereafter receive from the Privy Council, or to such sudden and unforeseen emergencies as might render a departure from them necessary or unavoidable; and all 'judicial powers exercised by the Spanish governors' were 'to be exercised by him as the same were exercised by Spanish governors previous to the surrender.' Of course if torture was legal by the Spanish law and did not become illegal on the principle laid down by Chief Justice de Grey, when Trinidad came into our possession, this 'commission' would have afforded a valid and satisfactory defence so far as the fact of 'torturing' was the offence charged against Picton.

Commissioners were sent to Trinidad to examine witnesses both as to the facts of the case and the laws and usages of the island at the time of its surrender. The trial lasted for two years—that is, the whole of this period elapsed from the date of its commencement until the verdict of the jury was given—for during the labours of the Trinidad Commission proceedings in

this country were suspended. It came on eventually before Lord Ellenborough, C.J., and Garrow led for the prosecution. The evidence taken under the Commission was put in, and Louisa Calderon and two other witnesses were examined in court. She had been accused of being an accomplice with a man named Gonzales in a robbery of 2,000 dollars in the house of one Pedro, whose mistress she was; and when on her trial before the Alcade she was examined as a witness, which seems to have been in accordance with the Spanish law of criminal procedure. She denied all knowledge of the robbery, and the Alcade applied to Picton as the governor, in conformity, as was alleged, with that law, to authorise the infliction of torture. Picton gave the order, 'Inflict the torture on 'Louisa Calderon.' This was carried out by the Alcade, and she was placed on a *piquet*, a round-headed piece of wood fixed in the floor, above which the victim was suspended by one of her wrists from the beam, her other arm being tied to her side, and the great toe of the opposite foot resting on the head of the *piquet*. In this position she was kept for nearly an hour, when she made a confession which was thought unsatisfactory, and she was again put to the same torture for about twenty minutes. She was afterwards sent back to prison, and confined there for several months, when she was released, apparently without having been either acquitted or convicted on the charge of robbery. Dallas, who was Picton's counsel, took three grounds of defence: (1) that under the Spanish law Picton, as governor, was bound to sanction the use of torture on the request of the Alcade, who was trying the case; (2) that, even if unlawful, the act was not malicious; and (3) that the act was a mere error of judgment, and not criminal, even if unlawful. The second and third points were reserved for the consideration of the court above, and the only question left to the jury was the fact whether torture was legal by the laws of Spain applicable to her West Indian possessions. Books of Spanish law had been quoted in support of the affirmative, and on the other side witnesses were examined, one of whom, a South American advocate, denied the authority of those books, and others who had filled magisterial offices in Trinidad swore that they had never heard of torture being inflicted there. The jury found that no law existed at the time of the capture of Trinidad authorising the infliction of torture, and returned a verdict of Guilty, subject to the opinion of the court in the two points reserved.

After the verdict another commission was sent to Trinidad, to take evidence on the question of the legality of torture

under the law of Spain at the time of the conquest of the island; and when the evidence taken under it was returned, it showed in effect that the Spanish laws in force at that time did authorise the use of torture in cases of robbery, and other heinous crimes, 'on the principal, the accomplices and witnesses, to come at the truth.' On this evidence a new trial was granted, and the case came on in June 1808, when Garrow, the counsel for the prosecution, contended that Louisa Calderon was under the age at which torture could be legally inflicted; that a 'defensor' ought to have been appointed for her when she was tried; and that even if the right to use torture existed at the time of the capture of Trinidad it ceased when the island came under British rule. Lord Ellenborough, who presided at the second trial, left two points to the jury—(1) whether the law authorising torture existed at the time of the conquest; and (2) whether there was malice in inflicting it. He reserved for the court above the question whether a British governor could legally inflict torture, and whether, supposing he could not, he was protected if his judgment was only erroneous and there was no malice. On both the points left to the jury they found in Picton's favour, and their verdict was made special, that the court might determine the points reserved. The case dragged its slow length along until the early part of 1812, when Picton's recognisances were respite until further order, and the prosecution of the case then virtually ceased. No judgment was ever pronounced. In the meantime Picton fought in the Peninsula under Wellington, and on his return to England was elected Member for Pembrokehire, created a K.C.B., and received the thanks of the House of Commons for his conduct at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Vittoria. He then went again to Spain, took part in the battles of the Pyrenees, and fell gloriously at Waterloo in 1815. A monument was erected to his memory at St. Paul's by a vote of the House of Commons.

We have already sufficiently indicated our opinion as to what the judgment of the court, if it had been delivered, with respect to the use of torture must have been, and our only wonder is that Lord Ellenborough did not pronounce an authoritative dictum on this question when charging the jury, for by reserving the point he seemed to indicate that there was some doubt upon a matter which we should have thought was too clear for argument in the present century.

The next case we shall take is that of the trial of Lord Cochrane and others, in 1814, for a conspiracy to raise the price of the funds by spreading a false report that Napoleon Buona-

parte had been defeated and killed. The character of Lord Cochrane—his Bayard-like gallantry and his dashing exploits—have invested him with something like the halo of a hero of romance, and his reinstatement in his honours after receiving the royal pardon was hailed by the public with joy, as the least compensation that could be made for what was believed to be an unjust conviction. And yet the circumstances were, to say the least, very suspicious, and we have no right to be surprised that, considering the unfavourable view taken by Lord Ellenborough at the trial, the jury pronounced a verdict of Guilty. We will give a rapid summary of the case.

On the morning of Monday, February 21, 1814, a person dressed in a scarlet uniform and grey military cloak knocked at the door of the Ship Hotel at Dover and asked for a horse express to send a letter to the Admiral at Deal. This was De Berenger, who assumed the name of Du Bourg. The letter was sent, and it purported to be written by R. Du Bourg, Lieutenant-Colonel and aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, stating that Buonaparte had been overtaken by a party of Cossacks and slain, and that Paris was in the occupation of the Allies. De Berenger then posted rapidly to London, and when he reached the Marsh Gate on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, he got into a hackney-coach with a portmanteau and drove to the house of Lord Cochrane in Green Street. During the journey he spoke to different persons about the news he brought, and it soon spread like wildfire through the City, causing the funds to rise immediately. Lord Cochrane was not at home when De Berenger arrived, being engaged on a patent lamp at a shop or manufactory in Cock Lane. De Berenger then wrote a note and sent it to Lord Cochrane, who, in an affidavit he made, declared that he could not read the signature, as it was written close to the bottom; and as it expressed a wish to see him immediately, and he thought it was from some officer who brought news of his brother, then ill in Spain, he left at once to see him. What passed at the interview must depend upon the credit given to Lord Cochrane's statement, for there were no witnesses present. He had previously met De Berenger at dinner, and had been asked by him to get him taken in some capacity on board a frigate called the 'Tonant,' which was being fitted out as the flag-ship of Lord Cochrane's uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, then commanding on the North American station. In his affidavit he swore that De Berenger said that he was in great difficulties, and entreated to be allowed to go on board the 'Tonant' to exercise the sharpshooters there. He mentioned that he had

certificates from persons in authority, and, amongst others, from Lord Yarmouth, who commanded a corps of sharpshooters. Lord Cochrane advised him to try and get their influence with the Admiralty, and especially the influence of Lord Yarmouth. But De Berenger said he could not go to him or other friends in his present dress, or return in that dress to his lodgings, 'where it would excite suspicion, as he was then within the 'rules of the King's Bench prison as a debtor.' He, therefore, begged Lord Cochrane to lend him a hat and coat, which were given him, and he took off his uniform. According to Lord Cochrane's statement, this was *green*, covered by a grey coat or cloak. He then put his uniform in a towel, and immediately left in the hackney-coach which had brought Lord Cochrane from Cock Lane, and which he had forgotten to discharge. Three servants in the house subsequently made affidavits that the stranger who called wore a grey great coat, and, so far as they could see, an under coat of green. We should mention that the uniform of Lord Yarmouth's corps was green. Only one of these servants was called as a witness at the trial, as we shall hereafter notice. In his affidavit Lord Cochrane made no mention of a portmanteau, which De Berenger certainly had with him. On March 24 there was found in the Thames a bundle containing pieces of a scarlet military uniform with a broken star and a silver coat-of-arms, but these could not be identified as having belonged to De Berenger.

Within an hour after De Berenger had reached the Marsh Gate, another post-chaise, coming from Northfleet, in which were two persons dressed as French officers, drove through the City and spread the same news as he had brought. When they reached the Marsh Gate they got out and disappeared. The effect on the Stock Exchange was immediate. The funds rose, and sales were effected for Lord Cochrane, his uncle Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, a Mr. Butt, and a Mr. Holloway, who were afterwards charged with being implicated in the conspiracy. The Committee of the Stock Exchange, as soon as the fraud was discovered, appointed a sub-committee to investigate the case, and were able to trace the *soi-disant* Du Bourg to Lord Cochrane's house in Green Street, but could not identify him or discover what became of him. They issued placards offering a reward, when Lord Cochrane, who had gone to Chatham and was engaged in fitting out the 'Tonant,' returned to London, and published the affidavit to which we have before alluded. At that time it was not known that the false Du Bourg was De Berenger, and Lord Cochrane said to his publisher, 'If De Berenger is Du Bourg, I have given

‘them the clue.’ The sub-committee, having this information, obtained a warrant against De Berenger, and he was at last arrested at Leith in April, and soon afterwards Holloway, who, with Lyte, had driven to the Marsh Gate in the second post-chaise, confessed his guilt to the committee.

With respect to dealing in the funds on February 21—a very important point to show participation in the conspiracy—it was afterwards shown that Lord Cochrane began to buy *omnium* stock on February 4, and made various purchases and sales up to the morning of that day, when he was the holder of 139,000*l.* of that stock, and his brokers had previous orders to sell whenever a premium of one per cent. could be realised. His brokers began to sell as soon as the market opened on the 21st, and continued to do so up to an hour before the false news arrived, as the funds had already risen to a small advance. It may be fairly argued that if Lord Cochrane had been aware of what was about to happen, he would have waited until they had risen much higher on the receipt of the intelligence. And it was proved beyond all doubt that he did not go near the Stock Exchange himself on the day in question, but left the sales entirely to his brokers acting on the previous order. We need not concern ourselves with the speculations of the other persons subsequently charged with the conspiracy, except those of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone. His dealings in the funds were very large. On February 19 he held 420,000*l.* of *omnium* and 100,000*l.* of consols, and when the stocks rose as the news spread he was in constant communication with his brokers, who sold the whole of his stocks except 10,000*l.* of *omnium*, and realised for him a corresponding profit.

After De Berenger left Green Street, he went to his lodgings, and nothing is known of his movements until the Saturday following, when it was proved that Cochrane Johnstone called upon him with a letter, and some bank notes which had passed through the hands of the former were traced to him. It is right, however, to mention that on February 19 a cheque for 450*l.* was drawn in favour of Lord Cochrane by a person named Smallbone, and this cheque was changed into a 200*l.* note, two notes of 100*l.* each and one note of 50*l.* The two 100*l.* notes were given to Butt and changed for him into notes of 1*l.* each by Johnstone’s brokers. Butt gave these notes to Johnstone, and sixty-seven of them were afterwards traced into De Berenger’s possession. Lord Cochrane’s explanation was that he owed the money to Butt, and gave him the notes to discharge the debt. No evidence was adduced to show that he had anything to do with the changing of the notes.

In April 1814, a true bill was found against Lord Cochrane, Cochrane Johnstone, De Berenger, and five others, for a conspiracy to make and propagate a false report that the French had been defeated, that Buonaparte was killed, and the Allies were in possession of Paris. The trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, C.J., in June. The leading counsel for the prosecution was Mr., afterwards Baron, Gurney, who, strange to say, had actually settled for Lord Cochrane the affidavit he had previously made. For Lord Cochrane Mr. Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, appeared, and he unfortunately also defended Cochrane Johnstone, who had fled from England and did not surrender to take his trial. His guilt was too clear for any chance of an acquittal, and he was 'convict by flight.' But the hopeless attempt to defend the uncle, and its manifest failure, recoiled with fatal effect on the nephew, both being charged with the same offence, and both being represented by the same counsel, whose argument for the latter had naturally much less weight with the jury when they found him labouring to establish the innocence of the former.

There was no difficulty in establishing the identification of De Berenger with Du Bourg, and his visit to Lord Cochrane's house. The dealings in the funds were proved as we have stated them, but we ought to add that Cochrane Johnstone's brokers swore they had orders from him to sell out at one per cent. profit, although, in fact, the sales for him were only effected after the false news had reached the Stock Exchange. It was proved that Cochrane Johnstone was very intimate with De Berenger, and visited him in the King's Bench Prison almost every day; also that he had called upon him on the Saturday following February 21, as we have already mentioned, and that De Berenger had been in possession of the bank notes given by Butt to Johnstone. To prove the colour of the dress worn by De Berenger, the only witness called was the hackney-coachman, Crane, who swore that he saw it when he got into his coach at the Marsh Gate, and that it was red. But we must remember that De Berenger had with him a portmanteau, and that it was quite possible for him to change his dress on the way to Green Street. Crane, however, added that he saw it also, when De Berenger got out of the coach, and swore that he had then 'a red coat underneath his great coat.' The green uniform of Lord Yarmouth's corps had a red collar, and Crane may have seen this and thought that the whole under-uniform was red. But we shall have something to say of this witness further on. We need not go into the evidence affecting Holloway and Lyte, for their guilt was clear, and Hollo-

way had already confessed his to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. But he denied that he had any connexion with Lord Cochrane, Johnstone, or Butt, or had anything to do with the fraud of De Berenger. The latter statement it is of course impossible to believe, unless we are to suppose that two perfectly independent acts of personation, and two frauds of exactly the same kind, as regards the false news, were perpetrated at almost the same moment. In defence of Lord Cochrane, his affidavit was put in, although we do not see on what principle it was admitted as evidence for him. Only one of his servants was examined, although there were two others who were ready to swear to the colour of the uniform which De Berenger wore. We cannot understand why his counsel did not call them, and Lord Cochrane afterwards bitterly complained of the omission. The servant who did give evidence swore that such part of the under-coat as he could see was of a green colour. Lord Ellenborough's summing up was very unfavourable to Lord Cochrane and the rest of the defendants. He had refused to adjourn the trial when Lord Cochrane's counsel applied to him, although it had then lasted for twelve hours, and the defence was delivered under the exhaustion and fatigue of such a protracted period of attention. We need not say how unfair this was in a case which required a minute and careful handling of evidence by the advocate, and when the jury were wearied by their long sitting in the box. Lord Campbell says, in his 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' that 'in summing up, prompted no doubt by the conclusions in his own mind, he (Lord Ellenborough) laid special emphasis on every circumstance which might raise a suspicion in his own mind, and elaborately explained away whatever at first sight appeared favourable to the gallant officer (Lord Cochrane).'

Next term Lord Cochrane appeared in court to move for a new trial, provided with numerous affidavits. But the other defendants did not attend, and on that ground Lord Ellenborough refused to hear him. Lord Campbell says that such a rule had before been laid down, but it was palpably contrary to the first principles of justice, and it ought to have been immediately reversed. All the defendants were sentenced to be imprisoned for a twelvemonth. Lord Cochrane and Butt were fined each 1,000*l.*, and Holloway half that amount. But the two former were, in addition, sentenced to exposure in the pillory for two hours in front of the Royal Exchange. The public feeling, however, was so strong against this degrading punishment, that it was remitted by royal warrant. On July 5 Lord Cochrane was expelled from the House of Com-

mons, and a new writ was ordered for Westminster. He was immediately re-elected, Sheridan, his former antagonist, refusing to stand against him. His name was struck out of the Navy List, and the Order of the Bath and his armorial bearings were taken down from the Chapel of Henry VII. He effected his escape from prison on March 6, and was bold enough to appear in the House of Commons, but was forcibly removed back to custody. On payment of the fine he was released from prison, but was again prosecuted for his escape and fined 100*l*. We need not dwell on his subsequent gallant career under the Government of Brazil and in the cause of Greek independence. In 1831 he became Earl of Dundonald on his father's death, and in 1832 he received a free pardon. In 1844 he was made a Grand Cross of the Bath, and died in 1860, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

We will not comment further on this trial, as to which we have, we think, sufficiently indicated our opinion that Lord Cochrane was hardly dealt with; but with respect to Crane, the hackney-coachman on whose evidence rested the all-important fact of the colour of the uniform in which De Berenger appeared in the house in Green Street, we may add that he bore a very bad character, and was afterwards convicted of larceny and sentenced to transportation for seven years; and affidavits were procured by Lord Cochrane from several respectable persons, who swore that he had been heard to say that he did not see De Berenger's under-dress, as his coat was closely buttoned up, and had declared when charged with having gone too far in his evidence, that 'he would swear 'black was white, or anything else, if he was paid for it.' There is no doubt that he received a handsome reward from the Stock Exchange Committee, and was able to purchase with it a new hackney-coach and pair of horses. Upon the whole we think that he was a most unsafe witness to rely upon, and if his character had been exposed on the trial the jury would have hesitated long before they believed his evidence.

The trial of Peltier in 1803, for a libel on Napoleon Buonaparte, is chiefly known by the splendid oratorical effort of Mackintosh, who defended him. It was the only great speech in a court of justice of that distinguished man, and displayed a mass of learning and knowledge of constitutional history which few possessed in an equal degree with himself. Peltier, a journalist by profession, was a French refugee, and published a paper in England, in which, during the revolutionary war, he unsparingly attacked the French Government. After the Peace of Amiens had been signed he started a journal

called 'L'Ambigu' in London, and attacked the First Consul in various articles with great asperity. Buonaparte directed his ambassador to require that Peltier and other persons who were named should be sent out of the country. The reply was, that as long as the French emigrants conducted themselves peaceably they could not be removed. The First Consul then charged Peltier specifically with attacking him and his Government in 'L'Ambigu.' Lord Hawkesbury, Secretary of State, referred the complaint to the law officers of the Crown, and the result was Peltier and M. de Boffe, his publisher, were indicted for libels on the First Consul and his Government. M. de Boffe allowed judgment to go by default. Peltier was defended by Mackintosh; the Attorney-General, Sir Spencer Perceval, leading for the Crown. The alleged libels were three in number: 1. An ode, ascribed to Chemier as the author; 2. 'The Wish of a Good Patriot;' and 3. 'An Address to the French Nation,' being a parody of the attack of Lepidus on Sylla in the Roman Senate. We need not go into the details of these libels; it will be enough to say that in one of them, the ode, appeared the lines—

'Pour te venger au moins il reste
Un poignard aux derniers Romains;'

and in the 'Wish of a Good Patriot,' which was also in verse, amidst much abuse of Buonaparte, were the lines—

'Enfin, et Romulus nous rappelle la chose,
Je fais vœu . . . dès demain qu'il ait l'apothéose.'

In the parody of the speech of Lepidus the First Consul was indicated as a 'tiger,' Mamelukes were described as a 'foreign banditti, his mutes, his cut-throats, and his hang-men.' The French judges were declared to have sentences extorted from them by threats, and there was the following passage: 'Romans! remains there for men who would deserve the name anything else but to avenge their wrongs or to perish with glory?'

Perceval, in his speech, insisted that the object of these attacks was to incite the French to rebellion against the First Consul and to procure his assassination. And he cited the case of Lord George Gordon, who had been prosecuted and punished in 1787 for a libel on Marie Antoinette. Mackintosh made a most eloquent defence, sketching, in a rapid and masterly manner, the history of the rise and progress of the freedom of the press in England and of the law of libel. He insisted that the distinction between what would be considered libellous and historical discussions had never been laid down by any precise

rule, and that it was our true policy to consider with great indulgence the boldest strictures on the ambitious projects of foreign rulers. He contended that Peltier had only published historically the articles which he assumed were written, not by him, but by others in France; that his object was merely to gratify curiosity; and that the ode was in reality a satire on Chemier and the Jacobins of France. He denied that the wish for Buonaparte's apotheosis pointed at his assassination; and as to the 'Address to the French Nation,' he adopted the explanation of it given in 'L'Ambigu,' that it had been written and placed clandestinely amongst the papers of Camille Jourdan by Fouché, to involve him in a charge of conspiracy, contending that it was a satire on Fouché's mode of manufacturing plots for political purposes, and a parody upon him, but not the libel of a Royalist on Buonaparte. All this, however, was too forced and unreal for any jury to believe, and was too weak a ground to rely upon for an acquittal, as Mackintosh of course well knew. What he did rely upon was his impassioned appeal to their patriotic feelings, calling upon them, 'as the trustees of the only remains of free discussion in 'Europe,' to seek for examples they ought to follow in the annals of their forefathers. He dwelt in fervid tones on the manner in which Elizabeth had spoken of her Spanish foes at the time of the Armada, when by some prophetic instinct she had foreshadowed the power of the press for guiding the minds of men, and said, referring to the reception of refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that 'though a 'Jeffries disgraced the bench, no refugee was deterred by prosecution for libel from giving vent to his feelings and arraignment the oppressors in the face of Europe.' He insisted that at no period was the Government of Louis XIV. attacked in England with more freedom and boldness than in the interval between the Peace of Ryswick and the War of the Succession, meaning it, of course, to be inferred that this period was really only a truce, and such was the true character of the Peace of Amiens. He described the indignant language held in England on the subject of the partition of Poland, but no prosecution then took place, nor were any violent menaces addressed from abroad against the English press: 'the people of England were too well known for the proudest potentate to expect to silence our press by such means.' He put the imaginary case that we had been at peace with France when Robespierre was at the head of the Government, and asked if it would have been endured that the English Ministry should have asked for a verdict against writers accused of libelling

such men as Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, and Robespierre. 'What would have rescued us from this last disgrace? The honesty and courage of a jury.' We have given only the faintest and most meagre outline of this remarkable display of learning and oratory. In order to appreciate its force and eloquence it must be read throughout, for no mere analysis of the topics can do justice to its wealth of language and power of illustration.

Lord Ellenborough, who tried the case, summed up very briefly, explaining the law to the jury, and asking them whether the passages relied upon by the prosecution did not directly invite to assassination. He said that if they were so interpreted they tended to interrupt and destroy the peace then existing between England and France, and were libellous. The jury, without retiring from the box, gave a verdict of Guilty; but in the face of the increasing chances of a rupture between the two countries, owing to differences as to the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty, Peltier was not called up for judgment, and when war actually broke out all further proceedings were abandoned. But although he himself escaped, the vengeance of Buonaparte fell on his aged father and sister, whose property was confiscated. No one can doubt that Peltier was properly convicted, and that his offence was similar in kind to that of Most, who in 1881 was tried and found guilty on the charge of inciting to murder the reigning sovereign of Russia, and inciting persons here and abroad to assassinate their rulers.

An interesting case, given in Mr. Browne's narratives, is that of the Berkeley peerage, which cannot be called a trial, as it came before a Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords to determine the right to the earldom. It was a long and complicated inquiry, with much conflicting evidence, and we can only find space for a very brief summary. The question simply was whether the Earl of Berkeley had been married in 1785 to a person named Mary Cole. His public marriage with her took place in 1796, but at that time he had five sons and one daughter, the children of Mary Cole, and if there was a previous marriage the eldest of these sons was the heir to the earldom. He had led a very dissipated life when, in 1784, he took as his mistress a young woman, Mary Cole, the daughter of a tradesman at Gloucester. She assumed the name of Tudor, and lived with the Earl at Berkeley Castle and other residences. Each of his children by her was baptised as the child of the Earl of Berkeley and Mary Cole; and when he obtained a licence for a marriage with her, in 1796, he

described himself as a bachelor and Mary Cole as a spinster. The next son born after this marriage was described in the baptismal register as Lord Dursley, the son of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley. A Committee of Privileges in the House of Lords sat to inquire into the case.

The Committee of Privileges went fully into the evidence at eight sittings, but came to no conclusion, adjourning the further consideration of the case *sine die*. To prove the first marriage, certificates of its registry and evidence of the publication of banns were produced. According to these, the banns had been published in Berkeley Church in November and December 1785, by the then rector, Mr. Hupsman, and the marriage ceremony was performed by him, in the presence of William Tudor and Richard Barns, the latter of whom made his mark, but no proof was given of his existence. Earl Berkeley had, previously to 1796, declared that the register of the marriage had been destroyed five years before, and the history of its alleged discovery was this. In 1799 Mr. Scriven, a conveyancer, was sent by the earl's solicitor to search for it, notwithstanding the previous declaration of its destruction. He met at Berkeley the then rector, Mr. Carrington, and the register books were examined by them at the Castle. According to their statement the missing document was found between the leaves of one of the books, pasted together at the end. Mr. Carrington and a woman named Mary Routh identified the signature of Mr. Hupsman, and she declared that she had, in 1786, heard Earl Berkeley say often that after his death 'she (Miss Tudor) would be 'Countess Berkeley.' The curate stated that the earl had told him that the register of the marriage had been concealed with his consent. William Tudor, one of the attesting witnesses, was the brother of Mary Cole, and like her he had assumed the name of Tudor. He gave evidence that he was present at the publication of the banns and the marriage. He was one of those who signed the register on the occasion of the marriage in 1796, when his sister was described as a spinster. He could not say that he had ever addressed her as Lady Berkeley, and declared that he had urged the second marriage believing that the first could not be proved owing to the destruction of the register. He further said that the earl and his sister had told him that the registry of the first marriage had been destroyed. He gave very unsatisfactory evidence as to the reason why he assumed the name of Tudor, his real name being Cole.

The Committee of Privileges, as we have said, came to no

conclusion, and in 1801 Earl Berkeley filed a Bill to perpetuate testimony in order that evidence of the legitimacy of his children by the first alleged marriage might be forthcoming after his death. Lord Eldon, before whom the case came, remarked strongly on the inconsistency of a publication of banns and a marriage in the parish church of Berkeley, and the allegation that it was intended to be kept secret. And with reference to the second marriage, he sarcastically observed that 'however prudent it might be as to future issue, it was 'not marked with singular prudence to marry again under the 'maiden name of the lady to prove the legitimacy of four 'children [two having in the meantime died] born antecedent 'to it.' The Bill was allowed, and the testimony perpetuated, but it was not subsequently made use of, and it remains sealed up in the Record Office.

The earl died in 1810, and the eldest son of the marriage in 1796, who bore the title of Lord Dursley, petitioned the Crown for a writ of summons to the House of Lords. The eldest son of the alleged marriage in 1785 opposed this as claimant of the peerage; and the case was referred to a Committee of Privileges, which sat from March until June, and examined seventy-six witnesses. To disprove the former evidence as to finding the missing register, a solicitor named Pitt stated that he had carefully examined the register on March 15, 1799, that is more than a month after the alleged discovery of the registry of the marriage by Scriven and Carrington, and could find no entry of it, although there were appearances in the last leaf which made him suspect that some trick had been played, 'as the upper part of the leaf remained, 'although the lower was not visible—but he found no pucker 'whatever which he was convinced would have led him to 'make a further search as to the cause of it.' It will be remembered that Scriven and Cartwright declared that the registry was found under the last leaf which had been pasted down on the cover. But when Pitt examined the book a month afterwards the registry was there in full view. And a paper-maker proved that the cut leaf on which the registry was written and the cut leaf at the end of the book had formed one sheet, as was shown by the watermark which was visible in both portions. This showed that the last leaf had been cut, the lower half on which the registry was written torn off, and then placed in the book. There was very contradictory evidence as to the handwriting of Mr. Hupsman. The Marquis of Buckingham, who was a friend and connexion of

the late earl, swore to his belief that the signature and the 'mark' of Richard Barns were in the earl's handwriting. The widow and daughter of Hupsman declared that they had never heard of the publication of banns, although they were constant attendants at the church. In fact, no one but William Tudor gave evidence as to the fact, and he said that there was a congregation at the time. But a witness, Mrs. Price, swore that she was with him in the church in 1797, and happening to ask him whether he had ever been there before, he answered, 'No.' Evidence was adduced to show that Mary Tudor or Cole was never known as Lady Berkeley; that the earl had said, 'I have no Lady Berkeley belonging to me but my mother;' that speaking of his children, he had said, 'Would to God they were legitimate!' and that Mary Tudor, when punishing one of her children for disobedience, had been heard to exclaim, 'Though I am not your father's wife, I will make you know that I am your mother.' Other expressions by her to the same effect were also deposed to. The Marquis of Buckingham proved that he had been frequently asked by the earl to be guardian to his children, and gave as a reason for refusing that they were illegitimate. The truth of this was never contradicted by the earl in their conversations on the subject. After the marriage in 1796, however, he declared that his eldest son was legitimate, and we have seen what steps he took to procure evidence of the marriage certificate. The mother of Mary Tudor also swore that her daughter had, in 1785, at Berkeley Castle, asked her to be present at her approaching confinement, and declared that she was married, begging her to take the Sacrament with her, which the mother did, when Mary afterwards said, 'Mother, do you think I could have done this if I had not been an honest woman?' The earl left by his will Berkeley Castle and his other landed estates to the eldest son, born in 1785, so that Lord Dursley, the petitioner before the House of Lords, even if he succeeded in establishing his title to the earldom, was, as regards the property, disinherited. The decision of the Committee of the House of Lords was that the claimant had not made good his title to the honours and dignities of Earl of Berkeley. But the petitioner, Moreton, Lord Dursley, the eldest son by the second marriage, refused to assume the title, which would have been at the expense of his mother's honour. He contented himself with living as a country gentleman, and never called himself Earl of Berkeley. The claimant was, in 1831, created Baron Seagrave, and in 1841 Earl Fitzhardinge. He died a

bachelor, and his next brother was created Baron Fitzhardinge. He died in 1861, and was succeeded by his son.

In July 1803, a State trial took place, arising out of what was known as Emmet's rebellion in Dublin. Robert Emmet was the son of a well-known physician there, and early embraced republican principles, acting as secretary to the secret committees of United Irishmen. He went to France on a mission from that body, and on his return engaged in a conspiracy to assist, by armed force, an invasion of Ireland by French troops. In March 1803, he took a house in Dublin, where he established a manufactory of explosive materials, and he superintended the making of pikes and other arms elsewhere. An accidental explosion of gunpowder in the factory precipitated Emmet's action. He composed a proclamation to the Irish people, calling upon them to rise and make war against English dominion. To this were attached decrees of 'the Provincial Government' of the most inflammatory kind, declaring that as soon as each county was taken possession of by the rebel generals, representatives were to be sent up to a National Convention in Dublin. Another proclamation was addressed to the citizens of Dublin, calling upon them to 'charge with the arms of the brave—the pike.' He fixed July 31, which was a market day, for the outbreak, and on that day he appeared in the streets of Dublin in full uniform, at the head of about eighty men, and marched in the direction of the suburbs. But disorganisation soon spread in the ranks, and, with ten followers, he separated himself from his band, and took refuge in the mountains of Wicklow. The remainder proceeded, attacking people as they went on, and meeting with no resistance. Colonel Browne, who was on his way to join his regiment, was met and murdered, as were also two unarmed soldiers. Another victim was Chief Justice Kilwarden, who, with his nephew and daughter, was driving to the Castle. He was dragged out of the carriage, stabbed with pikes, and left for dead. His nephew was also murdered, but his daughter was allowed to escape, and she fled to the Castle, where she gave the first news of the insurrection to the authorities. The mob were in complete possession of the streets for more than an hour, when they were met by a party of soldiers, who opened fire and dispersed the rebels in all directions. Subsequent conflicts took place, in which twenty-nine rebels were killed, and many prisoners were captured. A depôt of arms was seized, in which was found Emmet's desk, with copies of his proclamations and other seditious documents. When the news reached London, a royal message was sent to

Parliament, and Lord Hawkesbury, Secretary of State, said that 'a rebellion had broken out in Ireland more serious than 'had ever occurred before.' Lord Castlereagh and others made light of the intelligence, and endeavoured to minimise the character of the outbreak as much as possible.

Within a month after these events a special commission was issued to try in Dublin, Emmet, Kearney, Kirwan, and others, his associates, on the charge of rebellion. Lord Norbury presided, assisted by other judges. Kearney was first tried. It was proved that he had led a party in the streets armed with pikes, and he was found guilty. Kirwan was defended by Curran. It was sworn that he was at the head of a body of rebels armed with a pike, and the only real defence was an attempt to prove an *alibi*. Curran, however, made a splendid rhetorical speech, ridiculing as exaggerated the nature of the outbreak, and trying to make it appear that it was a caricature to call it a rebellion. But he spoke in vain; the evidence was too clear, and Kirwan was convicted. Emmet was defended by Burrowes. He and Curran had been friends from boyhood, and when he was arrested letters from Curran's family were found in his possession, in consequence of which the house of the latter was searched. Emmet offered to plead guilty if these letters were suppressed, but this was refused. He would not allow any question to be put in his defence which might implicate others, and no witnesses were called on his behalf. Notwithstanding this, Plunket, who was counsel for the prosecution, claimed the right of reply, and made a bitter attack on the prisoner. The result was inevitable, and the verdict was Guilty. When sentence was about to be passed, he spoke at some length, repudiating with indignation the charge of being an emissary of France, and said that he joined but did not create the rebellion—not for France but for liberty. He declared that his object was to effect a separation of Ireland from England, and under the same circumstances would again act as he had done. He was sentenced to death and executed, as were also Kearney, Kirwan, and others. Much sympathy was felt for Emmet. His youth, his abilities, and his chivalrous character pleaded strongly in his favour; but as the leader of the insurrection, and taken red-handed as a rebel, it was impossible to save him from the scaffold.

The insurrection in Dublin and subsequent trials gave rise to some very hostile criticisms in the press, and in Cobbett's 'Political Register' appeared letters, under the signatures of 'Hibernicus' and 'Juverna,' reflecting strongly on the Irish Government. The former were not made the subject of a

prosecution ; but two of the latter, which appeared in October and December 1805, were so dealt with. In the first the 'Wooden Horse of Troy' was taken as the text, and the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Hardwicke, was ridiculed as if he had a wooden head. Some of the passages were selected and charged as libellous—e.g. he was laughed at as a sheep-farmer, and the sending him to Ireland was compared to the freak of Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury, when the knight handed over his pistol to the prince, and it was said that the present to Ireland of Lord Hardwicke had proved what Falstaff had said in a good-humoured jest to be a bloody truth. Now-a-days such language would be thought beneath notice ; but we must remember that the liberty of the press was then very different from what it is at present. 'Juverna' had, in the same letter, attacked Mr. Justice Osborne, insinuating that justice had been tampered with when he was appointed to hold a special commission in Antrim. The name was not mentioned, but he was sufficiently indicated as the Junior Judge. There were also sneering comments on the Lord Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, designated as a 'Chancery 'pleader from Lincoln's Inn.' He was moreover charged with corrupt acts, and with sapping the independence of the judges and 'garbling the bench.'

An information was filed against Cobbett, and the case was tried by Lord Ellenborough and other judges in May 1804. The defence was that the attacks were simply political and not personal, and that what was said of Lord Hardwicke was merely ridicule. Lord Ellenborough, in summing up, admitted the right of comment on members of the Government, but only within reasonable limits, and said that if the jury thought the publication was injurious to the Government, either collectively or as individual members of it, the jury ought to find the defendant guilty. The verdict was Guilty, but no sentence was ever passed on Cobbett. The Government believed that the real author of the letters signed 'Juverna' was Mr. Justice Johnson, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, and he was arrested and tried in England under the powers of an Act 44 Geo. III. c. 92, then lately passed, his plea to the jurisdiction being overruled. The question for the jury was whether the manuscript of the letters was in the handwriting of Mr. Justice Johnson, and most contradictory evidence was given on the point. The result was a verdict of Guilty.

The trials at York of the Luddites in 1813, and of rioters in the manufacturing districts in 1817, may be fairly reckoned

within the category of State trials, for the offences were a widely extended conspiracy of workmen to destroy machinery, and violent outrages on person and property in carrying out these illegal designs. The idea that machinery for economising labour is injurious to workmen is one of the most plausible and natural to occur to uninstructed minds. At first sight it seems to have the effect of throwing them out of employment, although nothing is more certain than that in the end employment is increased, as the resources of capital are thereby augmented, and other industries spring up which more than compensate for the partial displacement of labour in a particular branch. But we need not be surprised that this, which may be called an elementary principle of political economy, does not easily find acceptance amongst those whose immediate interests suffer from the adoption of improved machinery. A combination of weavers was formed in 1811 against a new kind of frame, and although in that year an Act was passed rendering such an offence capital, the destruction of stocking-frames was carried on to an alarming extent. The Luddites (so called from the name of a man named Ludd, who seems to have begun the mischief) bound themselves by a secret and solemn oath, and attacked the factories of mill-owners in the most audacious manner. Nor did they stop at these outrages, but added murder to their crimes. It was difficult to discover the authors, but at last approvers came forward and gave the information required to identify the guilty parties. A great many of the conspirators and the murderers of an ill-fated manufacturer named Horsfall were arrested and confined in York Castle, after which, in January 1813, a special commission was opened at York by Mr. Baron Thompson and Mr. Justice Le Blanc to try the prisoners. Four of the Luddites were convicted of burglary at the house of a manufacturer, and three of them were then tried for the murder of Mr. Horsfall. There was nothing in the evidence to distinguish it from an ordinary case of murder, except the motive of the prisoners, which was hatred of manufacturers for allowing the use of machinery to supersede manual labour. The verdict was in both cases Guilty, and the prisoners were executed. Other cases of riot and lawless destruction of machines were afterwards tried, and in all fourteen prisoners were sentenced to death.

In 1817 a message from the Prince Regent, accompanied with papers, was sent to Parliament stating that dangerous meetings of disaffected persons were held in the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom, and he invited Parliament

to consider what measures were required for the preservation of the public peace. Some Acts were passed of a stringent character, and one of them provided for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. But secret societies directed against manufacturers continued to be held, the members of which called themselves Blanketeers because they carried with them blankets as a protection at night when a body of them went in a deputation to London. A night attack on Manchester was planned, and the assassination of the Cabinet Ministers was proposed, similar to the project of the Thistlewood Conspiracy a few years later. Information of these proceedings was furnished to the Government by a spy named Oliver. A rising took place in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, and a special commission was issued to try at York forty-nine persons who were indicted for high treason, in levying war against the king. Brandreth, the chief leader, was tried first, and defended by Mr. Cross and Mr. Denman. It was proved that a body of men under his direction met near Nottingham armed with deadly weapons, and attacked houses in search of arms. They marched towards Nottingham, and the servant of a lady was killed by a shot. They met, however, with a decided check at some iron works, where the men employed had been enrolled as special constables, and they were compelled to retire. Many other acts of outrage were proved, as also the seditious language and threats of the rioters. They were followed by a party of hussars, who found a quantity of guns and pikes scattered on the road, and captured several of the insurgents. The defence made was that what had taken place was only an aggravated riot, and not high treason; but Chief Baron Richards, who presided, told the jury that if there was a large rising of the people, in order by force and violence not to accomplish or avenge any private object of their own or quarrels of their own, but to effectuate a general purpose, that is considered by the law a levying of war, and that it was quite clear that in this case there was an insurrection. Brandreth was found guilty, and the same result followed when three others were tried. Brandreth and two of the latter were executed. Of the other prisoners, twenty of them withdrew their pleas of not guilty, and as the Crown offered no evidence against them they were discharged; on thirteen others sentence of death was passed, but commuted to transportation for various periods, and four were merely punished by imprisonment.

The impeachment of Lord Melville as Treasurer of the Navy before the House of Lords in 1806 involves too many

dry and technical details to be of interest now, and we could not summarise it without going into figures and financial matters which would only tax the patience of our readers. Nor do we think that they would thank us for reviewing the disagreeable circumstances of the case of the Duke of York and Mary Clarke his mistress, who was accused of corruptly abusing her influence with him as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the disposal of patronage, and he was charged with improperly yielding to her solicitations, although it was not alleged that he himself received any part of the money which was paid to her by those for whom she obtained commissions and appointments. It was the subject of an investigation by a Committee of the whole House of Commons in 1809. The Duke of York resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief, and the result of the investigation was the carrying a motion in the House of Commons, by Lord Althorp, that as his Royal Highness had resigned his command the House did not think it necessary to proceed further in the consideration of the evidence. But in 1811 the Duke was reinstated by the Prince Regent in his former appointment. Nothing further was done in the case of Mrs. Clarke, but she was afterwards convicted of a libel on Mr. Fitzgerald, M.P. for Ennis, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

We had intended to give an account of the Delicate Investigation and the Queen's trial, which occupy a considerable space in Mr. Browne's Narratives, but on reflection we have thought that the general facts are too well known from frequent repetition in histories and other works relating to the period of the Regency and the beginning of the reign of George IV. to justify us in lengthening our article by going over the well-trodden ground. And in addition to this there is another objection. No summary of the evidence would be worth anything unless it went into details of a prurient and offensive nature. The question to be dealt with would be whether a woman in the exalted position of the wife of the Prince Regent was or was not guilty of a breach of her marriage vow, or whether, if this were not actually proved, her conduct in outrageous decorum was not such as to justify the most unfavourable inferences. We have no wish to enter into these unsavoury and repulsive incidents, and we think our readers will be of the same opinion. Happily the public has more wholesome food to digest than the alleged licentiousness of a queen, and the interest which at the time of her trial was so enthralling has long since passed away. Opinions still differ as to her guilt or innocence, just as they differ with regard to

the case of Mary Queen of Scots or of Anne Boleyn ; but few now care to wade through the loathsome mass of evidence which it is necessary to read in order to come to a just conclusion. All that we will say on the subject is that we charitably hope that the strong assertion by the Queen of her innocence was true ; and at all events if she sinned there hardly ever was a woman who was more sinned against by her husband, and he was the last man entitled to cast a stone against her for a breach of the marriage vow or any other conjugal offence.

We conclude, therefore, our article after having given a very brief and imperfect account of some of the most celebrated trials and other cases in the early part of the century, our object having been to refresh the memory as to the leading facts and evidence, and not to examine the proceedings with any minuteness of detail, for to do this in any one of them would have occupied too much space ; and after the lapse of so many years since the events occurred, no sufficient interest could be taken in those details to justify such research. We shall be satisfied if we have succeeded in presenting to our readers a clear and intelligible outline of proceedings which occupied in a remarkable degree the attention of our forefathers, and were the exciting topics of discussion in a generation which has passed away.

ART. IV.—1. *Correspondance de George Sand*, 1812–1847. 4 vols. Paris : 1871.

2. *Histoire de ma Vie*. Par GEORGE SAND. 4 vols. Paris : 1878.

THE greatest poetess of our century, indeed of many centuries since Sappho loved and sang on the sunny shores of Greece, has paid a tribute to the subject of this article which is worthy of the pen that wrote it, and of the genius to whom it was addressed. ‘Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man, self-called George Sand, . . .’ the ‘Recognition’ begins, in words which adequately express the noble qualities of the authoress of ‘Consuelo’ and ‘Mauprat ;’ for, large-brained as a man in her generous defence of her own sex, large-hearted as a woman in her love for all that was weak and oppressed, George Sand’s voice rang clear and eloquent above the clash of arms and din of intellectual activity that reigned in Europe from 1830 to 1876.

In France, above all other countries, a tropical luxuriance

of literary production sprang up in the earlier half of this century. Victor Hugo, like some huge forest tree, stretched forth great branches, overshadowing all around him; Théophile Gautier, with his brilliant colouring and fragrant perfume, delighted the eye and intoxicated the senses; while Alfred de Musset, in semblance of some graceful clinging plant, twined in festoons from tree to tree, beautifying and softening the ruggedness of their strength. In the midst of this dense and verdant vegetation there suddenly appeared a slender sapling, a *demoiselle de la forêt*, which soon surpassed all but the greatest in height and abundance of foliage. There she stood, side by side with her more powerful compeers, preserving her individuality intact and unimpaired, drinking in the dew and the sunshine in company with them, but allowing none to overshadow or intercept her natural development.

An ill-natured critic, parodying Buffon's saying, that 'le style c'est l'homme,' has inferred that George Sand's literary genius was invariably under the tutelage of some stronger male influence. We think, however, that it only needs a fair and impartial study of her earlier novels to see that they inaugurated a new school of fiction, and that, although 'Indiana' was published after 'Eugénie Grandet,' and 'Valentine' after 'Notre Dame de Paris,' they are distinct in character and aim from either of these works. Her writings, like the life of their author, are full of great faults and great qualities; one is, as it were, the mirror of the other. When we blame her for passionate want of restraint and fickleness of conduct, we find the pages of her novels defaced by the same stains. When, on the other hand, we admire the large-hearted magnanimity, the tolerant knowledge and pity for human weakness of her latter days, we take up 'La petite Fadette' or 'Les dernières Pages,' and find these virtues in every line. A study of her life is therefore a necessary condition to a proper understanding of her works; and in spite of its isolation and eccentricity we shall find her history to be the history of so many of her century, with its struggle and revolt against the narrowness of existence, its striving towards compensation by the help of art and work, and, lastly, after much blundering by the way and tossing to and fro, its rest in nature, and in communion with simple unsophisticated minds.

'Listen, reader,' she says, 'my life is yours, for if you are involved in the interests and occupations of the world, you will throw down this volume impatiently. They who study what I write must be dreamers like myself, then those problems which puzzle me will puzzle them also. You have tried, as I have, to discover the final causes of your

existence, and have come to the same conclusion. Compare my experience with yours, weigh and judge both sides. Truth can only be found after much searching.'

Putting aside, therefore, a biographer's natural partiality, let us examine the career and work of this remarkable woman, not ticketing her virtues and vices as though they were specimens in a museum, but looking at them as manifestations of a vital force, the product of a necessary development, and the natural result of ascertainable causes. We shall then, perhaps, have to confess that her general course of conduct, whether defensible or indefensible, was admirable in many of its results, and often placed her above the level of those who judge her with most severity. The study will be useful as well as interesting, for when the impetuosity of youth was over, and she was able calmly to review the past, none could more earnestly and persistently warn others off the shoals and quicksands on which she had wrecked her own happiness.

'L'Amour est régi par un code qui semble reposer, comme les codes sociaux, sur cette terrible formule: "Nul n'est censé d'ignorer la loi." Tant pis pour ceux qui l'ignorent en effet! Que l'enfant se jette dans les griffes de la panthère, croyant pouvoir la caresser: la panthère ne tiendra compte de cette innocence; elle dévorera l'enfant parce qu'il ne dépend pas d'elle de l'épargner. Ainsi des poisons, ainsi de la foudre, ainsi du vice. Agents aveugles de la loi fatale que l'homme doit connaître ou subir.'

Few people have left materials so ample for the study of their life and character as George Sand. First in order of time come the earlier novels, in whose pages, intentionally or unintentionally, she has reproduced her own individuality; next, the autobiography, where she has minutely chronicled the sayings and doings of her childhood; and lastly, the series of letters just published, which begins when she was eight, and brings us down to the year of her death, 1876. The 'Histoire de ma Vie' was rewritten years after the events related had taken place, and she herself declares it to be an incomplete history. 'I do not like the egotism or cynicism of confessions, and I do not think we ought to reveal the secrets of our hearts to men, who are worse than ourselves, who would be disposed to find an immoral instead of a moral lesson in our disclosures; besides which my life is so intimately connected with all those around me, that I could never justify myself without blaming some one else, and that some one might be my best friend. I have determined that my book shall be free from personalities, as well as from egotism and baseness.'

The letters, therefore, bearing the impress of the thought and mood that dictated them, are incomparably more interesting as a psychological study than the autobiography. Like all women, George Sand was fond of writing words of affection, of monition, of wisdom to those she loved. With the new light afforded by the 'Correspondance,' therefore, we see the feminine side of her character more completely than we ever did before, and we assert now, what we always supposed from studying her works, that, in spite of her own showing, in spite of the masculine pretension she affected in her youth, she was no 'sweet marble of both sexes,' no 'illustrious hybrid,' but a woman in her strength and her weakness, in her tenderness and her instability—a 'femme artiste' gifted with genius and a passionate heart, who, placed by fate in unfavourable circumstances for the development of her powers, exaggerated the appearance of the independence she achieved, and masqueraded as a 'literary amazon,' thus giving rise to much adverse criticism, and in many instances gross misrepresentation of facts.

'I would wish to make myself as large as a pyramid,' she writes to Louis Uhlbach in later years, when she saw things more clearly, 'but I cannot raise myself. I am only a well-meaning woman, to whom people have ascribed an imaginary ferocity of character: I have even been accused of incapacity to love passionately. It seems to me I have lived on tenderness, and that my friends ought to be content with the affection I have lavished on them. Thank goodness, those who care for me have never complained of my deficiency in that respect.'

She thus sums up her character in far more concise and expressive words than we hope to do:—

'Je suis de nature poétique et non législative, guerrière au besoin, mais jamais parlementaire. On peut m'employer à tout, en me persuadant d'abord, en me commandant ensuite. Mais je ne suis propre à rien découvrir, à rien décider. J'accepterai tout ce qui sera bon qu'on me demande, mes biens et ma vie, mais qu'on laisse mon pauvre esprit aux sylphes et aux nymphes de la poésie.'

George Sand was born at Paris on the 5th of July 1804, the last year of the Republic and the first of the Empire. Her mother had been dancing in a rose-coloured gown, while her father was playing the violin for their guests, when suddenly Madame Dupin, not feeling well, left the room. Her sister-in-law announced to Maurice a few moments later that he was the happy possessor of a beautiful little girl. 'She shall be called Aurora after my mother,' he said, as he received the child in his arms. 'Alas! she is not here to bless her, but shall bless her some day.' 'Aurora is born

‘amid music and rose colour,’ added her aunt. ‘Surely she will be happy!’

The future authoress was descended on her father’s side from Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II. King of Poland; while her mother was a daughter of Antoine Delaborde, naturalist and birdcatcher on the ‘Quai aux oiseaux’ in Paris. Physiologists may speculate, therefore, how much of the sustained power and eloquent passion of ‘Indiana,’ ‘Valentine,’ and ‘Lélia’ is owing to the dauntless energy of the victor of Fontenoy and the excitable temperament of the Parisian ‘grisette.’ Thus speaks the disciple of Pierre Leroux on this point in after days:—

‘The blood of kings is mixed in my veins with the blood of the poor and lowly. And as what we call fatality is the character of the individual, and as the character of the individual is his organisation, and as the organisation of each of us is the result of a mixture or joining of races, and the modified continuation of a succession of types, I have always concluded that affection between our progenitors establishes an important “solidarity” between us.’

Her father, she tells us, had artistic instincts, loving music, languages, drawing, and poetry; he was an accomplished violinist, and frequently sang to his own accompaniment. He seems to have been warm-hearted, impulsive, courageous, and affectionate; loving both his mother and his wife devotedly. A fall from his horse, unfortunately, killed him four years after his daughter’s birth. He might have repeated on his deathbed the last words of his ancestor, Maurice de Saxe: ‘La vie est un songe: le mien a été court, mais il a été beau.’

The Château of Nohant, where George Sand passed her childhood, is situated near La Châtre in Berri. The country immediately surrounding it is fruitful and pleasant to the eye, with its waving corn-fields and shady lanes, but not strikingly picturesque. When tourists or young poets came from the neighbouring towns to enjoy the beauties of nature, they generally forsook, she tells us, the shores of the ‘chère ‘petite Indre froide et muette de nos prairies’ for those of the Creuse, some miles off, where they could climb high hills and imagine themselves amidst the Alps or the Apennines. In spite of the tameness of its scenery George Sand and her father and grandmother loved Nohant, with its tumble-down cottages, grassy churchyard, red-tiled belfry, background of dark-coloured fields, and time-worn elm trees that stretched away beyond. The chateau stood in the midst of the village, and was surrounded by the dwellings of its poorer neighbours; it is needless to say, therefore, that the greater portion of the

girl's youth was passed in communication with the people. 'Poor Jacques Bonhomme,' she says, 'let others revile thee. 'Never will I forget how, a child, I was carried asleep on thy 'shoulders; how I was given over to thy care, and followed 'thee everywhere—to the meadow, the river, the farm; I shall 'ever love thee.' The days of her childhood were thus spent amidst the woods and the fields, taking into her heart those pastoral sights and sounds which she was afterwards destined to give forth to the world in her country stories. Later, she wandered away to the great city to cull the 'sacred flowers of 'her crown of glory,' but quitting it again as soon as her object had been attained, she shook the dust of its streets off her feet, and returned to the misty mornings, sunny days, and tranquil evenings of her southern home.

At five or six years of age religious doubt first assailed the brain of the youthful Aurora. It suddenly occurred to her that it was her mother, and not father Christmas, who put the cake into her shoe. From that moment the beneficent spirit lost his beauty and goodness, and poignant regret pierced her heart, because she could no longer believe in the 'little 'man with the white beard.' She soon, however, replaced this broken fetish by a higher development of idolatry, and raised altars of stone and moss in a corner of the garden to an imaginary deity, whom she named Corambé. For many years she did not relinquish her belief in this romantic person; indeed, he was, in embryo, the great spiritual being she afterwards worshipped under the leadership of Pierre Leroux.

During what we may call the Corambé period she began the practice of telling rambling stories aloud, which her mother called her romances; they were disconnected and incomprehensible in consequence of their long-windedness and numerous digressions—'A fault which I contracted then, and 'have never lost,' she adds. When only eight she first tried original composition, and wrote a description of the 'Vallée 'Noire,' which her grandmother declared to be a work of genius; but she herself frankly confesses it to have been bad in style and composition, from the only portion she remembered, which thus inelegantly refers to the planet of night: 'La lune 'qui labourait les nuages assise dans sa nacelle d'argent.' The first letter of the 'Correspondance' is dated the same year—1812—and reveals to us the dissensions that had existed for some time between her mother and grandmother. It is sent to the former on the occasion of her leaving Nohant.

'Que j'ai de regret de ne pouvoir te dire adieu ! Tu vois combien
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j'ai de chagrin de te quitter. Adieu ! pense à moi, et sois sûre que je ne t'oublierai point.

'TA FILLE.

'Tu mettras la réponse derrière le portrait du vieux Dupin.'

She here alludes to the likeness in pastel of M. Dupin de Franceuil which hung in the drawing-room at Nohant, and which the conspirators evidently used as a clandestine post-box.

It would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than these two women, arbiters of the fate of our heroine: one dark, pale, irritable, embarrassed in the society of 'people' above her in station, but proud as Lucifer, and ready to resent with passionate quickness any slight that was put upon her; the other fair, calm, and dignified, holding an exaggerated idea of her position as descendant of the Königsmarks and Châtelaine of Nohant. Between these warring forces the girl's happiness was sacrificed, for, unable to agree on the subject of her education, they sent her away from home to the convent of the Augustines, Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor, in Paris. The intellectual discipline to which she was here subjected did not prevent her from exercising her reasoning faculties on the subject of religion, and after a brief period of hysterical devotion, during which she cast herself on the floor of the convent chapel and believed herself called to the church as a vocation, she suddenly became lukewarm, and on her return to Nohant rushed impulsively into a course of philosophical reading, in which Jean-Jacques Rousseau's 'Confessions,' tempered by Chateaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' principally figured. These last ramparts were soon broken down, and the girl shortly became a deist, never returning to the fold of the Church again, although indulging in paroxysms of religious fervour all her life. Her grandmother died in 1820, and in 1822 her mother persuaded her to marry Monsieur Casimir Dudevant, son of a baron of the Empire, and an officer in the army.

For the first year or two of her married life things went smoothly enough; she entered into the joys and anxieties of maternity with all the eagerness of her ardent temperament, and we can see by her letters that the occupation of manufacturing soothing syrup for her son Maurice, and counting his teeth as he cut them, sufficed for a time to occupy her restless spirit. It is only when we find her sitting up all night, looking at the stars through her tears, and coming to the conclusion 'A quoi sert de pleurer? Il faut s'habituer à avoir la mort dans l'âme et le visage riant,' that we begin to see trouble ahead. M. Dudevant was a man of very ordinary intellect; she had never

loved him, and he certainly cherished no deep sentiment for her. 'Paresseux de l'esprit et enragé des jambes, le froid, la boue ne l'empêche point d'être toujours dehors, et quand il rentre c'est pour manger et ronfler,' is her impatient account of the partner of her existence at this juncture, and we know that, although his affection had not yet sufficiently cooled to make him openly unfaithful to his marriage vows, he frequented low company, and often indulged in habits of intemperance, which latterly made life in his company intolerable. The small and restricted circle also of the country village soon became distasteful to the high-spirited young *Châtelaine*.

'You know,' she writes to Jules Boucoiran, 'how we live at Nohant. Tuesday is like Wednesday, Wednesday like Thursday, and so on to the end of the chapter. The change from winter to summer is the only thing that disturbs this state of permanent stagnation. We have the feeling, or rather the sensation, of cold and heat to warn us that the years are flying away, and that life is rushing past us like water. . . . It is a sedentary, almost an animal existence.'

'The men,' she adds, 'are superficial, and the women uninteresting.' In the spring of 1824 she was seized with a fit of causeless despondency. Her husband had been busy improving the property. He made it more orderly, tidied the garden, cut down trees, and did up the house.

'I approved of it all, and really was obliged to confess things were better, but, such is the inconsistency of human nature, when the transformation was effected, when I saw poor Phanor, the dog, no longer take possession of the chimney corner, and lay his muddy paws on the carpet; when they told me that the old peacock, which had fed out of my grandmother's hand, was no longer to be allowed to eat the strawberries in the garden, and that the dark and mysterious corners where I had played as a child and wandered as a girl were to be swept away; when, in short, new surroundings foretold a future divested of all the joys and griefs of my childhood, I was weighed down with sadness and a hatred of life. One morning at breakfast, for no reason, I suddenly broke into tears. My husband was astonished, and the only reason I could give was that I was subject to hysterics, and that I thought my brain was softening. In which he entirely agreed, and we arranged to leave Nohant and live elsewhere for a time.'

What she herself calls the 'Transition from Mysticism to Independence' was now rapidly effected. 'Le mariage est le but suprême de l'amour. Quand l'amour n'y est plus, on n'y est pas : reste le sacrifice. Très bien pour qui comprend le sacrifice. Cela suppose une dose de cœur et un degré d'intelligence qui ne courent pas les rues.' She certainly

seemed no longer inclined to attempt the self-abnegation required. An accident brought the misunderstanding between husband and wife to a crisis. M. Jules Boucoiran, the tutor of her children, is again her confidant, and to him she relates the following inexplicable occurrence as the definite reason for her departure from Nohant:—

‘I must tell you a startling piece of news! . . . In spite of my apathy and carelessness, in spite of my facility in forgiving and forgetting sorrows and insults, I have at last made up my mind to take decided action. I am in earnest this time, but beg you to keep it a profound secret. You know how intolerable my home has been lately. You have often wondered how I had the courage to raise my head after one of our scenes. There is a limit to everything; besides which, unexpected events have arisen to fortify me in my resolution. . . . There has been no open scandal. No one knows what has taken place. I found a packet while looking for some papers in my husband’s desk. This packet looked mysterious, and on the outside was written, “Not to be opened until after my death.” . . . I disobeyed these injunctions, and, good Heavens! what a document! Nothing but imprecations. He had collected into a few pages all his feelings of resentment against me, all his reflections on my perversity, all his contempt for my character—and this he bequeathed to me as a proof of his affection. I have made up my mind now irrevocably. I refuse to live any longer with a man who has no esteem for me, no confidence in my rectitude.’

We confess that after reading the above we are at a loss to understand whether M. Dudevant, knowing that she meddled with his private affairs and examined his papers, purposely left the packet there to annoy her; or whether she, conscious of the reprehensible step she was about to take, made a pretext of this unimportant occurrence to justify herself in the eyes of the world. The latter we think the most probable solution, for, according to her own statement, she had been trying some time before to earn a pittance by the exercise of her powers as seamstress and draughtswoman, in order to facilitate her flight and secure her independence. Whatever the real or apparent reason may have been, the fact remains that about this time the indignant wife left her home, and never returned to live there permanently again, until a judicial separation from M. Dudevant had conferred upon her the guardianship of her children and the exclusive possession of her inheritance. Brandishing the flag of liberty in her tyrant’s face, and singing the song of ‘*Enfin je suis libre*’ to the tune of ‘*Ça ira*,’ had so far, therefore, gone well; but amidst the turmoil and the stress of life in the great city the triumphant strains soon relapsed into the piteous refrain, ‘*Il faut vivre*.’ Her own

marriage portion of fifteen hundred francs a year, with the wretched addition her husband made to it, was quite insufficient to meet the requirements of life.

Pegasus must be impounded, and her genius turned to the employment of grinding flour for the manufacture of daily bread. She called her powers as a draughtswoman—which had already been essayed at Nohant—into requisition, but the talents of Consuelo were unequal to the task of earning ten sous a day by the execution of pastel likenesses. Another method must be tried. After frequent experiments she at last ascertained that small snuff-boxes and cigar-cases in Spa wood, with birds and flowers painted on them, were popular with the public. One indeed realised eighty francs. This, then, was her vocation, and she applied herself to it in real earnest. Alas! after expending a great deal of time and trouble in mastering her art, the fashion of these trifles passed away, and on going one day with a number to the great shop that had purchased the others, she was told there was no longer a market for her goods. As yet literary composition is not mentioned as a possible means of existence. Her artistic faculties, however, were expanding. She paid a visit to the Louvre, and stood entranced opposite Titian's and Tintoret's pictures, unable to analyse her sensations, but feeling that a new world was opened to her—an enchanted region peopled with visions of beauty. 'J'avais l'idéal logé dans un coin de ma cervelle . . . je le portais dans la rue, les pieds sur le verglas, les épaules couvertes de neige, les mains dans mes poches, l'estomac creux quelquefois, mais la tête remplie de songes et de mélodies.'

Early in the morning she went to the museum, only leaving when it was closed in the evening, dining off a 'brioche,' but realising mentally the 'foie gras' and 'truffles' of intellectual enjoyment. At last the solution is found for all her doubts and difficulties. We find a letter written to Jules Boucoiran: 'Je vous écrirai plus au long dans quelques jours, pour vous dire ce que je fais ici. Je m'embarque sur la mer orageuse de la littérature. Il faut vivre! Je ne suis pas riche, mais je me porte bien, et quand de longues lettres de vous me parleront de votre amitié et de mon fils, je serai gaie.' In 1831 her friend M. C. Duvernet sent her an introduction to his cousin M. Delatouche, editor of a newspaper, and from that moment she was embarked on the 'stormy sea of literature.' Delatouche set her down to a table with pen and ink, in a corner of his editorial office, telling her to write on any and every subject artistic and political. She obeyed, covering reams

of foolscap, but producing little that was of any avail : for this drudgery she received about twelve or fifteen francs a month, 'et encore était-ce trop bien payé.'

Having been in the office some months, she one day summoned up courage to show Delatouche her first attempts at imaginative composition. The scene is thus described in a letter to a friend, M. C. Duvernet:—'Il m'a dit que c'était 'charmant, mais que cela n'avait pas le sens commun : à 'quoi j'ai répondu, "C'est juste." Qu'il fallait tout refaire : 'à quoi j'ai dit, "Ça se peut." Que je ferais bien de recommencer : à quoi j'ai ajouté, "Suffit."' In the same letter she touches on her literary partnership with Jules Sandeau, who was one of her Berri compatriots. They wrote several short articles together, and then published a novel, 'Rose et 'Blanche,' under the name of 'Jules Sand.' When 'Indiana' was finished, Jules protested against his accepting the paternity of a work in which he had had no hand. She arranged, therefore, according to his advice, to adopt the *nom de plume* of 'George Sand,' which was destined to become famous by the first book it ushered into the world, and to supersede henceforth with the public her former appellation of Aurore Dudevant.

When the young authoress first arrived in Paris, her circle consisted principally of friends from her own country of Berri. Gradually, however, it expanded, and in a very short time after her entrance into the literary world comprised some of the best known names in the France of that day. She describes in the most graphic manner the characters and peculiarities of some of the individuals with whom she came in contact, showing that she already possessed those powers of scrutiny and observation which enabled her later to diversify the pages of her works of fiction with so many varied studies of human nature. Amongst them figure Balzac, with his hallucinations and his vanity, his envy of trifles, but his pleasure in the real success of his friends; Sainte-Beuve, 'qui était toujours tourmenté des choses divines,' and who had 'trop de cœur pour son esprit, et trop d'esprit pour son 'cœur;' M. de Kératry, who, when she went to seek his literary aid, frankly told her she had better not write books, but bear children—'Ma foi, monsieur, lui répondis-je en 'pouffant de rire et en lui fermant la porte sur le nez, gardez 'le précepte pour vous-même, si bon vous semble;' last, but not least, her gruff old friend Delatouche, who at one time had told her to burn all her novels, and then writes to her the morning after he had read 'Indiana: 'George, I beg your

'pardon, and am at your feet. Forgive the hard things I have said to you for the last six months. I have sat up all night reading your book. Oh, my child, I am proud of you.'

She had worked at 'Indiana,' she tells us, aimlessly, heedlessly, setting up no author as a model and no living individuality as a type. Carried away by her enthusiasm, she never even considered the social problems she was attacking, and wrote under the empire of an emotion rather than the hatred of a system. It was intended as a protest against tyranny in general, and not against the particular form of tyranny represented by the bonds of matrimony. Her aim was to take the realities of modern life, the life amid which she lived, and describe every-day loves and hates, the suffering and the joys of domestic existence. What more natural, therefore, than that the interest of her story should turn on the dissensions between a husband and wife? The misinterpretation of her intentions and the unexpected popularity that greeted this first-fruits of her unaided genius filled her with dismay. *Noblesse oblige*. Her pen must be watched and guarded, and no longer allowed to obey the inspirations of her genius. Had she, then, but escaped from bondage, voluntarily to forge chains to put upon herself? All pleasure in the exercise of her art was suddenly taken away, and the gratification of her highest ambition turned, like Dead Sea apples, to dust and ashes in her hand.

Nor was this the only penalty she had to pay for 'her crown of glory,' which, alas! on a woman's head is so often a crown of thorns. Her private life and character were soon attacked; the wildest stories were circulated and believed respecting this assailant of the institution of matrimony and subverter of all social laws. Scandal reached its height when it was known that the young and beautiful rebel added to her other enormities the impertinence of wearing men's clothes. 'A long grey overcoat,' she tells us herself, 'a woollen tie, and—and—a pair of boots!' These boots were the delight of her heart. 'I longed to sleep with them. On their little iron-shod heels I was firm on my feet, and trotted from one end of Paris to the other.' A cigarette, sometimes even a cigar, was a necessity to complete the costume; and then, forsooth, she was astonished that all husbands and fathers, De Kératry and Co., raised their voices against her. 'A woman who goes to the bad and remains a woman, we know how to deal with; but a woman who usurps our position, wears those habiliments we have hitherto looked upon as a sign of our superiority, and writes better books than we can—

‘out upon her as an impudent pretender! We will have none of her.’ Unhappily, she too soon justified these animadversions, and laid herself open to the worst that could be said.

At the time of the publication of ‘Indiana’ George Sand was about twenty-nine, ‘and,’ Henri Heine says, ‘beautiful as the Venus of Milo. Her features were regular, her forehead low, shaded by rich bands of chestnut hair; her eyes were dim, perhaps because of the many tears she had shed, or because their brilliancy had been expended on her novels, which had set fire to so many female and, history said, so many male brains, causing conflagrations that had been extinguished with difficulty.’

Although possessing such ease with her pen, the great mistress of prose had little of the fluency of her nation in conversation. The same excellent judge says of her when speaking on this point:—

‘Cette particularité de savoir, par avarice, ne rien donner dans la conversation, et y recueillir toujours quelque chose, est un trait sur lequel M. Alfred de Musset appela un jour mon attention. “Elle a par là un grand avantage sur nous autres,” dit Musset, qui, pendant de longues années d’intimité, a eu les meilleures occasions de connaître à fond le caractère de l’auteur de “Lélia.”’

Aurore Dudevant might transform herself into George Sand, she might adopt male habiliments, and swagger about with her hands in her pockets and a cigar between her teeth—she remained fatally, inexorably a woman, dowered with a woman’s tenderness and a woman’s weakness—dowered, besides, with many charms and great fascination for the sex that was her enemy. But the eccentricity of her habits and her ostentatious affectation of manners repugnant to the strict usages of French society, made her a pariah as well as a prodigy, and threw her into the company of men far more radically vicious than herself. In fact, Madame Dudevant never had access to the cultivated and polished society of France. Her life was divided between the peasants of Berri and the Bohemians who infest the lower ranks of literature. Hence, whenever she speaks of simple country life, she is accurate, natural, and charming: whenever she describes the upper classes, she writes of them with bitter hatred, and distorts them with passionate extravagance. Her characters in that rank of life are unreal, for they are disguised in the masks of revolutionary intemperance.

In the summer of 1833 the listlessness of satisfied ambition and the emptiness of a life devoid of all domestic duties began to pall upon her, in spite of her vaunted ambition. It was

now no longer poor M. le Baron, with his agricultural tastes and his snoring, who was in fault, but her own *imbécile personnalité humaine*—her own foolish woman's heart. Again she began to sit up, watching the stars through her tears, and again she began to give way to causeless fits of despondency. Surely another crisis in her life was approaching.

In the autumn of the same year she met Alfred de Musset for the first time, at a breakfast given by the editor of the 'Revue des deux Mondes.' As the party was breaking up she asked him to come and see her. He acceded to her request, and from that time was a constant visitor. In December, to the astonishment and scandal of Paris, they started for Venice together. We have only one letter from her during the period of their stay at the ancient city of the Doges. It is dated March 6, 1834, and written to M. Hippolyte Chatiron. In it she declares Venice to be delightful, and expresses her intention of spending several winters there. Alfred kept up a continual correspondence with his family until the middle of February, when all letters ceased, and six weeks afterwards the poor poet thus announced his sudden return home: 'Je vous apporterai un corps malade, une âme abattue, un cœur en sang, mais qui vous aime encore.' When it was known in Paris that De Musset had returned without his travelling companion, there was no end to the insinuations and conjectures that were made upon the subject. It was not only a case of 'Elle et Lui,' said the 'myrmidons haineux et criards,' but a case of 'Elle et *Eur*.' She had been faithless to her lover, and had sent him back to die of a broken heart. Public opinion, as it generally does, sided with the weakest, and, the weakest on this occasion being the man, the verdict was universally given against the woman. Alfred himself remained silent, but his shattered health and altered appearance pleaded his cause sufficiently well. Five years afterwards he wrote the following:—

'Ce fut un beau moment dans ma vie, et je m'y arrête avec plaisir. Oui, ce fut un beau et rude moment. Je ne vous ai pas raconté les détails de ma passion. Cette histoire-là, si je l'écrivais, en vaudrait pourtant bien une autre, mais à quoi bon? Ma maîtresse était brune; elle avait de grands yeux; je l'aimais, elle m'avait quitté; j'en avais souffert et pleuré pendant quatre mois; n'est-ce pas en dire assez?'

And what is our judgment between these two famous lovers? We think it must be the one that is generally given on such occasions. There were faults on both sides. Alfred, according to his own showing in the 'Confessions d'un Enfant

'du Siècle,' was an 'amant insupportable,' afflicted with all the weaknesses and wilfulness of a child, and all the unrestrained passion of a man. Hers was infinitely the stronger and more vigorous nature of the two. He was already a 'jeune homme 'd'un bien beau passé.' She was a woman with all her future before her. Alas that in that future we must include the publication of that celebrated libel 'Elle et Lui'! The motive that could prompt so magnanimous and generous an intellect to commit such a blunder (for the deed was certainly worse than a crime) will ever remain one of those mysteries of the human heart which we may seek in vain to solve. It could hardly have been to justify herself, for from the beginning to the end of the book there is no justification attempted, and we shrink from the idea that she wantonly sold her own reputation and the reputation of the man she loved, as she sold her 'blood and 'her ink' to satisfy the unworthy curiosity and unwholesome tastes of the readers catered for by M. Buloz. The publication of 'Lui et Elle,' by M. Paul de Musset, was but a fit retribution, and the loyal defence of a dead brother's reputation. George Sand in her old age is said to have declared 'J'ai trop bu la vie.' She would, as a French critic has said, have formed a truer appreciation of her own character had she said, 'J'ai trop bu le rêve.' In her childhood, she tells us, the bright-coloured pebbles that lay at the bottom of the brook at Nohant had fascinated her, and she had insisted on obtaining possession of them. As soon as they dried and lost their brilliant colouring she threw them back, impatient at the supposed deception. At twenty-nine she retained the same yearning towards perfection, towards the 'roses bleues' of life, and it was the same source of continual bitterness and regret.

This Venetian adventure with Alfred de Musset was the worst passage in Madame Dudevant's life. She had fallen into the hands of one of the most dissolute sensualists who ever sank a high poetic faculty in debauchery and drunkenness. The grace of Alfred de Musset's poetry cannot make us forget his disgraceful life and his degrading end. It is a marvel that the woman who consented to be his mistress escaped utter contamination and ruin. If she did escape, it was mainly due, we are convinced, to her power and love of *work*. Whilst Alfred was throwing off a few love-sick roundelays, she was nourishing within her the strength of a great writer, whose fictions were to embrace a thousand aspects of life and society, and to this work she applied herself with unremitting labour for thirty years. She woke from the dream of passion, and

she woke in time, full of resentment against herself and against her accomplice.

After the love episode with Alfred de Musset was past, this strangely composite nature underwent a complete change. The storm of passion seemed silenced in her heart, and the past obliterated from her memory. She writes to Jules Boucoiran from Venice:—

‘ Having conducted Alfred as far as Vicenza on his return to France, I came back here alone. . . . Do not disturb the calm I have acquired,’ she adds, referring to a duel that had been fought to defend her literary honour by her friend M. Planchet. ‘ From this distance, and after so many momentous events, the small affairs of life disappear, as the details of a landscape are invisible to the eye that contemplates it from a great height. Large masses alone loom through the indistinctness of space. The susceptibilities, the small quarrels, the thousand petty trials of everyday life, now vanish from my memory ; the remembrance alone of serious things remains with me. . . . Ah ! to cast myself on the bosom of Nature, to look upon her as mother and sister ! To expunge all vanity and frivolity religiously from my life, to resist pride and spite, to become humble with the poor and lowly, to weep with suffering and want ; not to believe in any other God but Him who demands justice and equality from men ; to reverence all goodness ; to judge wrong-doing severely ; to live inexpensively and give up everything to others ; to re-establish primitive equality and revive divine institutions ;—this is the religion that I will proclaim in my small corner of the world, and that I hope to preach to my twelve apostles under the lime tree in my garden.’

While Madame Sand was thus, however, with much solemnity and many sonorous phrases, turning over a new leaf, that ‘ gamin ’ George, always her inseparable companion, was committing himself to the following unseemly language in a letter to Madame d’Agoult on the subject of the approaching judicial separation from M. Dudevant:—‘ Ainsi à l’heure qu’il est, à ‘ une lieue d’ici, quatre milles bêtes me croient à genoux dans le ‘ sac et dans la cendre, pleurant mes péchés comme Madeleine. ‘ Le réveil sera terrible. Le lendemain de ma victoire, je jette ‘ ma béquille, et je passe au galop de mon cheval aux quatre ‘ coins de la ville.’ Why a person who had persistently disregarded public opinion all her life should think it necessary now to adopt the rôle of a Magdalen in tears, it is difficult to say, and we feel we can only regard this sally as one of George’s practical jokes.

After the separation was made absolute, and she obtained the guardianship of her children, the husband and wife met but seldom, and Henri Heine in his Parisian letters suggests that he ought to be shown for money, because he once saw Madame

and M. Dudevant under the same roof. He thus describes the baron:—

‘ Je lui trouvai une figure d’épicier parfaitement insignifiante, et il me sembla d’être ni méchant ni brutal, mais je compris aisément que cette tiède vulgarité, cette nullité banale, ce regard de porcelaine, ces mouvements monotones de pagode chinoise, qui auraient, il est vrai, pu être assez amusants pour une femme ordinaire, devaient nécessairement à la longue devenir insupportables pour un cœur de femme profondément sensible, et ne pouvaient manquer de la remplir à la fin d’horreur et d’épouvante au point de la faire se sauver à tout prix de cet enfer matrimonial.’

However badly she may have behaved to her ‘Chinese pagoda’ of a husband, George Sand never ceased to be a mother. Her letters to her son Maurice, inciting him to work and endeavouring to imbue him with her own artistic spirit, are among the most interesting in the ‘Correspondance.’ Henri describes how he assisted for hours at the French lessons which she gave both to her son and daughter, and regrets in his sarcastic way that all the French Academy were not there to hear, as it would have done them no end of good.

She makes a touching appeal to M. Dudevant, dated Paris, November, 1836, after she had obtained her separation, begging him not to injure her son’s health by imparting to him the dissensions of his parents.

‘ It is no longer now a question of our personal misunderstanding, it is a question of an interest that ought to be all-important to us, the health of our child. In Heaven’s name don’t let us throw it away in a rivalry of affection which over-excites his extremely sensitive nature. I encourage his tenderness for you; why should you try to destroy his tenderness for me? Come and see him here as often as you like. If it is disagreeable to you to meet me, nothing is more easy than to avoid it. For my part I have no objection whatever. The state in which I see Maurice silences every other feeling but the desire to calm him and cure his moral and physical health. I shall remain with him until he is well, and will do nothing without your approval. I implore you to second my efforts. You love your son as much as I do. Spare him emotions which he has not the strength to bear. If I said anything against you, I should do him a great deal of harm. Let this precaution be reciprocal. What motive can we have now for disputing with one another the heart of this gentle affectionate child? It would be pushing strife too far, and for my part such acrimony is foreign to my nature.’

M. Dudevant, in spite of the decree entrusting the children to her charge, made several efforts to repossess himself forcibly of them. On one occasion, while his wife was in Paris at the death-bed of her mother, he succeeded in carrying off the

girl from the school where she had been placed. The poor mother rushed off immediately, and, armed with all the authority of the law, regained possession of the child. The scene is thus described in a letter to her friend, M. Duteil:—‘ My husband ‘ had been warned of my approach, and had prepared to fly. ‘ But the house was guarded; and Dudevant, suddenly forced ‘ into a corner, led out Solange to the threshold of his royal ‘ dwelling, having previously asked me to enter, an offer which ‘ I *graciously* declined to avail myself of. Solange was placed ‘ in my hands like a princess on the borders of a state. The ‘ baron and I exchanged some pleasant words. He threatened ‘ to take possession of his son, legally, and we parted, mutually ‘ charmed with one another.’

Except for a few such storms as this which swept across the blue serenity of her heaven, George Sand passed henceforth, with few intermissions, a tranquil, laborious existence at Nohant, surrounded by her children and friends, happy in the manifold occupations that her ‘ books and her pigs’ entailed upon her, happy, above all, in the enjoyment of the ‘ nuits ‘ étoilées et les champs d’Arcadie ’ of the home of her childhood. She writes to Jules Janin in 1837:—

‘ My desires are for the moment fixed on one thing, to sell what I have done, and enjoy indolence and rest for the future. You have no idea, my friend, of the disgust I feel for literature (I mean my own of course). I love the country passionately. Like you, I have domestic tastes—dogs, cats, and above all I adore children. I am no longer young; I want to sleep all night, and wander about all day. Help me to escape from Buloz’ clutches, and I will bless you all the days of my life. I will scribble manuscript that you can light your pipe with, and I will rear greyhounds and Angora cats for you. If you will entrust your granddaughter to my care, I will make her strong, healthy, and as wicked as the devil; for I will spoil her to the full extent of my power.’

Male human nature is, in all conscience, unstable enough upon religious and philosophical subjects, but there seems no end to the vagaries of female human nature which has once worn a coat and trousers, and in later life assumes sometimes the toga of a philosopher and sometimes the vestments of a priest. George Sand, having acquired, as we have seen, tranquillity so far as her exterior life was concerned, now indulged in the most startling changes of opinion and doctrine. She first coquetted with communism in the person of the ‘ philosophical father confessor,’ Pierre Leroux, dabbling in ideas of a great social reform destined to ameliorate the condition of the human race. We find her disfiguring her clear

and unaffected prose by using the phraseology of the sect, 'solidarity,' 'social evolution,' 'differentiation,' &c. The influence, happily, was only transitory, and seemed rather a striving after a fuller, wider life, than real conviction of the beneficial effects of any social scheme in particular.

'I am enrolled under no special flag,' she writes to M. Adolphe Gueroult, 'and although I have the greatest esteem, respect, and admiration for all who nobly profess any religion, I am convinced that there is no man under heaven, whatever his merit, before whom one ought unreservedly to bend the knee. . . . Try to become wider in your views; narrowness is what destroys all religious systems. Persevere! progress! Try to carry if only one stone to an edifice that will never be perfect or complete, but at which future generations will work to more advantage than we have done.'

And then, with a touch of sarcasm, she adds, 'It is not impossible that, in the midst of my sermonising, I shall set to work myself to cultivate the field of the future with a *black pin and a toothpick!*' After a certain period spent in the study of Pierre Leroux's obscure philosophical theories and sterile dissertations on half-digested formulæ, she turned with relief to the passionate rhetoric and religious rapture of M. de Lamennais. Under his inspiration she wrote the 'Lettres de Marcie,' and almost returned to the pious devotion of her girlhood, when she had lain in trances and seen the Virgin Mary floating above her. 'Now,' she says, 'the atmosphere round me is full of stars; I hope visions will soon be revealed to my inner consciousness. I try to pray, but am only on the lowest rung of Jacob's ladder.' The first step towards philosophy is said to be incredulity, but, with the strange vacillation of her nature, George Sand floated between the irreconcilable forces of religion and scepticism all her life. Although thus occupied with abstract and metaphysical questions, she did not lose her interest in the world that lay beyond the blue hills encircling the Vallée Noire. The mysteries of the human heart were still more fascinating than Pierre Leroux's 'Contrat Social,' or Lamennais' 'Paroles d'un Croyant.' Her own sufferings had been so great that she felt the more fitted now to give advice to those following along the uneven path of life. 'Maître,' she writes pathetically to Lamennais, 'il y a par là des sentiers où vous n'avez point passé, des abîmes où mon œil a plongé. Vous avez vécu avec les anges, moi, j'ai vécu avec les hommes et les femmes. Je sais combien on pêche, combien on a besoin d'une règle qui rende la vertu possible.'

In the second volume of the 'Correspondance' we have

letters written to literary comrades full of affectionate interest; letters to friends in moments of trial, urging them to take courage; letters to her children, endeavouring to penetrate them with her own kindly benevolence. Certainly the deference and tenderness for trouble and weakness that are here revealed; the seeking out of all that is dull, sad, and in want; the exhorting and stimulating of those less energetic than herself, must appeal to us as some compensation for the blunders, the failure, and the wrongdoing of her earlier years.

She thus endeavours to influence Prince Louis Napoleon in a letter written to him in the fortress of Ham:—

‘Devant un guerrier captif et un héros désarmé, nous ne sommes pas braves. Sachez nous donc quelque gré de nous défendre des séductions que votre caractère, votre intelligence et votre situation exercent sur nous, pour oser vous dire que jamais nous ne reconnaitrons d’autre souverain que le peuple. . . . Cette souveraineté nous paraît incompatible avec celle d’un homme; aucun miracle, aucune personification du génie populaire dans un seul, ne nous prouvera le droit d’un seul. . . . Parlez-nous donc encore de liberté, noble captif! Le peuple est comme vous dans les fers. Le Napoléon d’aujourd’hui est celui qui personnifie la douleur du peuple comme l’autre personnifiait sa gloire.’

Then she addresses Joseph Mazzini in terms so humble that they almost seem affected, although affectation was foreign to her nature, asking him, as a friend and brother, to come to see her, and give her advice about the social problems which she cannot solve; while she writes to the Archbishop of Paris (although she knows her name will be ‘but a bad recommendation’) to ask him to help a poor priest who has fallen into monetary difficulties. ‘Il y a du moins,’ she says, ‘un point qui rassemble les âmes engagées sur les routes diverses. C’est l’amour de la justice, et comme toute justice émane de Dieu, peut-être ne suis-je pas une âme impie ni indigne de merci.’

Her advice to her young friend, the poet M. Charles de Poncey, who asks her aid and advice, ought to be studied by everyone waiting to do literary work:—

‘As long as we are in the happy age of progression we lose every moment on one side what we gain on another. Although this is inevitable, we must nevertheless keep a strict watch over ourselves, and examine and correct our faults. In painting we study the best models; in literature we must do the same. Rest, since you are fatigued, and study Corneille, Bossuet, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, even Boileau; they will be an antidote to the superabundance of metaphor and exaggeration of expression which are in vogue now-a-days. Being a young man and an ardent poet, you often lack “taste,” that subtle gift which it is so difficult to define, and yet without which there is neither true art nor true poetry. If you read good prose and good

poetry without imitating any author exactly, you will unconsciously contract the habit of severer discrimination and greater purity of form.'

To a romantic girl, who asks if it is in love or in marriage that she can hope for happiness, the authoress of 'Indiana' answers:—

'I only know of one belief and one refuge: faith in God and in our immortality. My secret is not new. There is none other. Love is a bad thing, and at the best a dangerous experiment. Glory is barren, and married life odious. Maternity is full of ineffable delights, but, whether by love or marriage, must be bought at a price I would counsel no one to give.'

After her return from her ill-fated visit to Venice in company with Alfred de Musset, George Sand affirmed, with a persistency and frequency that almost seemed to challenge contradiction, that 'her life as a woman was finished.' In 1838, however, we find her spending the winter at Majorca, in company with her son Maurice and Frederick Chopin, then in the zenith of his fame. Ill-natured people, in spite of her asseverations and the maternal affection she always expressed for the great composer, maintained that it was a repetition of the old 'Elle et Lui' story. Let us hope that, like a great many, she had to suffer—shall we say unjustly?—for the sins of the past.

The visit to Majorca was not a success. Their lodgings and food were wretched; it rained incessantly; and Chopin showed not only signs of pulmonary disease, but also of that weakness to which the 'jeune blondin' had been so prone—the love of his own way.' Alfred had been an 'amant insupportable'; Frederick became a 'malade détestable.' Their stay at the Chartreuse de Valdemosa was therefore a punishment for him and a torment for her. They returned to Paris in the spring, 'poor little Chopin,' as she calls him, spitting blood, and his companion worn out in body and mind from the fatigue and anxiety of nursing him. Some years afterwards a difference of opinion arose between Maurice Sand and the wayward Polish genius. She did not hesitate between the latter and her son, and Chopin left Nohant never to return. His friends declared that he died of a broken heart, and laid the crime of having killed him at her door. She, on the other hand, said that he was turned against her by mischief-makers, and that, although he asked to see her on his death-bed, and she longed to bid him a last farewell, they were kept asunder by others. When touching on the subject in the 'Histoire de ma Vie' she indulges in a peroration which reads a little like

the moralising she indulged in after her separation from Alfred:—

‘Je ne suis pas de ceux qui croient que les choses se résolvent en ce monde. Elle ne font peut-être qu’y commencer, et, à coup sûr, elle n’y finissent point. Cette vie d’ici-bas est un voile que la souffrance et la maladie rendent plus épais à certaines âmes, qui ne se soulèvent que par moments pour les organisations les plus solides, et que la mort déchire pour tous.’

It is scarcely worth while to advert to the part which George Sand was tempted at one moment to play in politics, for, as she says herself, no woman was ever more incapable of political conduct and judgment. She had formed to herself what she called a political creed from the socialist theories of Paul Leroux and Louis Blanc, the plots of Barbès, and the mystical schemes of Mazzini. The Revolution of February 1848 turned her brain, as, indeed, it turned the heads of many wiser people; she fancied that the moment was come to realise these fantastic visions of the regeneration of France and Europe; and she hastened to place her pen and her literary reputation at the service of Ledru Rollin and the group of madmen who formed for a few weeks the Provisional Government of the day. She wrote the celebrated ‘XVIth Bulletin of the Republic’—a proclamation which excited no small attention at the time, for it placed France at the mercy of a gang of desperadoes armed with ‘unlimited powers.’ Her letters to Barbès and Mazzini, written at this time, burn with revolutionary enthusiasm, and she speaks like the Madame Roland of a second Reign of Terror. Happily the defeat of the revolutionary insurrection on the barricades of June terminated that convulsion. Madame Sand narrowly escaped the fate of her accomplices, but the Government thought her, politically speaking, beneath its notice; and before the close of the year she saw the cause of ‘the people’ personified in a military despot whom she had addressed with so much sympathy when he was within the walls of Ham. This seems to have extinguished Madame Sand’s politics.

Her last years were spent happily in the midst of her family; now and then disturbed by personal sorrows, death, disloyalty, and the political state of affairs in France. She lost two beloved grandchildren, the daughter of her daughter, and Maurice’s son; death, however, spared the three others. Her daughter-in-law was almost as dear to her as to him, and she gave the entire control of household matters into her hands. Her time was passed amusing the children, botanising a little

in summer, and making long excursions on foot. During her forty years of continual literary labour she had earned a million francs, of which she had only laid by twenty thousand. If this is true, the result of her incomparable literary talent and her industry was not larger for it only amounts to a thousand pounds a year.

She thus ends her own account of her latter days:—

‘I have retained my cheerfulness, but have no initiative for amusing others. I am sure I must have many serious faults, but, like every one else, I am unconscious of them. I do not know either if I have good qualities and virtues. I have meditated a great deal on all that is true; and in this investigation the perception of my own individuality becomes weaker every day. I have come to the conclusion that we are only logical when we do right, and if we do wrong it is against our better judgment. I do not believe in sin. I only believe in ignorance.’

It is impossible to imagine anything more dignified than this calm, benevolent old age. The errors and eccentricities of her youth were forgotten, and she lived honoured and respected by her children and friends, exercising to the last that generous hospitality that was so congenial to her nature. Visitors to Nohant were astonished on their first visit to see a large, tranquil-eyed woman, dressed in the simple Berrichon costume, sitting indolently in the old hall of the château. She never was without a cigarette, and seemed absorbed in watching the smoke as it floated away in blue clouds. She liked nothing better than to be forgotten in her own drawing-room, listening to what was said, but not speaking much herself. As soon as her guests departed for the night she shut her door, and, like the celebrated author of the ‘*Leviathan*,’ fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours, sometimes, indeed, until day broke. She says in a letter to Madame d’Agoult, ‘I pass long hours *tête-à-tête* with “dame Fancy;” I never go to bed before seven o’clock in the morning, and see the sun rise, undisturbed in my solitude.’ She ends her letter, ‘Bon jour; il est six heures du matin, le rossignol chante, et l’odeur d’un lilas arrive jusqu’à moi.’ The great artist breathed her last on the 8th of June 1876, and was buried in the little churchyard of the village of Nohant, amidst the people that she described so faithfully and loved so well. Neither marble slab nor headstone marks the place where she lies, for one of her last injunctions to her children was to let nought but grass and flowers cover her grave. There, beneath the time-worn elm trees, in which she had so often heard the sighing of the wind during her long and solitary vigils, and close to the old

belfry that had chimed out so many sad and weary hours of her strangely chequered existence, she at last found a haven, the only one that remains a certainty to all of us, however dark and troubled the sea of life may be.

We must now turn to George Sand's works, and endeavour to give a sketch, however slight, of her literary career. She was perhaps one of the most prolific writers of fiction that ever lived. During the forty-four years of her life as an author she produced on an average two novels a year; putting aside, therefore, her dramatic works, it is easy to see how impossible an analysis of such a vast number of volumes would be.

She was obliged by a contract with Buloz to spend all 'her ink and her blood' in the service of '*La Revue des Deux Mondes*.' 'The galley-slave is chained to his work; if Buloz permits him to wander, it is on "parole," and "parole" is a log of wood that the convict drags, chained to his foot.' She exhorts her friend the Comtesse d'Agout to write 'while the gods dictate.' We are afraid that she herself produced a great deal of work which Buloz and the want of money alone dictated. In spite of this forced and often hasty production, she never lost that subtle, inexplicable beauty of style which makes the commonest description she attempts vivid and delightful. Her prose is flowing, but not diffuse; polished, but not artificial; easy, but neither incorrect nor inelegant: it is the perfection of language, and makes us forgive the many fallacies in argument and faults of construction that abound, especially in her earlier novels. Later critics have expressed their astonishment at the success of '*Indiana*,' and have asked what charm there was to stir men's minds so singularly in this badly-constructed, unnatural work of fiction. French authors had often treated the subject of matrimonial unhappiness before; it was a hackneyed theme: and if we analyse it, it is impossible to imagine anything more far-fetched than this history of a 'femme incomprise' married to a bear, falling in love with a blackguard, and seeking peace and rest in communion with a solemn prig, whose love she discovers at the moment they are about to commit suicide together. Nothing but the fervent eloquence of style and passionate energy of personal conviction which pervade every page, could have induced an exacting public to overlook the improbabilities of such a plot. Although she strenuously denied that '*Indiana*' was a prototype of herself, the character bears so strongly the impress of her individuality that it is impossible not to believe that she lived through all the different phases

of thought portrayed in her heroine; and it is this fact that gave the book its charm, and proved her to have all the gifts of a great writer of fiction—fresh imagination, facility of expression, and extreme sensibility. Immediately after ‘Indiana’ she published ‘Valentine,’ and from that moment her literary fame was established. By this second work she showed that she could develop varied motives of action, and not only write the history of her own life, but throw herself into the lives of others. Men were transplanted into a real, living world, a hundred miles away from the false rhetoric and spurious mediævalism of the novels they had read before. Old methods and old traditions were shaken off, and a new era of romantic literature inaugurated.

Although there is unfortunately a want of reserve in the great artist’s treatment of subjects which are prohibited in England, anyone who reads and studies her works adequately must, we think, come to the conclusion that their tendency is not altogether immoral. She understood the complexity of human life and human character; perhaps her enemies will say because she permitted herself to see every side of it. She lived through each intellectual phase of her different novels, and occupied herself all day thinking out some social problem, while the night was spent putting it on paper for the benefit of the public. It is in her delineation of the tender passion, however, that George Sand so immeasurably surpasses all her contemporaries: from the ideal love of Consuelo and Lélia, to the simple unsophisticated affection of Germain and François, we have every possible treatment of the eternal ‘Elle et Lui.’ We can almost classify her novels according to the phases of love portrayed: turbulent and insubordinate passion reigns in the pages of ‘Indiana,’ ‘Valentine,’ and ‘Lélia;’ controversial and polemical affection in the pages of ‘Mlle. de la Quintinie,’ ‘Spiridion,’ and ‘M^{re} Sœur Jeanne;’ romantic and sentimental love-making in ‘Mauprat,’ ‘La petite Fadette,’ and ‘La Mare au Diable.’ It is difficult in short quotations to give an idea of the eloquence and ease of diction that are the particular gifts of this writer. Her prose, like some rich southern fruit, seemed to ripen and develop under the warm rays of the Italian sun; in word-painting she never surpassed ‘Les Lettres d’un Voyageur’ or ‘Consuelo.’ The following description of the kitchen garden that the gipsy singer and her companion Joseph pass through on their way to the audience with the Chanoine, is evidently inspired by her memories of the garden at Nohant:—

‘C’était un beau jardin potager, entretenu avec un soin minutieux.

Les arbres fruitiers, disposés en éventails, ouvraient à tout venant leurs longs bras, chargés de pommes vermeilles et de poires dorées. Les berceaux de vigne arrondis coquettement en arceaux portaient comme autant de girandoles d'énormes grappes de raisin succulent. Les vastes carrés de légumes avaient aussi leur beauté. Des asperges à la tige élégante et à la chevelure soyeuse, toute brillante de la rosée du soir, ressemblaient à des forêts de sapins lilliputiens, couverts d'une gaze d'argent; les pois s'élançaient en guirlandes légères sur leurs rames, et formaient de longs berceaux, étroites et mystérieuses ruelles où babillaient à voix basses de petites fauvettes encore mal endormies; les giraumonts, orgueilleux léviathans de cette mer verdoyante, étalaient pesamment leurs gros ventres orangés sur leurs larges et sombres feuillages.'

We turn, however, with a sense of relief from the harmonious periods of the letters and the supersentimental emotion of 'Consuelo' to the calm simplicity of her country stories.

There is a modulated soft music in the opening of 'François le Champi' that reminds one of a symphony of Mozart:—

'R—— and I were walking home by the light of the moon, which fell with silvery light on the paths of the dusky landscape. It was a warm and slightly misty autumn evening. We remarked the sonority of the air at this season of the year, and the subtle mystery that hangs over Nature. It seemed as if every creature and everything were secretly preparing to enjoy the short span of life and activity that was left before the fatal numbness of cold crept over everything. Fearing to be disturbed or surprised by the fatal march of time, they proceeded silently and quietly to their midnight revels. The birds only uttered smothered cries instead of the joyous songs of summer. The insects hovering above the fields sometimes gave forth a slight hum, but stopped at once, and flew rapidly away to bear their chant elsewhere. The flowers hastened to exhale a last perfume, which was all the sweeter because it was held in reserve, and not given freely forth as in the spring. The fading leaves hardly trembled in the wind; and the flocks grazed in silence, uttering neither amorous nor combative sounds. My friend and I walked silently along, observing the softened beauty of Nature, and listening to the delicious harmony of the last chords, which died away in an imperceptible pianissimo. Autumn is a melancholy "andante" preceding the solemn "adagio" of winter.'

And then they both enter into a dissertation on the vexed question of realism and idealism in art, which is a fit answer to M. Zola and his school, and a corollary to her statement to Balzac: 'En somme, vous voulez et savez peindre l'homme tel qu'il est, sous vos yeux. Soit! moi, je me sens porté à le peindre tel que je souhaite qu'il soit, tel que je crois qu'il doit être.'

At no time does George Sand prove herself so true an artist as in the dignified restraint she puts upon herself in these exquisite idyls. We know how fond the authoress of the 'Maîtres

'Sonneurs' is of describing beautiful scenery, yet she never forgets that the story is being told by a peasant, in whose mouth any poetic expression would be out of place. Only once does he show he is conscious of the beauties around him, and then he prefaces his remarks by saying, '*Le site était ravissant pour moi, qui avait peu à peu appris à comprendre la nature.*' In Etienne's account of his wanderings she gives a touch which, for knowledge of rustic character, is worthy of Sir Walter Scott: '*Il y avait beaucoup d'herbes et de fleurs qui sentaient bon, mais ne pouvaient en rien amender le fourrage!*' 'This is a fine scene,' the Duke of Argyll remarks to Jeannie Deans when showing her the valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill. 'It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here,' replies Jeannie. George Sand has been called the Walter Scott of Berri, and certainly she often resembles the great Scotch novelist in her vivid descriptions of scenery and her keen appreciation of the pathos of humanity in the humbler paths of life.

It is in the '*Mare au Diable*,' however, that she touched the zenith of her literary work. This piece is as finished as Goethe's '*Hermann and Dorothea*;' as fresh and strong as Tennyson's '*Northern Farmer*.' Whatever Buloz and the want of money dictated formerly, the gods and her own genius dictated this. It is so true and beautiful, so simple and pure, that we should like our readers to accept it as a propitiatory offering for so much that was reprehensible and unworthy in the great artist's life.

The story is woven out of the slightest materials. The labourer Germain, a widower of twenty-eight, father of three children, goes into a neighbouring village to seek a second wife, and gives little Marie, who is on her way to a place as farm servant, a lift on his horse. Pierre, Germain's eldest boy, waits behind a hedge until they pass, and insists on accompanying them. Night comes on; they get lost in the wood that stretches round the '*Mare au Diable*,' and are obliged to encamp for the night. Marie shows such practical skill in putting Pierre to sleep, in lighting the fire, and in concocting a meal, that Germain by degrees becomes aware of her charm, and finishes by proposing to marry her. She thinks he is not in earnest, and declares he is too old. They discuss the question gently and wisely in the silence of the night, while the child lies asleep in the girl's arms. Germain of course refuses the wife that his father destined for him; Marie does not remain with her new master; and the story ends by Marie falling in love with Germain, whom she no longer thinks too

old for a husband. The prelude to the story is pitched in the minor key, as we can see by the quatrain which she quotes from an old engraving of Holbein's:—

'A la sueur de ton visaige,
Tu gagerois ta pauvre vie,
Après long travail et usage,
Voicy la mort qui te convie.'

She then describes the engraving, which represents a labourer ploughing a field, with the sun setting behind the dark and distant hills. It is the end of a hard day's work; the peasant is old, feeble, and in rags; every horse in the team which he drives is weary and thin; the only gay and alert figure is a grim and fantastic skeleton, who, armed with a whip, runs in the furrow beside the frightened horses, and urges them along. This spectre is Death, so often introduced by Holbein into allegorical and religious subjects.

'But we,' she cries, 'artists of another century, what shall we paint? Shall we seek for the reward of the humanity of our day in the idea of death? Shall we invoke it as the chastisement of injustice, and the recompense of suffering? No; our business is not with Death, but with Life. We no longer believe in the annihilation of the tomb, nor in the salvation bought by a forced renunciation. We wish life to be good because we wish it to be fruitful. Lazarus must quit his dunghill, and then the poor man need no longer rejoice in the death of the rich. All must be happy, so that the well-being of some may not be a crime accursed in the sight of God. The labourer, while sowing the seed, must feel that he is working in the cause of life, and must not rejoice because death walks by his side. The tomb must neither be the chastisement of luxury nor the consolation of distress.'

Having thus struck the key-note of the story, she describes how one autumn day she was walking along by the edge of a field and saw the peasants preparing for the approaching sowing of the seed:—

'The background was wide, like Holbein's picture, and was flecked with great patches of green and gold. It had rained a short time before, and thin lines of water lay shining in the furrows like silver threads. The day was soft and warm, and a light mist hung above the earth, freshly turned by the ploughshare. At the top of the field, an old man, whose bent back and tall figure recalled Holbein's picture, but whose appearance was prosperous and happy, drove solemnly a pair of tranquil-eyed oxen, real patriarchs of the field, with their yellow coats and long twisted horns. . . . At some distance from him his son guided a magnificent team, four pairs of young animals with dark coats mixed with rusty black, and small curly heads that reminded one of their untamed ancestors. Their large eyes were full of

fierceness, and by their sudden movements it was easy to see that they were trembling with rage and indignation at the yoke that had been imposed on them, and the prod that they felt for the first time. The man who drove them had to perform the task of bringing under cultivation a corner that had been pasture-land, and was full of the roots of trees; an athletic feat requiring all his youth and energy and the exertions of the eight oxen. A child of six or seven years of age, beautiful as an angel, his shoulders covered with a lamb-skin, which made him look like the pictures of the young St. John the Baptist, walked in the furrow beside the plough, and pricked the oxen's flanks with a long pole armed with a spike. The untamed animals dashed forward under the little hand of the child, making the leathers and yokes to creak again.

'When a root stopped the plough, the labourer called in a loud voice to each beast by its name, rather to calm than to excite them, for the oxen, irritated by the obstacle, strained forward, breaking the earth with their hoofs, and would have thrown themselves aside, dragging the plough across the field, if the young man, with his voice and whip, had not kept the first four together, while the child managed the rest. The little fellow called out also, with a voice which he endeavoured to make terrific, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was a vigorous and graceful picture: the landscape, the man, the child, and the oxen. When an obstacle was vanquished and the team began again its slow equal progression, the labourer, whose pretended violence was only an exercise of energy and a superabundance of activity, returned again to the simple serenity of his usual expression, and gave his child a look of paternal content, which was returned with a smile by the little fellow. The young father then began chanting with his strong voice the solemn and melancholy song that the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all labourers, but to those who are most skilful in inciting and driving a team of oxen. . . . I knew this young man and this beautiful child, I knew their story, for they had a story. All the world has one, and everyone could interest us by relating the romance of his life, if he understood it. I asked myself, therefore, why I should not write down what I had heard of these two people, though it might only be as straight and simple as the furrow they were cutting. Next year this furrow would be filled up by another one, for thus is the trace of the greater portion of mankind effaced from the field of humanity. A little earth covers it, and the furrows we have dug succeed one another like the tombs in a churchyard. Is not the furrow of the labourer as worthy of notice as that of the idler, who has gained a name and a reputation in the world by some speciality or eccentricity?'

Thus does this country idyl open, and we only regret being unable to give more extracts from its delightful pages. We should like to let our reader hear the low-voiced conversation between Germain and Marie, both as yet unconscious of the love that is in their hearts, while the mystery of the darkness, the whispering of the trees, and the throbbing of the stars, seem

all to breathe the secret in their ears. Or the last scene, where the young labourer, hopeless of making Marie reciprocate his passion, comes to say good-bye for ever :—‘ Sans attendre son arrêt, il se leva pour partir ; mais la jeune fille l’arrêta en l’entourant de ses deux bras, et cachant sa tête dans son sein. “ Ah ! Germain,” lui dit-elle en sanglotant, “ vous n’avez donc pas deviné que je vous aime ? ” ’

Her other novels—‘ Lélia ’ and ‘ Consuelo ’—were popular when they first appeared, for they put into language what had hitherto remained unspoken in some men’s and in all women’s hearts, but the dust will be allowed to lie on the cover of both of these, while ‘ La petite Fadette ’ or the ‘ Marc au Diable ’ will be devoured with eagerness and wept over in silence.

Some well-known writer has said that a notable book, by its cumulative influence, is more important in the history of the world than the greatest battle ever fought. To this statement we can certainly add that the only works bearing cumulative influence are those animated by true feeling and true sentiment ; posterity must find its own trials and its own sorrows, divested of all artificial surroundings, ere it will bestow immortality on any artistic representation. By her ‘ *bergeries*, ’ therefore, will George Sand ultimately be judged, and will be found to have left a furrow, neither so straight nor so simple, perhaps, as that of Germain the ‘ *fin laboureur*, ’ but a furrow that will never be effaced from the surface of the labour-field of humanity ; for good grain was sown there, which, as the years went by, grew up and fructified in the hearts of men.

ART. V.—1. *Preliminary Report from her Majesty's Commission on Agriculture.* London: 1881.

2. *Report from her Majesty's Commission on Agriculture.* London: 1882.

3. *Digest of Minutes of Evidence and Reports of the Assistant Commissioners Royal Commission of Agriculture.* 9 vols. London: 1881-2.

4. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Agriculture.* 3 vols. London: 1881-2.

5. *Agricultural Returns of Great Britain, with Abstract Returns for the United Kingdom.* London: 1882.

6. *Agricultural Review and Journal of the American Agricultural Association.* New York: August 1882.

ON several occasions, during a period of sixty years, the distress of the agricultural classes has induced the Legislature to make elaborate enquiries into the state of British agriculture. During the Liverpool Administration a motion for a Select Committee on Agriculture was carried against the Ministry in 1820, enquiry into the subject was conceded by the Government in 1821 and renewed in 1822. During the Whig Ministries of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, Agricultural Committees were appointed by the House of Commons in 1833 and 1836; while, towards the close of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, an Agricultural Commission was appointed in 1879. The earlier enquiries produced only disappointment. The Committee of 1821 told the farmers plainly that their distress arose from causes some of which no legislative provisions could alleviate, and others of which they shared with other classes of society. The Committee of 1822, appointed to allay the dissatisfaction which the Report of 1821 had created, was responsible for the passage of a corn law, which remained on the Statute Book for six years, but which never came into operation. The Committee of 1833, like the Committee of 1821, bade the farmers rest their hopes on the cautious forbearance rather than on the active interposition of Parliament; while the Committee of 1836, unwilling to accept its chairman's (Lord Eversley's) conclusion, that the farmers must look for relief to their landlords and not to the Legislature, and unable to refute it, separated without making any report. We shall presently see whether the labours of the Royal Commissioners of 1879 are likely to be more fruitful than the enquiries of the Committees which preceded them. On this page

we have the more grateful task of acknowledging the valuable addition which the Commissioners have made to our information. They truly say: 'The condition of British agriculture 'has never been the subject of a more comprehensive and 'laborious enquiry than that in which we have been engaged.' But the Commissioners have not been satisfied with investigating the condition of British agriculture. The Reports of Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Jenkins on France, of Mr. Jenkins on the Netherlands, Belgium, and Denmark, and of Mr. Read, Mr. Pell, and Mr. Clay on America, contain a mass of valuable information. These Reports will probably do more to influence the Legislature than the elaborate enquiries which have been simultaneously made in almost every part of the United Kingdom.

The first conclusion which will be drawn from the Commissioners' labours is, that the reports of severe agricultural depression, which have been common enough in the last few years, have not exaggerated the severity of the crisis. 'The 'evidence,' the Commissioners write, 'shows that agricultural 'distress has prevailed over the whole country;' in 'nearly 'every county of England and Scotland, and in some parts of 'Wales, distress of unprecedented severity has been experienced by the agricultural community.' But the distress has not merely been universal. It affected all kinds of agricultural property. 'Owners in fee have suffered equally with 'life tenants. Farmers, who are free from restrictive covenants, as well as those who are bound by what are regarded 'as injurious covenants, have suffered alike.' The Commissioners have had the advantage of examining Mr. Giffen, who has employed his statistical knowledge in endeavouring to measure the losses which the crisis involved. But the short paragraph, in which they dispose of Mr. Giffen's figures, only imperfectly represents the conclusions of this statistician, and we are consequently compelled to rely on the evidence, and not on the report, for an accurate measure of the losses which the agriculturists experienced during the disastrous years 1877-1880.

Mr. Giffen's conclusions on this point may be briefly stated. During each of the years 1867-9 agricultural produce, to the value of 79,000,000*l.*, was on an average imported into the United Kingdom. Ten years afterwards, or during 1877-9, the average value of these imports had risen to 129,000,000*l.* The country, in other words, spent 50,000,000*l.* a year more on foreign agricultural produce during the latter than during the former period. The population, however, increased in

the ten years by 3,180,000 persons, and 3,180,000 persons would probably consume 38,000,000*l.* of agricultural produce. If, therefore, the yield of our own fields had remained stationary, the growth of the people would have forced us to spend on foreign food in 1877-9, 38,000,000*l.* more than it was requisite to spend in 1867-9. Tested then by the value of our imports, the agricultural depression occasioned a loss of 12,000,000*l.* a year, the difference between the additional 38,000,000*l.* which, under ordinary circumstances, we should have been forced to spend, and the additional 50,000,000*l.* which was actually spent. This sum, however, only imperfectly represents the losses of the agriculturists. It was the exceptional characteristic of the recent agricultural depression that deficient harvests were accompanied by low prices. The consumers generally of course gain from low prices; they obtain cheaper food, and have more money available for purposes other than food. But the circumstance which is beneficial to the consumer is ruinous to the producer. Mr. Giffen calculates that the average price of agricultural produce was one-third lower in 1877-9 than in 1867-9. If this be so, the 12,000,000*l.* which represents the excess of imports occasioned by a period of scarcity, must have purchased food which from 1867 to 1869 would have cost 18,000,000*l.* Measured by the prices of 1867-9 the deficiency in the yield during 1877-9 occasioned a loss to the agriculturists of 18,000,000*l.* instead of 12,000,000*l.* a year.

Unfortunately for the farmer, this sum of 18,000,000*l.* does not represent the whole extent of the loss. A fall in the value of imported food necessarily implies a fall in the value of food produced at home. According to Sir J. Caird, the average produce of an acre of wheat land during five selected years of scarcity, previous to 1861, was three quarters; the average price 61*s.* 1*d.*; the yield of each acre during the five years amounted on an average to 9*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* But in five selected bad years before 1879, the average yield of the same land was only 2½ quarters; the average price only 49*s.* 10*d.*, and the yield per acre was only worth 6*l.* 2*s.** The deficiency in the yield, and the fall in the price, reduced the value of the crop by more than one-third. Mr. Giffen has come to a somewhat similar conclusion in another way, and thinks that, in addition to the 18,000,000*l.*—the excess of imports occasioned by scarcity—the farmers lost 14,000,000*l.* by the fall of prices.

* We give Sir J. Caird's figures as he gave them to the Commissioners. But his calculations in both cases are only approximately accurate.

During the years of plenty, moreover, which immediately preceded the years of famine, two things happened which proved equally disastrous to the farmers. The landlords increased their rents, and the labourers exacted higher wages. Mr. Giffen places the increased rent at 5,000,000*l.*, and the addition to the cost of labour at another 5,000,000*l.* The whole loss which the farmers sustained therefore, (1) from the deficiency of produce, (2) from a fall of prices, (3) from an increase of rents, and (4) from a rise in wages, amounted on an average to 42,000,000*l.* a year.*

It may perhaps be desirable to show the proportion which this loss bears to the ordinary produce of our fields. Sir J. Caird estimates the value of our agricultural produce at 260,000,000*l.*, but this sum has of course to be divided into what Lord Beaconsfield once called the three profits, of the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer. It would be a tedious matter to analyse its distribution. It is sufficient to say that the landlord claims some 70,000,000*l.* of it as rent, and the farmer possibly three-fourths of this amount, or 52,000,000*l.*, as profit.† The residue of 138,000,000*l.* is absorbed by labour, by manure, and by other expenses. It is obvious, therefore, that if the tenant-farmers bore the whole loss of 42,000,000*l.*, they would actually have been deprived of four-fifths of their whole income. There are good reasons for thinking that they bore two-thirds of the loss, the remaining third being allowed them by their landlords. Even in this case their incomes as a class decreased from 52,000,000*l.* to 24,000,000*l.* a year. With these figures before us, it is not difficult to understand the suffering through which the farmers lately passed. Deprived of the greater part of their incomes, they were, in thousands of cases, ruined.

We have been particular in endeavouring to gauge the precise extent of the depression through which the agriculturists have lately passed for two reasons. In the first place, the Commissioners have made no adequate attempt to discharge

* We have based our estimate on Mr. Giffen, without following him exactly. We ought, perhaps, to add that during the ten years of the comparison some 2,000,000 acres of new land were brought into cultivation, but, on the other hand, some 1,000,000 acres of old arable land were turned into permanent pasture. The increased produce of the new land brought into cultivation would probably be about equivalent to the decrease in the yield of the old land turned from plough into grass.

† We have purposely placed the farmer's profit at a higher sum than ought probably to be assigned to it.

this part of their duty; and, in the next place, it is impossible to determine whether the depression portends the ruin of British agriculture, unless the extent as well as the cause of the crisis are accurately understood. Its extent we have endeavoured to measure. Its main cause was clear enough: it was due to the weather. We recollect that Homer makes Ulysses say in the 'Odyssey' that, under a good government, the valleys are rich with corn and the trees are laden with fruit. He would have never made the statement without a qualification in an English climate.

'All the witnesses whom we have examined,' write the Commissioners, 'agree in ascribing it (the depression) mainly to a succession of unfavourable seasons. One witness says: "It is really owing to the "absence of sun and the presence of an extra quantity of rain. It is the "extra rainfall and the absence of sun that has prevented anything from "maturing. Nothing, in fact, in the last year or two has matured "properly." Mr. Squarey says: "I believe the approximate and most "intense cause of the depression is the series of unfavourable seasons "which we have had during the past four and, in some counties, five "years, and that the mischief has been intensified to a great extent by "the extremely low quality as well as quantity of the produce in "England." Another witness gives it as his opinion that the main causes of the distress are the disastrous seasons of the last five years, the excessive rainfall, the absence of sunshine, and the low temperature. "I am quite clear," he observes, "that these are the main causes, and, "if I might put the causes numerically, they would account for seven out "of ten of the whole: putting the whole depression at ten, the seasons "would account for seven-tenths of it." To the same effect is the evidence of several other witnesses of authority—owners, agents, and farmers. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir J. B. Lawes, Mr. J. Howard, M.P., concur with other witnesses in ascribing the depression to a succession of bad seasons.'

A period marked by a succession of bad years is, of course, no new thing. Anyone who has attentively reflected on the evidence collected by the late Mr. Tooke, and which is to be found in the first chapter of the 'History of Prices,' will see that both in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries such periods occurred. From 1693 to 1700, and from 1767 to 1775, for instance, weather in England and in Europe was as cold, as wet, and as inclement as that which has been the subject of almost general complaint in the last few years. There is no reason to suppose, as some people hastily imagine, that the climate of the United Kingdom is changed, or that we shall never again experience a hot summer. But, though the climate is unaltered, the effects of a bad harvest, resulting from a wet year, are modified. It sounds almost paradoxical

to assert that a bad harvest could be advantageous to the agriculturists; but we believe that, while the Corn Laws were in force, 'on every occasion of marked transition from dearth 'to abundance' there were signs of agricultural distress. The explanation of this strange fact may be found in the conditions which the Corn Law itself created. By holding out to the farmer a minimum price for his corn, the Legislature encouraged the cultivation of more land than was necessary; and, if the harvest was only tolerably abundant, the markets were glutted with corn and the prices were driven down. Nothing but a partial failure of the crops could, under such circumstances, save the farmer; and a bad harvest made his fortune. Davenant pointed out two hundred years ago that a deficiency of one-tenth in the yield might raise the price three-tenths; and Mr. Tooke, reasoning on a similar calculation, declared that land which in a good year produced 33 bushels of wheat, worth 6*s.* a bushel, or 9*l.* 18*s.*, in a bad year might produce 22 bushels, worth 18*s.* a bushel, or 19*l.* 16*s.* Mr. Tooke, in this illustration, purposely put his argument in the most exaggerated form. With one solitary exception, for a short period of two months, the people of this country have never had to pay 18*s.* a bushel for wheat. But, though the illustration is an exaggeration, the argument is correct. The years of plenty in the olden time were years of agricultural distress; the years of scarcity were years of agricultural prosperity.

This state of things was of course modified by the repeal of the Corn Laws. A deficient crop at home was followed by importations from abroad, and prices did not rise with the same rapidity as before. And in the last few years a cause more powerful even than the repeal of the Corn Laws has operated in a similar way. America has been growing corn in unprecedented quantities for exportation; millions upon millions of acres of virgin soil have been converted into one great wheat-field; and rival railways and rival steamers have been carrying the produce of the Western States at low rates to the English market. The production of wheat in America reached the maximum development which it had attained in the year in which agriculture in England suffered its extreme depression. In 1879 America produced 448,000,000 bushels, or nearly 60,000,000 quarters, of wheat; and about one-third of the whole of this crop, or 20,000,000 quarters, was exported. Influenced by this vast supply, the price of wheat in the United Kingdom fell to 38*s.* per quarter, the lowest price to which it had fallen for nearly thirty years.

These figures looked much more serious when they were

examined by statisticians. The number of acres under wheat in the United Kingdom decreased from about 4,000,000 (3,981,989) in 1869 to about 3,000,000 (3,056,428) in 1879. But the number of acres under wheat in the United States increased from about 21,000,000 (20,858,359) in 1872 (the earliest year for which we know how to obtain accurate information) to about 32,500,000 (32,545,950) in 1879. Every year about 100,000 fewer acres were sown with wheat in the United Kingdom, and some 1,500,000 more acres were sown with wheat in the United States. It seemed demonstrable from these figures that American wheat would gradually supersede English corn, and that the crop, which had hitherto been the chief stay of British agriculture, would cease to be grown on the soil of England.

This conclusion was undoubtedly strengthened by a Report, for which the Commissioners, whose labours we are reviewing, are indirectly responsible. Immediately after their appointment, they deputed two Members of Parliament, Mr. Clare Read and Mr. Albert Pell, to proceed to America, and to enquire into the agriculture of the United States and of Canada. Leaving England at the moment when agriculturists were experiencing the extreme of depression, they reached the United States at the time when American farming had attained its maximum of prosperity. They travelled through miles upon miles of wheat land; they satisfied themselves that wheat could be grown in America for 28*s.* the quarter, and that it could be delivered in Liverpool for 42*s.* How was it possible for the English farmer to compete with such conditions as these? The Corn Law of 1815 had contemplated 80*s.* as the minimum price for corn; the Corn Law of 1822 had named 70*s.* as the minimum price at which wheat might be imported; the Corn Law of 1828 had given the farmer the protection of a heavy duty when the price fell below 60*s.* Even Peel, as lately as 1842, had tried to fix the price at about 55*s.* How was it possible for the British farmer to compete in 1880 with producers delivering corn in British markets at 42*s.* a quarter?

An answer came from an unexpected quarter. Messrs. Read and Pell were accompanied in their enquiries in America by a young man, Mr. John Clay, the son, we believe, of a member of the Commission, who was personally engaged in farming in Canada. Mr. Clay, at the close of 1879, supplied the Commission with a preliminary report on farming in California, which he subsequently, in 1882, supplemented with a more important report. Briefly stated, Mr. Clay's conclusions

were as follows: American agriculture had fallen into a depressed condition in the four years ending 1877; stock was cheap, labour was abundant, the cost of living moderate, and land to be had for almost nothing. The combined advantages of cheap land, cheap labour, and cheap stock, led to an enormous speculation in agriculture. 'Then, as if to cap the whole thing, there came a run of favourable seasons scarce ever experienced before. . . . Wheat poured into Great Britain at an alarming rate . . . and one party, writing to the leading journal of England, said that it was more than probable that for many years we should have American wheat placed in England at 40*s.* per quarter.' This conclusion Mr. Clay doubted at the time; the experience of 1880 and 1881 confirmed his doubts. The crops in America in a comparative sense failed, the prices in Chicago and Liverpool rose, and Mr. Clay, at least, was satisfied that American wheat could not be placed in the English markets at a profit for less than 45*s.* or 48*s.* a quarter.

It is scarcely too much to say that the future of the British farmer depends to some extent on the single question whether Mr. Clay or the persons whom he criticises be right; and it can hardly, therefore, be out of place to devote some pages to a detailed consideration of American agriculture. In doing so we shall use the reports of Messrs. Read and Pell as well as those of Mr. Clay; but our task will be materially assisted by the excellent paper of General Walker, which is printed in the August number of the 'Review and Journal of the American Agricultural Association.'

In one point all three accounts are consistent. All of them agree that the American wheat-grower does not cultivate the soil in the sense in which cultivation is employed in England. 'The truth is, they are not cultivators, but at present only 'breakers of the soil,' is the expression of Messrs. Read and Pell. The fields, writes General Walker, have been 'systematically cropped on the principle of obtaining the largest crops with the least expenditure of labour.' But, while General Walker thinks that his fellow-countrymen have been fully justified in exhausting their fields and passing on to virgin soil, or, as he puts it, in regarding 'the land of no value and labour as of high value,' Mr. Clay denounces the system as wasteful. We are inclined to think that reasonable people will agree with the conclusion of General Walker rather than with the invective of Mr. Clay. If a man can make more money by breaking up virgin soil than by cultivating exhausted soil, he is likely to prefer the former to the

latter expedient. It is of more interest in England to recollect that the system, wanton or wise, is gradually and necessarily coming to a conclusion. Nearly one-half of the whole area of the United States is indeed still unoccupied, but the Public Land Commission, in their report of 1879, 'estimated that (exclusive of certain lands in Southern States) of lands over which the survey and disposition laws had been extended, lying in the West, the United States did not own, of arable agricultural public lands, which could be cultivated without irrigation or other artificial appliances, more than the area of the present State of Ohio, viz. 25,576,980 acres.' The situation, indeed, General Walker goes on to point out, 'is not so serious as might be thought' from the report.

'Vast quantities of land which have passed out of the hands of the Government, through patents to States, to schools and colleges, to railways, &c., have not yet come under cultivation and occupation. Other large quantities are in the hands of private owners who have not yet cultivated them, or, at least, have not done so *bond fide*, having taken them speculatively, and kept up a merely formal compliance with the requirements of the law. Considerable additions to the public lands may also be expected from the reduction of the Indian Reservations, as the tribes concerned take up small lots in severalty, and cede the remainder to the United States. Some part of the mineral and coal lands, withdrawn from the scope of the general land law, will unquestionably be found to have an agricultural value, and the surface will be worked for one kind of wealth, while the recesses beneath are being searched for another. . . . As the joint effect of all these considerations, I reach the conclusion that it is not unreasonable to suppose that the extent of lands actually occupied for the production of exportable crops may go on increasing to the close of the century.'

Whether General Walker be right in this conclusion or not, it is evident that the amount of virgin soil available in the United States for the production of corn is gradually becoming a decreasing quantity, and that, whatever dangers the competition of the United States may have in store for the British farmer, competition must sooner or later be carried on by the agriculturist and not by the mere breaker of the soil.

It is, however, from this very circumstance that special interest attaches to such reports as those of General Walker and Mr. Clay. The breaker of the soil in America is succeeded, in regular order, by the farmer, and the temporary exhaustion of the soil is the prelude to its cultivation. The virgin soil of the American prairies, indeed, stands cropping which would impoverish older countries. To quote Messrs. Read and Pell—

‘The accumulated vegetable deposits of centuries, and the untold number of grass crops that burn or rot upon the prairies, are not to be exhausted in a few years. When wheat shows signs of flagging, the simple alternative of a crop of Indian corn seems sufficient to restore its fertility. . . . Maize, as a rotation crop, answers the same end as root crops in England. The land is rested, cleaned, and enriched by its “introduction.”’

Anyone who has attentively considered the reports before us, will probably consider that, while the British farmer has been dreading American wheat, the true danger before him lies in the cultivation of maize.

Messrs. Read and Pell stated in their report that 51,500,000 acres of land in the United States—an area about 10 per cent. greater than the whole cultivated area of the United Kingdom—were under maize.* While one-third of American wheat is exported, 90 per cent. of American maize is consumed in the United States. This prolific cereal is mainly used in feeding cattle and pigs; and ‘when we consider’—if we may quote an ungrammatical sentence from Mr. Clay—‘that to make 100 tons of meat about 600 of grain are used, the advantages of the stock farmer over the wheat-grower are enormous, for he is returning a vast quantity of this amount back to the soil.’ Maize-growing, therefore, fulfils three purposes in America: it rests the soil, it supplies the farmer with the manure required for its recuperation, and it leads to stock farming and dairy farming on a gigantic scale. Mr. Clay tells us that ‘the present stock of cattle in the United States aggregates the enormous number of 33,000,000;’ and a writer in the ‘American Agricultural Review’ states that, ‘by the census of 1880, there was shown to be 12,000,000 milch cows in the United States, but there are nearer 15,000,000.’ If it be recollected that in the whole of the United Kingdom there are not 10,000,000 cattle, of which rather more than one-third (3,677,395) are cows, some idea may be formed of the vast extent to which stock breeding has already proceeded in the United States.

It is, however, with stock as it is with wheat in America. Just as the bulk of American wheat is still grown on virgin soil, which is merely broken up for its production, so the great mass of American cattle range at large on the plains, and, except that they are occasionally collected to be branded or driven to the market, are, to all intents and purposes, wild. But, just as cultivation is introduced for the production of

* The acreage has since increased to upwards of 64,000,000 acres.

wheat, so scientific stock raising is extending in the United States. Pedigree shorthorns are being introduced at considerable cost; the character of the American cattle is being gradually improved; and there is no reason why, in time, and in a comparatively short time, American stock should not be as well bred, and command as high prices in the London market, as the best beasts which arrive from Aberdeen or Herefordshire.* We are informed by a traveller who was present at a cattle show last autumn at Omaha in Nebraska, that he saw there stock—shorthorns, Devons, Herefords, and polled Angus—which would not have disgraced a Scottish market.

The British stock-breeder, in fact, is gradually losing the advantage which he derives from the inferiority of the American stock to his own. The progressive improvement in the breed of stock is supplying the Americans with a constantly increasing number of cattle fit for exportation to the English market. Mr. Clay, who has himself a large business in live stock, thinks that a three-year-old steer may be delivered in Liverpool, with a profit to the American breeder, for from 22*l.* to 23*l.* 10*s.* In that case meat could be sold to the English butcher at from 7*d.* to 7½*d.* a pound.† The average price of prime Scotch beef in the London market has gradually declined from 6*s.* 2*d.* a stone of 8 lbs. in 1873 to 5*s.* 4¾*d.* in 1881. If Mr. Clay's conclusions be right, the price may further gradually decline to about 5*s.*, and the English farmer would be wise to regard 5*s.* per stone as the price to which American competition may eventually drive down his stock.

It may, indeed, be thought that the United States will be unable to supply us with adequate quantities of cattle to affect the prices in the meat markets of England. In 1881, 308,000 cattle were sold in the metropolitan cattle markets. Placing the consumption of the country at about ten times that of the metropolis, some 3,000,000 cattle a year are probably consumed in the United Kingdom, and of these only 300,000 in

* There are now 50,000 pure shorthorn bulls in the United States. Placing their produce at only 500,000 calves a year, the rapid improvement of American stock is at once established. We believe we are right in stating that in the great American cattle ranges, or ranches—as they are sometimes inaccurately called in England—one bull is usually allotted to fourteen or fifteen cows.

† Messrs. Read and Pell declared that 'really prime beef can be delivered in England, and sold at a fair profit at 6½*d.* per lb.; that 7*d.* gave a margin for a most lucrative trade.' The slow growth of the trade is the best proof that Messrs. Read and Pell were wrong.

round numbers were in 1881 imported from abroad. But if the present underbred stock of the United States is replaced by thoroughbred shorthorns the Americans will be able to supply us with an unlimited number of cattle. The 15,000,000 cows of the United States ought to produce 12,000,000 calves a year. Most of these cows are indeed wild animals ranging at large, and their produce does not come regularly to market. Still the United States must be producing more beasts than are required for home use, and a large number must become gradually available for exportation. It is true that there is another side to this picture. The population of the United States is growing even more rapidly than its cattle are increasing in number; and we are possibly witnessing in the new world a fresh illustration of Malthus' principle that man, like other animals, has a tendency to increase at a greater rate than his means of subsistence. Beef, in the United States, is constantly rising in price; and many good authorities believe that the supply of meat will not do more than keep pace with the demand of the American population. In addition to this consideration, the conveyance both of live and dead meat from the States has been attended with unexpected difficulties. Live stock cannot be conveyed with success to England except during the calm weather of the summer. Dead meat has not always arrived in a condition which has secured it a profitable market. We doubt, therefore, whether the American trade in meat is capable of the development which some people imagine; we should doubt its development still more if it were not for the remarkable progress of dairy farming in the United States.

Nothing in American agriculture is so marvellous as 'dairying,' to use the word which the Americans have coined.

'By the census of 1880,' writes an American reviewer in a passage which we have already partly quoted, 'there was shown to be 12,000,000 cows in the United States, but there are nearer 15,000,000. These, besides supplying milk for family use, both in the city and country, produce from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 lbs. of cheese, and between 1,200,000,000 and 1,500,000,000 lbs. of butter annually.'

The cows are not fed as cows are fed in this country.

'To sustain this number of cows on the old system of feeding, it takes about 50,000,000 acres of land; under the new system, that of preserving green fodder by ensilaging it, it is within bounds to say that the same land will sustain 35,000,000 head.'

Nine people out of every ten in England were probably ignorant of the meaning of 'ensilage' till the 'Times' published

a description of it in October last. Yet ensilage is so familiar to the Americans that no less than five separate manufacturers advertised ensilage cutters in the American 'Agricultural Review' of last August. We instance these advertisements, as they strikingly illustrate the manner in which the Americans have outstripped us in agricultural pursuits. But it is not ensilage alone which economises the produce of America. In the United States the hog invariably accompanies the cow or the ox, and he is kept for almost nothing.

'The habits of the pig,' writes Mr. Clay, 'are so far changed in America that we may call him a grazer. . . . He fattens and grows, and does all the scavenger work. . . . On the great cattle farms, where corn is fed, the practice is to feed this indigestible grain in a whole state, that is not crushed. Much of it passes through the animal in its original state. We find, however, the pig, whose organs of digestion are exceedingly powerful, following up the steers and making use of the offal.'

American pork and American bacon do not, after this description, seem pleasant food for mankind. But we are not dealing with the dislike which we may entertain for particular bacon, but with the competition to which the Englishman is subjected by the American farmer. In this respect we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the American pig is playing a part of exceptional importance, and that the 36,000,000 pigs which the United States possessed in 1880 are materially adding to the profits of their owners, and consequently enabling them to produce beef, and even wheat, at a lower price than would otherwise be possible. Economy in feeding, however, is not the only advantage which the American farmer possesses. In the United States the dairy is a factory, where every expedient is used to economise labour and to facilitate production. What would an English farmer think if he were told that ice was a necessary article in the manufacture of butter? In the States it is indispensable, and an American writer goes even so far as to say that 'dairying can now be successfully prosecuted wherever good milk can be produced and 'ice obtained.' 'The prevalent idea,' to quote Messrs. Read and Pell, 'that a moderately even temperature is desirable for 'securing the largest amount of the best cream, has been challenged. . . . The shallow pans have been discarded, and deep circular tins, 19 inches by 8, immersed in running water supplemented with ice, are now used in the best dairies.' But the proprietor of the 'creamery,' as the dairy is called in America, is not satisfied with collecting his cream. The expense and labour of churning by hand has led, as is usual

with the Americans, to the introduction of machinery. The writer, whom we have already quoted, says:—

‘It is no small chore to work 100 pounds of butter by hand . . . but when it comes to 300 to 500 pounds a day it is a most difficult task, while in a number of factories still larger quantities are made. A power butter worker has therefore become a necessity to the larger manufacturers. One has recently been brought out, and it does its work perfectly. It manipulates 25 pounds at a time, and has a capacity of 6,000 pounds per day.’

A ‘creamery,’ producing hundreds of pounds of butter a day, necessarily has a large quantity of skimmed milk to dispose of. Till very lately this skimmed milk was worked up into cheese. But cheese made from skimmed milk—or skimmed cheese, as the Americans call it—is poor stuff. To quote the same writer again:—

‘Skimmed cheese has been sold to such an extent as to disgust every one who eats them, and to prejudice the people against all kinds of cheese. The South, which was a large customer for cheese, has become so disgusted as to declare against buying cheese made in certain districts because of their reputation for skimming. And they are right. Skimmed cheese, as generally manufactured, is not fit for food, and the sooner the people refuse to buy it the better.’

What then is the farmer to do? In England the question would have been easily answered; and skimmed milk, for which there was no demand, would have been given to the pigs. In America the hog, exercising, as we have seen, his useful functions as the scavenger of the farm, is not treated to such delicate fare; and in several ‘factories’ the skimmed milk is made into cream ‘by the substitution of pure sweet animal or ‘vegetable oil for the cream taken from the milk and used ‘to make butter.’ The system has already reached such perfection that a machine has been invented for mixing the oil with the milk. A third part of oil is mixed with two parts of sweet skimmed milk, heated to a temperature of 135 degrees. The mixture comes out

‘a pure, rich, perfect cream. The machine coats each little globule of oil with milk, thus making the artificial cream, which sours the same as natural cream, and can be churned into butter likewise, producing a fine quality. This is introduced into the milk previously skimmed twenty-four and thirty-six hours, with all the cream practically out of it, one and a half pounds to the hundred pounds of milk. The heat is at once turned on the same as in the ordinary manufacture of cheese, and the rennet poured in. The artificial cream becomes at once thoroughly incorporated with the milk, the coagulation takes place, and the entire process is the same as in the regular manufacture of cheese,

except that the buttermilk is returned to the vat of skimmed milk, just as the artificial cream is introduced.'

We are not now concerned with discussing the morality of an operation which consists in mixing skimmed milk and oil, and in selling the product as cream. We are merely endeavouring to review the conditions which our own agriculturists must face, and which it is mere folly for them to ignore. Mr. Clay, indeed, in closing his report, says that he has 'only treated the 'main issues of beef and bread, as the other questions of 'dairy produce, &c., are but secondary.' We cannot agree with this conclusion. American dairying seems to us to be the pivot on which the whole question turns. If the writer whom we have quoted is right in thinking that the market for butter and cheese is practically illimitable, and that America can dispose of the produce of 35,000,000 cows; if he is right in declaring that, by preserving green fodder in the silo, 35,000,000 cows can be fed on 50,000,000 acres of land, we must be gradually approaching a trade in live stock and dead meat of a very different character from that with which we have hitherto contended. And this trade must lead to a fresh development of wheat farming. The maize grown and used as ensilage must be alternated with wheat; the exhausted soil must be recuperated with the manure of stock numbered by the million; and America, unable to consume her own produce at home, must send annually increasing quantities of it to Europe and England.

What then is the future which lies before the British agriculturist? If we are right in our figures, the question can be easily answered. Agricultural produce will not fall lower than it fell in the disastrous year 1879; wheat will not probably fall so low. But we have already shown that the whole loss of the agriculturist during the bad years 1877 to 1879 probably amounted to only 42,000,000*l.* a year, while the nominal rent of agricultural land reached 70,000,000*l.* It is obvious, therefore, that the cultivation of the soil of England paid a handsome profit under the most adverse circumstances conceivable, and that it only did not pay at the rent charged for the land. If the whole rent had been suddenly reduced from 70,000,000*l.* to 28,000,000*l.*, the farmers would have been no worse off than before. So soon as existing leases fall in, or tenancies are changed, the question must resolve itself into one of rent; and, as a class, the landlords, and the landlords alone, are interested in its solution.

But can the landlords, as a class, do anything to resist the fall of rents? To do so effectually they must fight the

Americans with their own weapons. The English agriculturist is now in the position which the handloom weaver occupied after Cartwright invented the power loom. He is endeavouring, with the work of his hands, to contend with machinery, and is being consequently hopelessly beaten.

‘To ask what has been done mechanically to promote our agriculture,’ writes General Walker, ‘is to challenge a recital of the better half of the history of American invention. Remarkable as have been the mechanical achievements of our people in the department of manufacturing industry, they have been exceeded in the production of agricultural implements and machinery, inasmuch as, in this branch of invention, a problem has been solved . . . of combining strength and capability of endurance with great lightness of parts.

‘In no other important class of commercial products, except the American street carriage or field wagon, are these desired qualities so wonderfully joined as in the American agricultural machines, while the special difficulty arising from the necessity of repairs on the farm, far from shops where the services of skilled mechanics could be obtained, has been met by the extension to this branch of manufacture of the principle of interchangeable parts, a principle purely American in its origin. Through the adoption of this principle by the makers of agricultural machines, a farmer in the Willamette Valley of Oregon is enabled to write to the manufacturer of his mower, or reaper, or thrasher, naming the part that has been lost or become broken or otherwise useless, and to receive by return mail, for which the Government rate will be only two or three shillings, the lacking part, which, with a wrench and a screw-driver, he can fit into its proper place in fifteen minutes.

‘But more even than the ingenuity of inventors and manufacturers has been required to give to agricultural machinery the wide introduction and the marvellously successful applications it has had in the cultivation of our staple crops east and west. “Experienced mechanicians,” says Prof. Hearn, “assert that, notwithstanding the progress of machinery in agriculture, there is probably as much sound, practical, labour-saving invention and machinery unused as there is used; and that it is unused solely in consequence of the ignorance and incompetency of the workpeople.” The remark, which is perfectly true of England, and the force of which would have to be multiplied fourfold in application to the peasantry of France or Austria, utterly fails of significance if applied to the United States. It is because mechanical insight and aptitude . . . are found throughout the mass of the American people that these products of invention and skill have been made of service on petty farms all over our land, and in the most remote districts wherever the divine rage of the pedlar has carried him.’

Our readers may, perhaps, imagine that General Walker is writing with all the zeal of an American for his own countrymen. We will corroborate his testimony with a passage from such unexceptionable authorities as Messrs. Read and Pell :—

'The readiness with which the tillers of the soil take to machinery in America would surprise some of the farmers in the old country. The skill and ease with which they are worked say something for the manufacturer, but still more for the intelligence of the farmer. In America the presence of labour-saving machinery upon even a small farm is an absolute necessity. . . . We should say that good machinery and improved implements are much more common on American than English farms. The tools are certainly lighter, better shaped, and better made. It may be true that "a good workman never finds fault with his tools," but it is truer still that a Yankee labourer is too sensible ever to work with a bad one.'

Why should such things be? Why is this country—the home of the spinning-jenny, of the mule, of the water-frame, of the power loom, of the steam engine, of the locomotive, and of a thousand other useful inventions—so hopelessly beaten by men of her own race in agricultural machinery? Hardly a day passes in which an invention is not patented in London for increasing the efficiency of some machine. Why is the farmer, alone among our workpeople, content to go on using the old methods and the old tools? Is there anything in the atmosphere of an English village which arrests invention and stereotypes custom? If these drowsy villagers are to compete with their Transatlantic rivals, it is high time for them to wake from their slumbers. British agriculture must, indeed, perish if British agriculturists use only their hands, and neglect their brains.

It is not only in his neglect of machinery, however, that the English farmer loses money. There is too much reason to fear that, when he uses living machines, he wilfully prefers the costly to the cheap. We have travelled ourselves through most parts of England, and we have rarely seen any animal except the horse engaged in agricultural work. Yet in America mules and oxen are in common use.

'Mules,' write Messrs. Read and Pell, 'are largely used as draught animals. They are common on many farms, and said to be harder, stronger, and longer lived than horses . . . Oxen are not only used in ploughing, but in some districts are the chief draught animals. They are more easily fed and cared for on long journeys than horses. A good yoke of oxen being worth from 20*l.* to 30*l.* they come cheaper than horses, and now that there is a demand for stalled oxen for export they make more money, when they are too old for beasts of burden, than they did some years ago.'

But it is not in America alone that the ox and the mule are used where we only use the horse. Mr. Sutherland tells us that 'in the centre of France farm work is done mostly by 'bullocks;' while 'in Poitou the horse is regarded among

‘ the agricultural portion of the community as a means to an end, the end being the production of mules for farm and draught work.’ He adds in another paragraph: ‘ At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 some Poitevin breeders . . . asked . . . the usual price of a good two-year-old English draught stallion. On my naming 200*l.* as the approximate value of such an animal, arms were thrown up in astonishment, and exclamations uttered, to the effect of “ My faith! why he would cost as much as a jackass!”’ A Poitevin boy would evidently understand the significance of an allusion in the games at the funeral of Patroclus, in which the second prize is a mare in foal to an ass.

We are far from saying that the substitution of mules and oxen for horses is of as much importance as the more general employment of machinery. We only urge the point as an illustration of our argument that the Englishman engaged in agriculture is slow to devise the labour-saving expedients which are common in America, or to adopt the cheaper forms of draught animals which are resorted to in France. We have sometimes, indeed, wondered whether, as driving fat oxen is the heritage of the fat man, so driving oxen is the employment of the stupid man. Among all the officers who have done good service in the British army not one seems to have reflected that the system of harnessing oxen by the yoke is inefficient and cruel. Yet Arthur Young explained, more than a century ago, that oxen yoked by the horns could draw with ease a load which oxen harnessed by the collar could not stir. And he added significantly that ‘ the use of yokes is out of the question.’ One hundred years after this passage was written, the few oxen employed in agriculture in England still draw from the collar; and, though British officers at least must have seen oxen in the South of France drawing from the horns, oxen, when employed in army transport, are still harnessed in the old inefficient method.*

We mention these circumstances, at the cost of a little digression from our argument, in corroboration of our allegation that Englishmen, engaged in agriculture or occupied with animals, fail to display the inventive resources which have given the British race supremacy in other industries. It will perhaps be naturally enquired whether there is anything in the conditions under which the farmer works which dulls his capacity and deadens his invention. Anyone who has any

* The passages in Arthur Young to which we refer, and which seem to us much too little known, are in the ‘*Tour in Ireland*,’ vol. i. pp. 380, 409.

knowledge of agricultural pursuits will immediately point to the agricultural lease. We believe that the best landlords have, of late years, wisely reduced the stringency of the covenants by which their tenants are bound. But, in most leases, we imagine the old conditions still linger—the permanent pasture which is not to be broken up, the crops which are not to be grown, the straw which is not to be sold, the game which is not to be killed. Some people may recollect Mr. Cobden's description of these documents in one of his best speeches. They 'are generally taken from old, dusty, antediluvian remains, that some lawyer's clerk drew from a pigeon-hole and copied out for every incoming tenant; something that has been in existence perhaps for five hundred years. You give men no credit for being able to discover any improvements; in fact, you tie them down from improving; you go upon the assumption that there will be no improvement, and do your best to prevent it.' Is there not too much reason to fear that leases of this character are still common in many parts of England? Is it surprising that a tenant farmer, denied liberty of action by his landlord, fails to improve?

The Commissioners, indeed, hardly venture on stating a positive opinion on this point. They admit that many witnesses have brought before them the bad effects of stringent covenants, and they make a mild recommendation that 'the general improvement in the system of cultivation which is now in progress would in many cases justify their removal;' but one of their number, an agriculturist of experience, speaks with a much more certain sound. This is what Mr. Clay says:—

'Ample evidence has been given to the Commission of the appointment of men to the management of estates who are unfitted for such a position from their want of practical knowledge of agriculture. Lawyers are often employed as land agents and factors for estates; and, although they may be most excellent men in their profession, yet, from their want of practical knowledge of agriculture and outdoor management generally, there is not so much hope of the improvement of an estate, but rather the reverse, where it is placed fully under their charge. . . . They view most things through the medium of the law, and hence often disturb that kindly feeling that should exist between landlord and tenant. Stringently drawn leases, hard and fast law, are not the best ways to further the landed interest and the profitable cultivation of the soil.'

Emphatic condemnation of this kind may, we hope, produce a salutary change in the management of estates, and induce proprietors of land to give their tenants more liberty. But freedom alone will not lead to improvement. This report affords abundant proof that improvement cannot be expected

unless the tenant is secured compensation for the improvements which he makes. Here is the testimony of the Commissioners, including, it must be recollected, Conservatives *sans peur et sans reproche* like the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Rodwell:—

‘We are of opinion that there are many parts of Great Britain in which no sufficient compensation for his unexhausted improvements is secured to the tenant. . . . We have arrived at the conclusion that further legislative provision should be made for securing to tenants the compensation to which they are equitably entitled in respect of their outlay, and we recommend that the principles of the Agricultural Holdings Act relating to compensation should be made compulsory in all cases where such compensation is not otherwise provided for.’

Compensation for improvements can only be made compulsory by an Act of Parliament; rational leases can be easily conceded by the landlords themselves.* If we are right in our contention that the burden of agricultural depression must ultimately fall on the owner and not on the occupier of the soil, that it can only be avoided by the agricultural classes using their brains as well as their hands, and that such exertions are unlikely to be made while agriculture is stereotyped by the lease, and the tenant discouraged by the absence of effective provisions for his compensation, it follows that the landlords and not the farmers are, in the main, interested in the abandonment of stringent leases, and in the grant of tenant right.

Some of our readers, however, will probably enquire whether further legislative reforms are necessary to prevent the recurrence of periods of depression such as those which we have passed through. Are the laws of primogeniture, of settlement and entail, responsible in any way for the depressed condition of agriculture? If the transfer of land were made as simple as the transfer of stock, would the cultivation of the soil be promoted? Finally, would the abolition of large estates and the

* We notice, with pleasure, that the Duke of Richmond, the Chairman of the Commissioners, has just offered his tenantry a model lease which, from the simplicity of its terms, and from the liberty which it affords, falls apparently little short of the model lease which Mr. Cobden desired. We have had the advantage of seeing one of these leases (for the Goodwood estate). It runs for fourteen years. During the first ten years the tenant is practically allowed absolute freedom; during the last four years only he is bound down to a stipulated four-course system. The landlord, it may be added, undertakes to pay tithe, and one half of all new rates.

institution of a peasant proprietary do anything to promote the prosperity of the agricultural community?

We should not adequately discharge the task which we have set ourselves if we were wholly silent on these subjects. Yet we have some little difficulty in dealing with them. From a political point of view, we have no doubt that, just as the law has hitherto favoured the aggregation of estates, the law should in future favour their dispersion, and the recent changes in the law of Settled Estates favour this view. In other words, when an owner dies intestate, his real property should be divided among his children, instead of passing to his eldest son; but as cases of intestacy where there is considerable landed property and several children are rare, and the descent of land is commonly regulated by settlement, this change would probably produce but little effect. In the same way, while we are not prepared to prohibit the owner of real estate from settling his real property on his children, we think that he should be prohibited from entailing it on the unborn descendant. In both these matters we should like to remove the distinction which is now drawn between real and personal estate. With a similar object we should like to make the transfer of real estate as simple a matter in England as it is in Scotland. This, indeed, is impossible until we have in England a complete system of registration of all landed property. Such a registry would remove the labour and expense which must attend, under the present system, the investigation of titles and the identification of the property sold. It would, therefore, make the transfer of land cheap and easy, and would confer a boon on all classes of society.

While, however, we are prepared to advocate the reform of the land laws, we do so on political grounds alone. The possession of land is a source of enjoyment to the possessor. The owner of land feels that he has a stake in the State which he cannot acquire from any other kind of property. Last year a prominent statesman, of advanced liberal opinions, remarked to us, on walking round a little property which he had recently acquired, that his friends told him that he was developing all the vices of a landed proprietor. 'Vices' of such a nature cannot be developed in too many people. The true conservative method of defending property is to strengthen the garrison by increasing the number of proprietors.

But, at the same time, we feel equally certain that the multiplication of properties is not likely to promote the fertility of the soil. On such a point it is possible to write positively

because a neighbouring country has made a gigantic experiment in the subdivision of land. Ever since the late Mr. John Stuart Mill published his great work on political economy, and seized the opportunity of making an elaborate defence of peasant proprietors, the condition of agriculture in France has arrested the attention of thoughtful men. The peasant proprietor in France has the advantage of a genial climate and a fertile soil; and peasant proprietorship therefore has grown up among the French under the most favourable conditions. In order to ascertain the results of peasant proprietorship, we cannot do better than devote a few pages to an examination of French agriculture.

No two systems could be more opposite than those which are in force in France and in the United Kingdom. Here there is a tendency, indirectly encouraged by the law, for land to accumulate in few hands. There, on the contrary, the law compels the division and redivision of the soil among a constantly increasing number of proprietors. When Mr. Mill published the work to which we have already referred, he declared that 'the number of landed proprietors in France is not exactly ascertained, but on no estimate does it fall much short of five millions.' Mr. Jenkins, in his report on French agriculture, has a much more astonishing statement. 'According to the latest statistics,' he writes, 'there were very nearly eight millions of landed proprietors in France.' 'On compte maintenant huit millions de propriétaires' is the significant remark which he quotes from M. Lecouteux.

An extraordinary statement of this kind is not, we think, worthy of literal acceptance. France, in 1871, did not contain 8,500,000 houses. We decline to believe that she had sixteen landowners for every seventeen householders; and we imagine that many of the landowners held land in different communes, and that the same owners have thus been counted twice, thrice, or many times over. But, though we cannot accept the story of 8,000,000 landowners in France, we admit that land in that country has been divided and subdivided. Has, then, this constant subdivision of the soil tended to promote the prosperity and welfare of the population? Has the multiplication of owners stimulated industry, and thus promoted the fertility of the land? Has it freed the soil of France from those heart-rending disputes between landlord and tenant which have been the fertile cause of disorder in Ireland? These are questions of the highest importance to the landowner, the agriculturist, and the statesman, and these are questions on which Mr.

Jenkins's report on France gives us a great deal of valuable information.

In the first place, it is bare justice to point out that the French set us an example for frugality and thrift which it would be well for us English to follow. Messrs. Read and Pell are responsible for the allegation that 'more food is wasted in England in a month than would feed the French nation for a day.' But the story which Mr. Jenkins has to tell of rural life in France is almost as pure an idyll as Longfellow painted of rural life in Acadie.

'A young couple begin by keeping a few rabbits, the wife looks after them, and soon the young progeny are sold. Then they manage to buy a goat or two, and eventually they buy a cow, no matter how small it may be, and the cheaper the better. They then hire a little bit of pasture, and, by dint of continually scraping together the savings, at the end of thirty years' married life the frugal couple may have saved from 400*l.* to 600*l.*, with which they have doubtless bought their cottage and a piece of land. By this time, or even before, the married couple have a son grown up; his earnings as a labourer make the circumstances of the family easier. Eventually the old father hires more land and becomes a peasant farmer, or, with the aid of mortgages, he buys his farm and becomes a peasant proprietor.'

This picture is very pleasing. But it proves after all nothing but the wisdom of thrift and the advantages of frugality. Even thrift, however, is not universal in France.

'In the environs of Rethel both the labourers and the farmers are said to go into the town, and to spend both time and money in the cafés, and they so impoverish themselves that they are unable to stand the brunt of bad seasons.'

It is clear, therefore, that intemperance and improvidence exist in France just as they exist in England, and that in both countries they are attended with the same consequences. The utmost that it is possible to say is that, while frugality in France is the rule, in England it is the exception; that frugality in France is promoted by the circumstance that the peasant is usually the owner of the land which he cultivates, and that he draws, in consequence, a direct benefit from the labour which he devotes to it.

This point, however, is capable of further illustration. We have already criticised Mr. Jenkins's statement that there are 8,000,000 landed proprietors in France. Mr. Sutherland is responsible for the more moderate allegation that there are nearly 4,000,000 (3,977,781) exploitations or farms. Nearly three-fourths of these farms (2,826,788 properties) are cultivated by their owners; and the average area of each of these

farms is only fifteen acres. Mr. Mill himself could not have desired a more comprehensive experiment of a peasant proprietary. And what is the condition of the peasant? Here is Mr. Sutherland's testimony:—

'The peasant proprietor exists rather than lives. He has no pride in keeping himself or his cottage clean and presentable. His food chiefly consists of bread made from buckwheat or rye, although wheaten bread is coming into more general use. He very rarely tastes meat except in the shape of pork. His drink, if in a wine country, is made from water poured over the already pressed grapes from which the juice has been extracted and sold. The expenses of existing are thus reduced to a minimum.'

Is it possible to doubt from such a description as this that even thrift may be purchased at too high a cost? And thrift in France does not seem to produce the results which most sensible people desire. The peasant, according to Mr. Sutherland, is to be found at work literally from light to dark; his wife becomes 'prematurely old from field labour.' Yet, if the woman is bent double with toil, the man is bowed down with debt and with care. Mr. Jenkins quotes Mr. Richardson's work on the corn and cattle districts of France as his authority for the statement that the peasant properties are, in the aggregate, mortgaged for '480,000,000*l.* sterling, which is one-sixth of the estimated value of the land, borrowed at a high rate of interest, as much, including costs, as 7 per cent., calling for a yearly payment, mostly from the smallest owners, 'of 34,000,000*l.*' Encumbrances on property are undoubtedly a great evil; and the example of France decisively proves that peasant proprietors, as well as territorial magnates with entailed estates, are in the habit of charging their land.

Although, then, the creation of a peasant proprietary probably promotes thrift, the thrifty peasant is unable to free himself from debt, and is made prematurely old by the constant toil which his position imposes upon him. It will perhaps be thought that the incessant labour of the French peasant is turning France into a garden. The contrary seems to be the case. While in England an acre of good land produces upwards of twenty bushels of wheat, an acre of good land in France produces sixteen to eighteen bushels. Acre for acre, the incessant labour of the peasant proprietor does not extract from the soil so much food as the less protracted toil of the English labourer. The long hours through which the Frenchman works, perhaps detract from the efficiency of his labour. It was, we recollect, the opinion of the late Mr. Brassey that a certain amount of labour commanded the same price all over

the world ; and that, where labour was nominally cheap, it was really inefficient. Mr. Sutherland seems to have come to the same conclusion : ‘ Whilst the Frenchman works longer hours ‘ than the Englishman, it is questionable whether he gets through ‘ the same amount of work in a day.’

A peasant proprietary, then, in France, has not produced the Utopia of an unembarrassed people, or the riches arising from productive farming. A peasant proprietary, it may be thought, must have at any rate relieved France from the heart-rending disputes between landlord and tenant which have led to disorder and outrage in Ireland. Since three out of every four occupiers in France are farming their own land, there does not seem to be any room for any serious controversy between landlord and tenant. Our readers will, we imagine, be surprised to ascertain that France, like Ireland, has its agrarian associations which enforce their laws by outrages and boycotting. The unwritten law of the French land league is the *droit de marché* ; it has extended to Belgium under the name of the *mauvais gré*. The *droit de marché* spread originally from Picardy over Artois, Flanders, Champagne, and the Isle of France.

‘ At the present time it is practically restricted to three communes near Peronne. Under its régime, if a landowner let a farm or a piece of land to a tenant . . . the tenant considered himself made co-proprietor in the land or the farm as the case might be. The only clause in the lease to which he paid any serious attention was that concerning the payment of rent ; everything else was a dead letter. The tenant claimed the right to sublet his farm, to bequeath it, to give away or sell the right to its occupation, and so forth. At the expiration of the lease the landlord might let the farm, according to his legal right, to another person, but what would be the consequence ? The old tenant would . . . walk into a cabaret and pronounce *ces mots sacramentaux* : “ Je n’ai jamais fait d’affront à personne ; j’espère bien que personne ne m’en fera.” This statement had the force of a sentence passed by a judge in his own favour. No person in the locality would become tenant of the land thus vacated. So far as they were concerned, the land was, to use modern language, boycotted. If a farmer from a distance became the tenant, he was subjected to outrages. . . . A proprietor of 200 acres, not having come to an agreement with his tenants for the renewal of their leases, consolidated the whole into one farm . . . and let it to a Belgian farmer. In four consecutive years immediately after harvest the farm buildings and the crops were burnt to the ground. . . . Of ordinary incendiary fires a large group might be gathered from the records, but evidence was very rarely forthcoming to ensure the conviction of the culprit. Among murders I may mention that a priest was shot at his own church door, and no witness to the crime could be made to give evidence ; on another occasion a man was

shot dead during mass in the church itself, and although more than two hundred people were present, every one swore that he or she did not see who committed the deed.'

Deeds, which we had thought before had been confined to Ireland, were met by laws which we had imagined had been reserved chiefly for the Irish of the eighteenth century. 'Rien ne nous dit,' wrote M. Sandbreuil in 1867, in a passage which is quoted by Mr. Jenkins—

'Rien ne nous dit que les peines édictées par le droit romain ne sont pas venues à bout de l'obstination des fermiers et n'ont pas conjuré leurs mauvais desseins. Mais nous savons que Louis XIV y a échoué en Picardie, malgré un arsenal de lois vingt fois plus meurtrières et une procédure à porter l'effroi dans le cœur des plus intrépides, et qu'aujourd'hui la justice et les lois y sont encore tenues la plupart du temps en échec.'

Yet, if severe laws have no power, other remedies are fortunately more efficacious. We will again cite M. Sandbreuil:—

'J'ajouterai seulement une observation qui m'est suggérée par l'examen de la carte elle-même. Il est remarquable que les cantons les plus rapprochés des lignes de fer, Albert et Bray, Nesle et Ham, sont ceux où le droit de marché est le plus entamé. J'en tire une induction consolante: c'est que parmi les causes auxquelles on rapporte la disparition de ce préjugé, la civilisation elle-même n'est pas la moins efficace.'

We have cited this opinion because it may afford encouragement to some persons who regard the state of Ireland with despair. Civilisation, which is checking outrage in France, may, we hope, prove ultimately of equal efficacy in Ireland. It is more important, for our present purpose, to note that the subdivision of land in France and the creation of peasant properties has not promoted prosperity, has not tended to make the soil more productive, and has not even prevented heart-rending disputes between the owners and the occupiers of the land. The subdivision of estates and even the creation of a peasant proprietary, however desirable for political reasons, are not likely to prevent the recurrence of such periods of depression as those through which British agriculture has just passed.

What then can the Legislature do? We have already indicated the one point with which, we believe, it may deal with advantage. It may give greater security to the tenant; it can, we believe, do little else. The Commissioners, indeed, have made several suggestions. Some of them, such as the extension of dairy farming or of market gardening, are well worth the consideration of landowners. Others of them, such

as the conversion of tithe into a fixed payment, or the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture, may or may not be desirable in themselves, but they can have no effect on tenant-farmers. On other points, again, the Commissioners speak with so uncertain a voice that we fail to comprehend their meaning. When they tell us that 'rents should be so fixed ' by voluntary agreement as to enable farmers to meet the ' difficulties of their position,' or that farmers complain that they have to pay for education which deprives them of the labour of boys, or that 'the law should be so amended as to ' provide a cheap and speedy means of securing ' equal railway rates with the formidable proviso that railway companies should not be ' debarred by legislative enactment from offering special terms for through traffic from abroad,' we cannot help fancying that some members of the Commission desired to fix rents by some other machinery than voluntary agreement, to restrict the education of children in rural districts, and to prohibit special railway rates for foreign food; but that the majority of the Commissioners in each case struck out the recommendation and omitted to erase the argument. On one other proposal, however, the Commissioners speak with a more certain sound. They desire to throw the cost of the indoor poor either on the Consolidated Fund, or on a rate or taxes equitably adjusted according to means and substance—in other words, upon personal as well as real property. They propose also that a certain proportion of the local taxes should be assigned to the local authorities in aid of local expenditure. As these two recommendations are the only serious proposals which the Commissioners have made for the relief of agricultural distress, we wish, in the little space that is left to us, to examine them with some care.

We have, however, at the outset some little difficulty in discovering what the Commissioners mean by local taxes. If they refer to the house tax, the change will have more effect in urban than rural districts; if they allude to the licenses for dogs, carriages, and game, we imagine that the bulk of these licenses are taken out in large towns, and that the towns again will receive the chief share of relief. We doubt, therefore, whether the surrender of local taxes to local authorities would afford much assistance to rural ratepayers. But assuming that it would relieve the local rates, we doubt still more whether it would assist the farmers. On this point, however, our views are equally applicable to the Commissioners' other proposal that the cost of the indoor poor should be transferred to the Consolidated Fund, or borne by personal as well as real property;

and we therefore propose to consider the two recommendations together.

In doing so, we must in the first instance remind the Commissioners of the cause and object of their appointment. They were deputed to enquire 'into the depressed condition of the ' agricultural interest, and the causes to which it is owing.' They were instructed to ascertain ' whether these causes are of ' a permanent character and how far they have been created or ' can be remedied by legislation.' They had no right, therefore, to enter into questions of general policy, or to make any recommendations except those which affected agriculture. They were bound, indeed, to consider whether the incidence of local taxation had created agricultural distress, and, if so, whether the alleviation of local burdens would be likely to relieve it. But these questions could not be answered without a right appreciation of the incidence of rates; and there is nothing in the Commissioners' Report to show that they have paid even a slight attention to this portion of the subject.

Rates, we may tell the Commissioners, fall ultimately not on the farmer but on the landlord. The rent which is paid for the land is dependent, among other things, on the rates. If two farms, of equal value in other respects, were situated in adjoining parishes, and the rates in one parish were 25*l.* higher than the other, the landlord in the lightly rated parish would obtain 25*l.* more rent than the landlord in the highly rated parish. If, in both cases, a portion of the local burdens, representing 10*l.* of local taxation, were transferred to the Consolidated Fund, the landlord in each case would be able to increase his rent by 10*l.* It follows that any reduction of rates would increase the rent of the landlords, and would not affect the profit of the tenant-farmers.

The Commissioners, indeed, make the suggestion that ' with- ' out disturbing existing contracts of tenancy, all rates should ' in future be borne equally by owners and occupiers.' But this suggestion, excellent as far as it goes, will not affect the general question. It will no doubt ensure, when rates are raised during the continuance of a lease, that one moiety of the increase shall be borne by the landlord. But it will do no more. When a new lease is granted, the incidence of the rate will be taken into consideration in fixing the rent, and the farmer will, to all intents and purposes, gain nothing from the change.

If, then, any portion of the local burdens are to be transferred to the Consolidated Fund, let us at least realise the result of the alteration. It will do a good deal for the landlords; it will do nothing for the tenant-farmers. It may be desirable for the

Legislature to grant a boon of some millions a year to the owners of real property, but let us at least avoid the delusion that it will promote agricultural prosperity by doing so.

Is there, however, anything in the circumstances of the landed interest which would entitle the landowners of the kingdom to such relief? No doubt the recent agricultural depression has reduced and is reducing both their rent rolls and the value of their property. But the mere depression of an interest cannot justify relief from local burdens, and some other ground must be found on which to base the proposal for exemption. The Commissioners find such a ground in an old Act of Elizabeth, and a report, more than thirty years old, of a Committee of the Lords. In 1850 a Select Committee of the Upper House declared that 'the relief of the poor is a national object to which every description of property ought justly to be compelled to contribute, and the Act 43 Eliz. c. 2 *contemplates such contribution according to the ability of every inhabitant.*'

It is not for the first time that we have met with this argument. It may be worth while, therefore, to devote a few lines to its examination. We believe that the Commissioners are right in saying that the Act of Elizabeth intended that all property, and not realty alone, should contribute to the relief of the poor; and we will not lay much stress on the apparent answer, that in Elizabeth's reign personal property in its modern sense could hardly be said to exist. We are quite satisfied to rest on the usage of three centuries. An undisturbed possession of twenty years is held, and rightly held, to give the landowner a title to his land. The payment of poor rates for three hundred years ought equally to prove that the land and the land only is liable to the burden. If prescription is good in one case, it must be good in the other. We venture to say that nine landlords out of every ten have not so good a title to their estates as the title which the general public has to throw the cost of the poor rate on land.

Whatever reasons, then, there may be for relieving real property from some of the burdens of local taxation, the intentions of the Parliament of Elizabeth's reign cannot be included among them. We should ourselves be disposed to rest the claim not on the incidence of the poor rate, but on the addition of late years of new burdens. The majority of these, however, fall rather on urban than on rural districts, and the reform of local taxation is, we imagine, more likely to be beneficial to the urban than the rural ratepayer. Of one thing the public may be assured. If all the rates were

abolished to-morrow, the relief would swell the rent of the landlords, and not the profits of the tenant farmers, and the latter would derive no lasting benefit from the change.

What, then, have the agriculturists to hope? We believe, in the words of the Committee of 1833, that they have more to expect from the cautious forbearance than from the active interposition of Parliament, and that the true remedy for existing depression must be sought rather from their landlords than from the Legislature. If the landowners have the good sense to see that the day for restrictive covenants is past, if the Legislature insist on adequate compensation being secured in every case to the tenant for the improvement which he effects, the issue must be left to the tenant farmer. Free him from the shackles with which his exertions are now fettered, encourage him to turn the land which he occupies to the most profitable use, and we have faith that the British farmer will win the supremacy which his countrymen in every other walk of life have gained. But, if he is to regain his old position, he must be freed from the tutelage of land agents and allowed to stand alone. He must be discouraged from looking to the Legislature for aid which will never come, and taught to trust to his own exertions. It is not the virgin soil of America, but the active ingenuity of the Americans, which is ruining the British farmer. Brain as well as muscle, thought as well as labour, are required for the restoration of British agriculture.

- ART. VI.—1. *Die Werke italienischer Meister in den Gallerien von München, Dresden und Berlin.* Ein kritischer Versuch von IVAN LERMOLLIEFF, aus dem Russischen übersetzt von Dr. JOH. SCHWARZE. Leipzig: 1880.
2. *The Works of Raphael Santi da Urbino, as represented in the Raphael Collection in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, formed by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, 1853–1861, and completed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, 1876.*
3. *Raphael, his Life and Works, with particular Reference to recently discovered Records.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. Vol. i. London: 1882.
4. *Raphael, his Life, Works, and Times.* From the French of EUGÈNE MÜNTZ. Illustrated with 154 Engravings in the Text, and 43 Full-page Plates. Edited by WALTER ARMSTRONG. Oxon: 1882.
5. *I Maestri di Raffaello.* MARCO MINGHETTI. Roma: 1881.

THE deep significance of Art to the human race in her two general forms of sound and representation is a fact which, however obvious, can never be trite. The gift of speech to man in his intercourse with his fellow-creatures is one which he can misuse as he pleases. Accordingly that perversion ensues that the fountain sends forth waters both bitter and sweet. But what we call ‘Art,’ whether presented to us in mute form and colour, or heard in cunning arrangements of the musical scale, was bestowed on man with an absolute incapacity for the expression of evil. Only when basely linked by him with meanings of his own, foreign to her nature—uttered through rather than by her—can her inherent innocence suffer wrong. Worthily used, she supplies a neutral haven, separate and undefiled, in which man rests and works, harmless and happy; fulfilling that vocation which belongs to no other intelligence. For ‘die Kunst, O Mensch, hast du allein.’

The eminence to which the art of painting attained in that period of social corruption which, taken all in all, has no parallel in modern Christian history—the period of the Italian Renaissance—was a crucial test of its inherent purity. The mere delineation of Nature’s innocent beauties—the sacred sphere of the landscape painter—was not demanded at the hand of the Italian painter. His subjects, with one Divine exception, were exclusively the human race, and in these he

was hemmed in with a cordon of strict prescription. The Babe, the Woman, and the Saint were almost exclusively his allotted sphere—the sweetest, holiest, and grandest expression of each his appointed task. That he laboured in the service of religion—so called—was, in the sense of art, with rare exceptions, nothing to him. Art is the inheritance of the natural man. He may be, and of course ought to be, the religious man also; but while the fact remains indisputable that the impure mythology of the pagan era allied to itself the noblest creations of art that the world has known, it is fruitless to insist on any direct connexion, in the sense of cause and effect, between the splendour of the work and the purity of the faith. Still, the idea that art and religion have in some way a direct connexion is so pleasing, and therefore so prevalent, that we venture to subject the question to a slight analysis. In this, as in many general ideas, there is apt to be confusion. We assume that what is meant is this; that a sense of religion inspires the artist in his work, which in turn excites the same sense in the spectator; this emotion in the one being the consequence of the same prior and stronger emotion in the other. It is true that few will look on a directly religious subject without feelings of solemnity; but beyond this we demur, for it is not equally true that the artist himself experienced those feelings. His business, whether he felt them or not, was to pourtray them. The action, for instance, of intense adoration in St. Peter, in the cartoon of the ‘Miraculous Draught of Fishes’—one of the most affecting actions we know—can hardly fail to reach the religious sense of the spectator; but, as regards the inspiring principle of the artist, he simply needed to know the appropriate expression of intense faith in St. Peter, as he needed to know the appropriate expression of sudden blindness in the other cartoon, of ‘Elymas the Sorcerer.’ In both, Raphael was but like an actor, giving the proper dramatic action of the one and of the other. We do not admit with Diderot that the more an actor feels his part the worse he is liable to perform it. But certainly he is not bound, as any acquaintance with good actors will convince us, to feel it deeply in order to act it finely. It is enough that he knows how to make us feel what he represents. The actor’s conception of his part, and the painter’s conception of his subject, may be placed, without disrespect to either, much on the same level, but the test of the genius of both is the fulness and suitableness of that conception. True religion may be infused into the lowest as well as into the loftiest occupations of life, viz. the religion of Duty, by which a man doeth whatever his

hand findeth to do with all his might. But this religion does not apply more to the artist than to the shoemaker. Both alike may have the most pious motives, and both even invoke the highest help in their allotted task, but here the analogy ceases. In the nature of things, a sense of duty will suffice to make a good shoemaker, but it will not make a good artist; and for this simple reason, that the conditions as to the excellence to be attained are unequal. 'Godliness,' we are told, 'is profitable for all things.' To this rule there are no rational limits. Still, we must hesitate before admitting it as an inspiring power in art (for, if in art at all, then it must be an inspiring power in every branch of art—landscape, animals, architecture, &c.—which reduces the argument *ad absurdum*)—and this again for the simple reason that the conditions are not equal, godliness, with God's help, being possible for all men, but art for comparatively few. The one is a grace; the other, a gift.

In truth, the more we look into that mystic sphere of feeling and imagination which constitutes the domain of the artist, the more we are convinced how impossible it is to lay down any positive principle of cause and effect between religion and art. Himself often a wayward, poetic, nervous being, whose habitual residence is in the clouds, the artist would find it difficult to explain, in terms intelligible to others, the processes even of his own mind or hand—how he works, and what, and why he feels—far more what are the laws which govern the minds of all artists. But we venture to think that he would readily endorse some such formula of the creed of his profession as the following; namely, that, as fire is kindled by fire, faith by faith, and love by love, so, by the same law, the artist's genuine source of inspiration is his art, his highest rewards again his art, and whatever materials best lend themselves to the expression of beauty in whatever form he may feel it—whether drawn from religion or superstition, from truth or legend—these are his lawful materials. Never did the art of painting revel more freely than in the service of a sensuous worship and a gorgeous ritual—that of the Church of Rome. Still, it must not be forgotten that the better part of what we admire in the artists of the Italian Renaissance was derived not from the pomp of that Church, but from her Christianity. It was Christianity which alone admitted those forms and that variety of expression which were unknown to the Greek mind. The representation of the purely Christian feelings of adoration, compassion, humility, and repentance, forms the strength of the art which served the Church of Rome;

while the instincts of the artist himself cherished those principles, transmitted from the antique, which glorified beauty and repudiated the horrible. Italian art had all things in her favour. The country produced the finest types in man and nature; the Church supplied the demand for a popular trade; and God sent such artists as have not been since. On the other hand, no further proof is needed that art is dependent neither upon the truths of religion, nor upon right standards of social and political morality, nor upon the sincerity and harmony of men and things around her—for she never flourished more gloriously than when all these conditions were reversed. The Cinque-cento had its moral baseness as well as its glory, and a baseness far greater than its glory. All was cruel and selfish in government, artificial and insincere in manners, gross in passions, and false in sentiment. The language of Dante was exchanged for a bald and pedantic Latin; the worship of Christ for a spurious Platonism; and hired mercenaries replaced the service of native defenders. The country was oppressed and torn by tyrants, bandits, and conspirators. Duplicity was an education, successful treachery an accomplishment. Never were the worst features of human nature so deeply studied and so thoroughly practised. The Italian character of the day lent itself to combinations we most abhor. Certain opposing vices and weaknesses are fatal in their union; the strength of the one enhancing the mischief of the other. You can neither protect nor reform a man whose temptations lie in opposite directions. The statesman, at once obstinate and vacillating, ruins his party; the merchant, at once rash and secret, ruins his family; but the man who at once plots and dissimulates ruins not only his neighbour, but his country—and this last was the typical Italian of the fairest times of art.

But while the creations of art sprang into existence uninjured by the moral atmosphere surrounding them, the artist in his life and reputation commanded no such immunity. Even if worthy or harmless himself, he was sure to be unworthily depicted by his biographers. The works of the day are farragos of flattery and pedantry; the one as little complimentary to men of sense and genius as the other. Vasari, in one respect, was an exception. An artist himself, however inferior, he knew something of art—its difficulties and its merits—which no other writer did. Otherwise he was as vain, puerile, and mendacious as his age. True connoisseurship there was none, nor could there be, for connoisseurship only follows art as criticism literature, but at a far greater distance.

It may be said that only now are the highest qualities of Italian art being appreciated, and the authors of certain works identified. Painters we most admire now—the choicest masters of the Venetian, Bolognese, and Paduan schools, as well as the giants of the Florentine Quattrocentisti—were passed unnoticed by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Italian tour. By the same rule the emissaries of Napoleon confiscated no Bellini or Francia, no Ghirlandajo or Botticelli, and though a fine Mantegna and an exquisite Fra Angelico were among the spoils of the conqueror, the trustees of the Louvre banished the one to the provinces and relegated the other to the ‘garde-meuble.’ They would have done the same by Raphael but for his name. The place that name has held unvarying for nearly four centuries is perhaps the highest tribute that genius in any form has realised. The art of Raphael, like that of the Greeks, occupies a throne above the comprehension of the multitude, and therefore one never disputed. There are reputations, thank God,—whether in art, letters, or virtue—of such unassailable standing as to pass unchallenged. Of such is Raphael’s. It is true his birth and origin have been sneered at as that of a humble Urbinese potter by an early writer,* and a modern author has criticised on the prosiest grounds the appropriateness of his Madonnas;† but the true rank of his art has remained unquestioned, and his commentators and admirers have given birth to a goodly library. Still, this is a form of homage which may be read two opposite ways. No lower a title than that of ‘Il Divino’ was thought good enough for Raphael after his death, and it is still in use with his Italian rhetorical panegyrists; but we must remember that the same title was, and is still, applied to the painter Morales, one of the horrors of the Spanish school. It may be accepted that the taste of the multitude is always secondhand. From the period of Italian art to that of Goldsmith, and from Goldsmith to now, the idle, the ignorant, and the fashionable have prattled of art and will ever continue to do so. They enter into the lists on the plea chiefly of knowing what pleases themselves, but really on the strength of repeating what other people say. Society, in the season of exhibitions, is one great chorus of repetition. Praise Gustave Doré’s ‘Christ Descending the Prætorium,’ and they are sure to place him above Paul Veronese and Rubens; criticise him, and they have not a word to say in his defence. Now, though

* Felsina Pittrice.

† ‘Modern Painters,’ by John Ruskin, M.A., vol. iii. p. 53.

no one would have the courage to criticise Raphael, very few in their hearts, if the truth were told, really admire him, or comprehend why he is admired. It would be very strange if they did, for Raphael's pure and unsensational art is the last to attract the common eye. A definition of the character of his art, given by a well-known connoisseur, was simply 'its excellence;' a definition, however true, no less difficult for most to understand than the great master himself.

A beautiful work, printed by her Majesty's command for the Royal Library at Windsor, and which owes its origin to the practical intelligence of the lamented Prince Consort, presents a number of facts which, like all statistics, lead to curious conclusions. The fine collection of drawings by the old masters in Windsor Castle—above fifteen hundred in number, including many by Raphael—attracted the attention of a mind indifferent to no form of culture. It occurred to the Prince that these collections might be made much more generally useful for study and reference. His Royal Highness was the master of *system*. However complicated a subject, it soon assumed order and arrangement in his mind. He began by collecting every variety of representation by which the art of Raphael has been known to the public from the earliest times until now. Engravings, etchings, mezzotints, lithographs, photographs, &c., whether of his authentic works or of their copies; whether of works known to be his or only ascribed to him; whether taken from pictures, frescoes, drawings, sculpture; including studies if even only of single heads, hands, or feet. In each case the leading facts are added: the date of the work given, for whom executed, in whose actual possession, its size, &c.. So numerous are these various versions of the great master as to fill—arranged under numerous categories, Historical, Scriptural, Holy Families, Madonnas, &c.—a large and closely printed quarto volume. Thus presented they furnish at a glance a comparative view of the popularity of certain subjects, which sometimes takes us by surprise. We find, for instance, no less than ninety-eight different versions of the 'Transfiguration,' one of Raphael's least interesting works; and no more than twelve of the 'Madonna di S. Sisto,' which Signor Morelli, whom we shall mention further on, and most of our readers will agree with him, pronounces to be the most beautiful picture in the world. In this one instance, among many, may be traced something of what we have called the secondhand taste of the multitude. Nor is it unfair to ascribe the popularity of the subject of the 'Transfiguration' to circumstances connected with the picture itself. As the last

work by the painter, and exhibited for the first time over his dead body, it naturally acquired an interest, adventitious it is true, but greater than that of any of his previous productions. Occupying also, with the exception of its removal to Paris, always the same place in the Vatican, it has been more easily accessible and therefore better known than the 'Sistine Madonna,' which, till its transfer to Dresden, had been buried in a convent church at Piacenza. Thus it was natural that the demand for its representation should have been determined less by its inherent merits than by the greater number of voices which swelled the echo of its praises.

The catalogues of past days show how little the art of the connoisseur had been studied. Great masters were like the modern German *noblesse*, they gave their titles alike to all their branches. All were called roses, when in truth they were only '*rosaceæ*.' Leonardo da Vinci stood godfather for the whole Lombard school; Titian and Giorgione for most of the Venetian school, and for many of the North Italian masters. Connoisseurship consisted mainly in knowing what Vasari and Lomazzo had written. But the schoolmaster is abroad now. There is not much to be expected from historical materials, though scraps of information are still being found in documents, letters, &c., which rectify such things as dates and places; otherwise the chief source of rectification must be gathered from internal evidence. Pictures are allowed now to speak for themselves, and to those who understand their language they have much to say, however more or less difficult to interpret. 'L'art de deviner l'auteur d'un tableau en reconnoissant la main du maître est le plus fautif de tous les arts.'*

Connoisseurship is a strictly modern science, requiring the exercise of the closest observation and subtlest analysis. The connoisseur must be endowed with no common qualities. He must possess the impartiality of a judge, the ardour of a zealot, and the patience of a saint. His decisions depend solely upon evidence, but that evidence is of a nature very laborious to collect. Connoisseurship is not a matter of the highest taste, though that is far from being banished from the court, but of the closest comparison. All knowledge of art is formed by comparison. The best connoisseur is he who compares on the largest scale and with the narrowest nicety. The judges of art belong to two ranks—the one who has got so far as to say 'this picture is by Perugino' (one of the easiest

* L'Abbé du Bos, '*Riflessioni critiche sopra la Poesia e la Pittura*,' tom. ii. p. 384.

of masters to identify); the other who can point out why he knows it to be by Perugino.

The people who have in present times most devoted themselves to the study of art are the Germans; the German universities can alone boast chairs for its history. To the Germans therefore belongs the merit of introducing sound criticism into the domain of art as well as into that of history. Winckelmann for antique sculpture, Rumohr for Italian art, led the way at the beginning of this century. Passavant, between the years 1838 and 1859, brought out a work on Raphael of such thoroughness and patience as seemingly to exhaust the subject; and now, at length, after long delay, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle announce the completion of the first volume of their work on Raphael. Meanwhile other investigators of Raphael's life and art have come into the field, and the last two years have witnessed the publication of a number of fresh works. Richard Förster has devoted himself to the examination of the Farnesina; * Hettner suggests a new key to the Vatican frescoes; † Schmarzow investigates the part supposed to be taken by Raphael in the frescoes by Pinturicchio at Siena; ‡ Müntz presents the French public with a splendidly illustrated biography of the painter; § and lastly, a remarkable Russian work || has lately appeared under the garb of a German translation, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all its rivals. Fortunately for his readers, this mysterious 'Ivan 'Lermolliëff' is more to be trusted for the veracity of his conclusions than for that of his own identity. Though neither Russian nor German, we may not precisely call him a wolf in sheep's clothing, for the disguise covers a generous animal who hurts no one, shows neither teeth nor claws, but deals out sure and vigorous strokes with a great, magnanimous paw, from the fiats of which there seems to be no appeal. Of course the secret could but escape, that under this Muscovite 'alias'—an anagram of his own name with a Russian tail to it, and in the garb of a faultless German style—we have here the work of Il Senatore Giovanni Morelli, an Italian gentleman well known in England; one of the most gifted repre-

* 'Farnesina Studien. Ein Beitrag zur Frage nach dem Verhältniss der Renaissance zur Antike.' 1880.

† 'Italienische Studien zur Geschichte der Renaissance.' 1879.

‡ 'Raphael und Pinturicchio in Siena. Eine kritische Studie.' 1880.

§ 'Raphael, sa Vie, son Œuvre et son Temps.' 1881.

|| 'Die Werke italienischer Meister in den Gallerien von München, Dresden, und Berlin.' 1880.

sentatives of political as well as pictorial science—certainly the most widely accomplished man—in the modern Italian nation. The object of this mystification may be summed up in Signor Morelli's enjoyment of that form of mirth for which we English alone possess an expressive monosyllable. This is carried on with Italian geniality, the more refreshing after the Dryasdust plodding of good Director Passavant, and the newly invented language in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle disguise their copious and valuable contributions. By these means a work, which has electrified the connoisseur world and immediately taken its place as indisputable authority, not only on points which concern Raphael but on general questions of Italian art, is rendered one of the most amusing of the modern curiosities of literature. Let us now turn to the great painter himself.

Raphael Santi was born on Good Friday, March 28, 1483, at Urbino, a small town on the slopes of the Apennines. Few great painters can be named whose fathers have not been artists in some form or degree. Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter, both in tempera and fresco. He scarcely went beyond the conventional arrangements of the day, with quiet figures, and an insipidity, sometimes rising into a sweetness of expression, in which most writers have been anxious to trace the germs which ripened into his son's art.* His qualities, however, are too negative to afford comparison with those of Raphael, though a peculiarity in some of his son's works, even at an advanced period—a flesh-colour with white lights and red half-tints—is often observable in Giovanni's pictures, particularly in the altar-piece of S. Croce, at Fano.† Like Mozart, whose birth, at Salzburg, placed him locally midway between those two countries the musical feeling of which he combined, Raphael derived his being from a part of Italy where the tenderest and the strongest qualities of art stood in close proximity. Fine works by Fra Angelico and Gentile da Fabriano, the one at Forano, near Osimo, the other at Romita,

* More even than by his works the fame of Gio. Santi is literary, and deserved by his chronicle—a MS. poem—preserved in the Vatican Library, and in great part quoted in Passavant's work. This is devoted to the glorification of Duke Frederick of Montefeltro, Lord of Urbino, but its chief interest now consists in what we may call a *catalogue raisonné* of the chief artists of the period, showing a judgment as to their merits which time has more and more confirmed. The historical value of this rhymed chronicle is fully appreciated by Mr. Dennistoun in his excellent 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino.'

† 'Life of Raphael.' 'Literature of the Fine Arts,' p. 209.

in the Val di Sasso, must have been known to him; while painters of an opposite type, Paolo Uccelli and Pietro della Francesca, both visited Urbino, the last-named residing in Giovanni Santi's house. There was much also in the *genus loci* fitted to nurture such a mind as Raphael's. The little town of Urbino is beautifully situated on one of the highest peaks of the Apennines; with the purest air for the lungs; lovely views of wooded heights, with glimpses of the purple Adriatic, and valleys smiling with corn, wine, and oil delighting the eye; and female voices, according to Ivan Lermolieff, of unusual sweetness charming the ear. Here, placed aloft, close to the remains of a humbler residence, is seen the palace of the old Counts of Montefeltro bridging over the space between two peaks. It contained a library of costly manuscripts, including a noted Hebrew Bible, now forming an important feature in the Vatican Library. Another apartment was panelled with pictures, some of which have found place in the National Gallery and in the Berlin Museum; while the communication between this remote Court and that of England is seen in the old *Tarsia*, or inlaid woodwork, where to this day appear the insignia of the Order of the Garter, a distinction conferred on more than one Duke of Urbino.

The nature of the young painter thus surrounded was gentle and gracious. We hear of no strife and contention, or forward self-assertion. The jealousies and animosities with which the lives of other Italian painters teem came not near him. On the contrary, mastered apparently by a spell peculiar to himself, as we shall have occasion to show, artists of distinction his seniors gave way readily before him. The man and the painter in Raphael were peculiarly in harmony with each other, and both again with the laws of natural development. Raphael's art was of that healthy class, in whatever form it may be seen, which passes from youth to maturity fulfilling the conditions of each. The timid and modest pencil of his youth involved no feebleness; the power of his later hand boded no extravagance. 'He possessed those evenly-balanced and exquisite qualities which admit not of the more, and vanish with the less. . . . He stood triumphant, exactly on that eminence which leads downwards, on either hand, to insipidity or exaggeration. His refinement became weakness in some of his followers, his strength coarseness in others.'* Where powers are so universal and equal as in this great man, it is difficult to select a leading quality. Still, there was one

* Kugler's 'Handbook of Italian Art,' part ii. p. 407.

which predominated, and has remained to this day distinctively his own. This was the gift of a most exquisite grace. When a work is termed *Rafaelesque*, it means that it is imbued with a feeling which no other artist has possessed either in such a degree or combined with such masculine concomitants.

The chief sphere of rectification in the history of Raphael lies in his early period. Vasari was very imperfectly informed, and, in some respects, so obviously so that the wonder is that his narrative should have been so long and so unquestioningly copied. Passavant's labours, while doing much to fill up gaps, left many errors. For this a deeper connoisseurship than he could boast was required. Owing probably to the premature deaths of both parents—his mother, *Magia Ciarla*, daughter of an Urbinese tradesman, dying in 1491, and his father in 1494, when their son was respectively eight and eleven years of age—the accounts of his boyhood have been encumbered with legends of his precocity, which pictures have been even fabricated to corroborate; not one of which, it may at once be said, has any pretensions to genuineness.

We have quoted the French saying regarding the difficulty of recognising the author of a picture. In some respects the process would seem simple enough. There is often the signature of the painter himself, with his Latinised name—the pride and delight of the collector; there are fantastic anagrams of all sorts, with which it is easy to become familiar; there is the capricious signature of some artists—in some unfailing, in others occasional—in the form of an animal: the parrot of *Girolamo da Santa Croce*, the monkey of *Ercole Grandi* the Ferrarese, the owl of *Civetta*, the scorpion of *Lucas Cranach*. It is not difficult to be learned thus far, but much more is required to certify whether all this evidence be in itself genuine or forged. As to positive dates, discovered, all time-worn and crumbly, lurking in odd corners, they are calculated to deceive—may we venture to say—even an angel from heaven. It is a nice question, for instance, whether that well-known *M. D. (1500)* on *M. Reiset's 'Palma'* (now in the Duke d'Aumale's possession), with its delicious ancient and mouldy aspect, be genuine or false; though we incline to *Lermolliëff's* shrewd suggestion that the date is too early for the art of the picture itself. Then there is the identity of style between master and scholar, between fellow-scholars of the same master and with the same model; there is the picture we shall speak further of composed by one mind and executed by another hand; and, hardest of all for some to distinguish, there is the difference between the good contemporary copy and the

original ; generally recognised, it may be said, by an execution inferior to the composition.

Thus the connoisseur whose heart is in his profession is bound to pass his life in perpetually scrutinising, weighing, questioning, and, not least, suspecting. Nor need we wonder. Every picture is in some sense a riddle, many pictures in some degree a plot. The paths of connoisseurship are full of traps for the unwary and of pitfalls for the conceited ; while the annals of unlearned and unwary collectors are simply tragic. If a work of art be honest, the signs of authorship, locality, and date are written all over it, back as well as front. The panel of certain groups of artists was of a particular kind of wood ; the canvas of others of a particular kind of woof. A Hebrew inscription on the throne of the Madonna tells a Ferrarese painter. An artist will be known by his pigment as well as by his brush, and, if he changes it, that in turn becomes a date. The very cracks—what Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are pleased to call ‘a peculiar form of crackle’—are signs of a man or a school.

We thus approach that minuteness of observation of which this curious work exemplifies the, as yet, most perfect example. Lermoliev claims to have first proceeded on that ‘experimental system’ formulated by all observers of nature, from the time of Galileo and Bacon, of Volta and Darwin. As a new plant to a botanist, so each new picture to the connoisseur ; every part demanding scrutiny, as indicative of the particular genera or the individual hand. Not that the analogy can be complete, for the works of God come before us in undisturbed normal conditions, whereas hardly an old picture can be found in the same state in which it issued from the hand of the master. In the last century new paint was laid on ; in this, old paint is taken off. In such changes and effacements all evidence becomes much confused. At best the safest test of an artist’s individuality is to be sought in that which all painters have studied alike, and all treated differently, viz. in the details of the human form. Every artist has his individual mode of treating a mouth, an ear, a hand. There is the upper lip of Cima de Conegliano, by which he may be recognised ; the lower lip in Lorenzo di Credi ; and the thumb of Gio. Bellini. The ear of Mantegna is long and bony, that of Raphael round and fleshy, and set deep in the cheek. The ugly round finger-nails of Basaiti distinguish his early pictures. In Raphael’s youthful works the hand is thick and clumsy, as we see in the ‘Vision of a Knight’ in the National Gallery ; and such instances might be inde-

finitely multiplied. It is impossible, as Lermolliëff says, to determine the authorship of a picture by subjective impressions, dependent alone on the taste or fancy of the spectator; there must be also positive facts, discernible by every eye, to which appeal can be made. It is true some of Signor Morelli's German critics have made merry, in their way, at this new mode of identifying a master; but this will not, we may prophesy, deter future students from following his example. It is simply a question of who can see most and best. For where the eye is launched upon a sea of endless likeness and difference, such as is presented by the various schools of Italy, the art of seeing had needs be almost as closely cultivated as that of painting.

Signor Morelli, or rather Ivan Lermolliëff, for this *sobriquet* is already adopted by his brother critics, has made it his business to clear up the discrepancies and false statements in Vasari's account of the youthful Raphael. For this purpose he has patiently pushed his exploring bark up certain small streams of evidence not hitherto navigated. His object has been to trace the source of that religio-ascetic character which is embodied in the longing, yearning expression common to all the works of Perugino, and seen in utmost beauty in the early works of Raphael. He has accordingly looked closely into that group of Transapennine painters which arose in Gubbio, S. Severino, Fabriano, and later in Foligno and Perugia; and has convinced himself that this expression occurs only in the schools of Foligno and Perugia; that it first dawned in the works of Niccolò Alunno (da Foligno), and, spreading to Perugia, became the leading characteristic by which that school, generally known as the Umbrian school, is distinguished from other art centres in Italy. Whence Niccolò Alunno derived it is the next question. It has been easy to point to the glorious Franciscan church at Assisi, with its wealth of frescoes, as naturally influencing the art of the neighbouring country. But these frescoes, which proceeded exclusively from the school of Giotto, unmixed with the slightest local feeling—for no sign of art-life had stirred there at that period—show no trace whatever of that peculiar sentiment which we have learned to call Peruginesque. Leaving, therefore, all paths of mere conjecture, we follow Ivan in a careful unravelling of those contiguous but interlaced threads by which particular phases of feeling in art were communicated or inherited from school to school, and from man to man. Certain appearances in art are like peculiar features in a family. They sometimes skip a generation, and show themselves in the grandson.

Benozzo Gozzoli, the pupil of Fra Angelico, and the well-known completer of his master's works in the cathedral of Orvieto, is known to have laboured both in the neighbouring little town of Montefalco and in Perugia itself. Various indications in early wall-paintings by Niccolò in the Cappella della Cancellata, close to Montefalco, show such distinct evidence of the influence of Benozzo, that—all dates concurring—Ivan has no hesitation in declaring Niccolò to have been his pupil, and thus allied through the second generation to the first developer of religious expression, Fra Angelico.

Again, another painter is found in Perugia, by name Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, of similar tendency in sentiment as Niccolò Alunno. His pictures, chiefly seen in the gallery at Perugia, bear also the evidence of Benozzo Gozzoli's vicinity; so that the same source for the same expression may be assigned to him. Fiorenzo di Lorenzo was the first master of Bernardino Betti, called Pinturicchio (or Pintoricchio, the little painter), a Perugian by birth. Between the works of Fiorenzo and the earlier examples of Pinturicchio there is all the likeness naturally found between master and scholar. But here we come into contact with Perugino, for, on the return of that master from Florence in 1470, Pinturicchio became his pupil, and soon so thoroughly adopted his manner, as at one time to lead to mistakes between their respective works. Raphael now enters on the scene.

The account given by Vasari informs us that the young boy was brought to Perugino by his father, who entrusted him in person to the teaching of that painter. And, not content with thus proving the tender age at which Raphael commenced his labours, he tries to heighten the effect, and dwells upon the bitter tears which this parting from her boy, who at her death was only eight years old, cost his mother. Subsequent writers accordingly, perceiving the improbability of this arrangement, have endeavoured to compromise the matter by admitting that the father did not place him with Perugino, but, nevertheless, that the son entered the school of that painter in 1495, namely, when he was twelve. The answer to all this is found in the history of Perugino himself, which proves that between the year 1493 and 1498 that master was only resident in Perugia for short periods. In 1494 he was painting in Cremona; in the same year he was in Venice; in 1496 he was again long in Venice; in the autumn of the same year he was in Florence, inhabiting a house of his own; in 1497 he must have resided some time in Fano; and in 1498 he was again in Florence. But towards

the end of 1499 and beginning of 1500, Perugino was in Perugia, where he completed his large signed and dated picture for the church at Vallombrosa. According to a document reported to have been lately discovered at Perugia, but not seen and therefore not confirmed by Lermolliëff, Raphael is stated to have been entered as an assistant in Perugino's studio towards the end of 1499; and this is a surmise at which Rumohr, the most intelligent connoisseur of the beginning of this century, also arrived. By that time Raphael was past sixteen, an age at which the great Italian painters had usually conquered the first difficulties of art. It remains, therefore, to be inquired where his first 'prentice years were passed.

And here another painter joins the story. It is known by various documents that between Raphael and Timoteo Viti, a native of Urbino, a most tender friendship existed. This friendship has been twisted by Vasari into a proof that Timoteo, who was the scholar of Francia at Bologna, became afterwards the scholar of Raphael. We must listen to a few characteristic words by Vasari on this point: 'Timoteo, during his 'apprenticeship at Bologna' (namely, between 1490 and 1495), 'adopted a charming manner, exceedingly like that of 'the new Apelles, his compatriot' (then from seven to twelve years of age!), 'although he had at best seen but few things 'by his hand in Bologna.' It may be here remarked that no works by Raphael existed in Bologna till the 'St. Cecilia' was executed in 1516, and the 'Vision of Ezekiel' in 1517, or according to some in 1510. Then follows a rambling account of Raphael's being so struck with the youthful promise of Timoteo (who was fifteen years his senior) that he invited him to Rome, where Timoteo reaped considerable pay by assisting Raphael in the 'Sibyls' in S. Maria della Pace; but that an invincible *mal de pays* drove him back to Urbino, where he soon married, and whence, in spite of Raphael's repeated invitations, he could not be induced to visit Rome again. The answer to all this is that Raphael executed the 'Sibyls' in the Pace in 1518, Timoteo Viti being then fifty years of age; that Timoteo married in 1501; that he belonged to a wealthy family in Urbino, and therefore could have no inducement on the score of pay to attend Raphael, in his latter years, as an assistant; that in 1513 he filled the office of chief magistrate in Urbino; and that in 1518, instead of helping Raphael in Rome, he was in the employment of the Duke at Urbino.

In all this rignmarole of inaccuracy—a too faithful type of much of Vasari's writing—there is but one part true, namely,

that Timoteo Viti's feeling for art closely resembled that which Raphael, fifteen years his junior, subsequently developed. So close was this resemblance that early works by Timoteo have been pronounced by competent judges to be by Raphael, and, unless disproved by documentary evidence, will doubtless continue to be so thought.*

There is nothing more obvious in the history of art than that certain tendencies in form and feeling belonged to certain races. The literature of Italy, from various causes, never developed a popular form and expression. On the other hand, nothing hindered the marvellous development of Italian art. Nor can the deep feature-lines of race ever be effaced. Germans and Flemings lived at Rome, and adopted Italian mediums and technical systems, and studied from Italian models, but, as Lermolliëff says, no German or Fleming ever hid his nationality behind those systems. Art was therefore as a popular dialect in Italy, distinguishing one province and even one town from another. Urbino, like any other city, had its native tendency in art; and Timoteo Viti, like Raphael, was an Urbinese. There is nothing unreasonable therefore in the belief that, proceeding from the same race, Timoteo should have anticipated Raphael in that form of grace and sweetness which we call *Rafaelesque*. Lotto, as Lermolliëff points out, was *Correggiesque* before Correggio—Timoteo evidently *Rafaelesque* before Raphael. And this leads us to the conclusion arrived at by Ivan Lermolliëff, namely, that a gifted artist, in his twenty-seventh year, just issued from the *atelier* of so great a painter as Francia, and returning to his native town in 1495—a fact known by an entry in Francia's journal—instead of having been the pupil and imitator, and still less the assistant of a boy of twelve, was doubtless *his master*. In this fact we account for a similarity in various details—forms of hands and feet, oval of face—and other signs of that relationship naturally existing between master and scholar which is traceable between Raphael's earliest known works, as may be seen in the 'Dream of the Knight' in the National Gallery, and those of Timoteo Viti.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Raphael's art was of

* As one instance we may cite the picture of the Madonna, enthroned with SS. Crescentius and Vitalis (Lermolliëff gives a woodcut of the last saint) in the Brera, which long passed under the name of Raphael. And, as another instance, we have Mr. Morris Moore's so-called Raphael ('Apollo and Marsyas') attributed by Dr. Waagen to Timoteo Viti, and now believed to be an early Perugino.

that distinctive and pronounced character which marks the subjective painter. His mind reflected no such peculiarities on his panel as are seen, for instance, in such men as Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, and others. Nothing approaching the fantastic or the caricatured ever proceeded from his hand. His qualities were rather of that harmonious class which move by a natural law towards perfection. His originality, as distinguished from other artists, was, as has been defined, his excellence. Far from being strongly individual in bias, the peculiar receptiveness of his nature inclined him to adopt even too easily the manner of a new master. We have seen that the young lad first entered the school of Perugino at the close of 1499, where the instruction he received soon bore its fruits. His earliest picture of importance—the ‘Crucifixion’ at Lord Dudley’s, executed in 1501, which is altogether Peruginesque—shows how readily he followed a new influence, for not a trace of Timoteo Viti remains. This was succeeded by the ‘Coronation of the Virgin,’ now in the Vatican, which for years was attributed to Perugino. Had Raphael remained as long under Perugino as has been believed, he would, Lermoliev thinks, have become so imbued with that painter’s manner as to have found difficulty in throwing it off. It is evident, however, that the lad only remained about two and a half years in Perugia, his master having removed to Florence in October 1502, whence he proceeded to his birth-place, Città del Pieve.

In the spring of 1504 Raphael returned to his native place, where he executed for the Duke the small pictures of St. George and St. Michael now in the Louvre. Left thus to himself, we have, in the small Costabile (Staffa) Madonna (now in St. Petersburg), the evidence of his own dawning sweetness; while a little later he is seen in some respects returning to the manner of Timoteo Viti. This is discernible to the connoisseur’s eye in his beautiful picture of the Sposalizio, which, though formed on Perugino’s composition of the same subject (now in Caen), goes back to the lighter carnations and to the form of hand (see Virgin’s left hand) proper to Timoteo. In the autumn of the same year (1504) Raphael visited Florence for the first time. Here the works of Leonardo and of Michael Angelo acted powerfully upon him. Pen drawings by his hand after Leonardo’s ‘Battle of the Standard’ and a study of Michael Angelo’s ‘David’ are preserved. The exquisite portrait of Margaritta Doni in the Pitti confesses also the influence of Leonardo’s ‘Mona Lisa,’ only giving the impression of greater harmony and ease in execution.

And again, it would be a mistake to imagine that our young artist was as independent in his compositions as every modern painter, of whatever country, now is. The study of the drawings of the old masters by a practised eye—declared by the enthusiastic Lermolliëff to be ‘one of the purest enjoyments granted to mankind on earth’—is now, thanks to photography, become as indispensable as it is a ready assistance in the education of a connoisseur. This has brought to light the fact how little the quality of originality, in our modern sense, was understood by the Italian masters; in which respect they stood nearer to the Greeks than to us. In the guilds of art the interchange of ideas and subjects was a matter of general etiquette, if not of custom. It seems even to have been a usual sign of deference on the part of a young painter to adopt for his proposed picture the design and sometimes the cartoon of an older master. For instance, we find that the composition of the ‘Madonna and Child, with SS. Jerome and Francis,’ now at Berlin, executed by Raphael either in Perugino’s studio or immediately after leaving it, was taken from a delicate pen drawing by Pinturicchio preserved in the Albertina at Vienna; that his Staffa Madonna owes its composition to a drawing by Perugino; while from the same reason a Peruginisque figure is here and there detected in works by Pinturicchio. By these means the distinctive signs of certain great contemporary painters are sometimes found interlaced in each other’s works—an anomaly only explained by a knowledge of their respective drawings.

As regards, however, designs by one master and execution by another, it is time to banish a story which reverses the order of nature in this respect, and describes a celebrated artist as receiving designs for a great work from one a full generation his junior. The long-repeated statement that Raphael supplied the designs and cartoons for Pinturicchio’s frescoes, and even the execution of one fresco, in the Libreria at Siena, was founded on Vasari’s authority, and on what Lermolliëff calls the pure invention of Sieneſe municipal vanity. Passavant demurs about the cartoons, and repudiates all sign of Raphael’s hand in the particular fresco, but he gives currency to the assertion that he furnished the designs. All this Lermolliëff knocks unhesitatingly on the head. We need not trouble our readers with his proofs, in which his usual care is traceable. It is enough to quote his words:—

‘Is it not almost laughable to suppose that a master, already grown grey in his art—the former Court painter to Pope Alexander VI.—should have permitted a lad of twenty—thirty years his junior—to

supply him with the compositions for so great a work as the frescoes in the Libreria of the Cathedral of Siena? '*

As to Vasari's tale, it breaks down of course under investigation. For he adds that Raphael refused to continue helping Pinturicchio at Siena because of his anxiety to get to Florence, whence the fame of the great cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo had reached him. Now it is known that, granting him to have been in Siena at all, which is not proved, and, again, granting him to have been in Florence in the autumn of 1504,† Michael Angelo's so-called cartoon of Pisa was not finished till 1506.

The only certain link between Raphael and Siena seems to consist in the fact that a small and mutilated antique group of the Three Graces, which existed in the Libreria, lately removed to the Sienese Academy, furnished the subject for the picture by him now in the possession of Earl Dudley. A drawing of this group in the Venetian Academy, long supposed to be by Raphael, is now given on competent evidence to Pinturicchio. Whether, therefore, Raphael took the main composition of his small picture from this drawing or from the marble is uncertain.

To Pinturicchio also must henceforth be assigned the greater part of those drawings at Venice, well known by photographs, which go by the name of 'Raphael's Sketchbook.' A rose by any name will smell as sweet, and no change of authorship can affect the charm of certain youthful heads, male and female, contained in this collection, of which we must here give a short history. Early in this century, a Milanese painter, by name Giuseppe Bossi, purchased a bundle of drawings, fifty-three in number, for the sum of about 20*l.*, from a lady residing in l'arma. They were all of the same size, and had evidently formed a book, which, carried probably for years in the waistband, or in the pocket, showed signs of wear and injury. Bossi was professor to the Milanese Academy, and a known collector

* A history of Siena by Sigismondo Tizio, written in the sixteenth century, and treating copiously of the artists who worked there, is altogether silent about Raphael. See Passavant, vol. i. p. 72.

† Doubt has been thrown upon the genuineness of the letter from Giovanna della Rovere to Pietro Soderini, dated October 1, 1504, invoking his protection for the young Urbinese painter, which has hitherto supplied the evidence for Raphael's visit to Florence at that time. Both Müntz and Crowe and Cavalcaselle state this doubt with regret, but do not remove it. It exemplifies the difficulty, met with at every turn, of framing a correct outline of Raphael's early movements.

of drawings by the old masters. On inspecting his treasures closely, he pronounced them to be, with the exception of three or four, by the hand of the great master himself, and christened them at once with the fascinating name of 'Raphael's Sketch-book.' At Bossi's death Count Cicognara prevailed on the Austrian Government to purchase the entire collection—sketchbook included—and accordingly it has remained ever since in the Venetian Academy. These drawings have now been subjected to that species of cross-examination in which Signor Morelli excels, and have been compelled to speak for themselves independent of all foregone conclusions. The consequence is that two only have confessed to be by the hand of the master; two to be ruined drawings by Antonio Pollaiuolo; others to be copies from the same master—from Perugino, from Luca Signorelli, from Melozzo da Forlì, and others; several to be the work of feeble followers of Perugino, and all the rest to be by the hand of Pinturicchio; including of course his own designs for his own frescoes at Siena. This verdict is arrived at equally by their identity in style with acknowledged drawings by Pinturicchio—confirmed by further evidence we shall give—and by their non-identity with those by Raphael, all of which is sufficiently proved. That Pinturicchio should have carried about with him a little volume—the drawings are $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $9\frac{1}{2}$ —full of his own sketches, and with studies by and from other masters, is quite in keeping with the artist-habits of the time. But so sudden and sweeping an overturn of long-repeated opinions does not of course pass without protest. Though not directly attacking the new dogma broached by Lermolliëff, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle seem aware that treason is in the air, and come forward with a theory to which few will subscribe. To their view these are, it is true, not original drawings by Raphael, but copies by him of drawings by Perugino and by the other masters mentioned. Thus they equally maintain it to be 'Raphael's Sketchbook,' only filled with copies, not originals. At the same time it is an indubitable fact that these drawings are directly connected with Perugino; some of the heads—a child, &c.—being traceable in Perugino's supposed fresco of the 'Journey of Moses,' in the Vatican. Original drawings by Raphael they cannot therefore be, were it only on chronological grounds; for the frescoes by Perugino in the Vatican were commenced about 1480, three years before Raphael was born. Nor is the theory that they had been kept in Perugino's pocket for upwards of twenty years, before Raphael could copy them, more tenable. The young pupil could only have had access to them in his

master's studio between 1499 and 1502, when he was from sixteen to nineteen years of age; and it requires but a comparatively slight knowledge of his drawings at that time to perceive that these firm pen-strokes are not by a hand which, however promising, was immature. The further argument that the little sheets 'bear the water-mark—a ladder 'in a circle, surmounted by a star—the same mark as that 'on other Raphael drawings,'* is so easily explained that we can only wonder that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle should have brought it forward. The simple answer is this; that there was probably but one principal paper factory at that time in Perugia; for the same water-mark is found, not only on the drawings by Raphael, but on those by Perugino and other masters from the Umbrian district. We must do Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle the justice to add that, while urging their copy theory, they admit that no trace has survived of the supposed originals.

Still, we have not quite done with this controversy, which rests on a deeper foundation than has been supposed. Among those frescoes in the Sistine Chapel which survived the destruction occasioned by clearing a space for Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' are the 'Baptism,' adjudged to Perugino, and the opposite picture, 'The Journey of Moses,' to Luca Signorelli. Modern knowledge had, however, already thrown a doubt on the authorship of the last-named work; and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their pages on Perugino settled the matter by pronouncing the 'Journey of Moses' to be also by him. At all events, the counterparts of the beautiful female heads in the Sketchbook are found in this fresco: in the picture of the 'Sposalizio,' where some have professed to trace them, they have no existence. But here Lermolieff interposes with what we may call his 'second sight,' and piles reason upon reason to prove that these two frescoes themselves are not by Perugino at all, but both by Pinturicchio. The faults and the merits alike are those of the younger man; in both subjects the composition is crowded—a fault common in Pinturicchio, unknown in Perugino: the beautiful landscape, with its cypresses, and palms, and masses of rock, derived from Benozzo, belongs also to Pinturicchio and not to Perugino: the children are like those in Pinturicchio's known works, and as distinct as possible from Perugino's ugly, aldermanic little beings, 'with their round baggy stomachs;' and even a flight

* 'Raphael, his Life and Works,' by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, p. 52, note.

of small birds in the air, pursued by a falcon, is an incident seen in the frescoes of the Libreria. Against such evidence no candid connoisseur will raise a doubt, and we may safely admit it in favour of a beautiful painter and draughtsman long deprived by the prejudice of Vasari of his due place in the history of art. The right adjustment also of the contents of the Sketchbook rectifies an anomaly which had been remarked, namely, the strange rarity of drawings by Pinturicchio. Thus two very obstinate errors—the one as old as Vasari, the other nearer our time—namely, that Raphael supplied the designs for the frescoes in the Libreria, and that he was the author of the chief contents of the so-called ‘Sketchbook,’ may be considered as refuted, and the arguments in their favour dismissed to swell the endless proofs of the fruitfulness of a wrong hypothesis.

After pursuing the close reasoning of Signor Morelli as he cautiously follows the trail of a great master, the pages of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle sound like a work of the imagination. Instead of arriving at carefully worked-out conclusions, we find ourselves in a region of incessant surmises, and wander not unpleasantly in a land of perpetual ‘perhaps.’ We are invited to accompany the painter in a series of conjectural journeys, and suppositious visits, to consider what he may ‘possibly’ have thought, or ‘not impossibly’ have done, what he may ‘probably’ have planned, or ‘not improbably’ have let alone. It is impossible now, at this distance of time, in the absence of all documentary evidence, to determine the various short journeys taken by a young and comparatively unknown artist in an obscure part of Italy. Nor do these surmises in any way assist any real question of authorship. In the nature of things there is no absolute demonstration feasible in settling the parentage of a work of art. There is no experiment by which it can be verified, no sum total by which it can be proved. It is easier with Whateley to show that no such person as Napoleon Buonaparte ever existed, than to prove the picture before us to be really the work of one born just 400 years ago. All eye-witnesses are gone with him—the almost only contemporary writer on the subject is proved to be as often as not a liar—contracts may survive, but who knows that he, and not another, fulfilled them—signatures go for nothing—taste is proverbially a quality on which mankind cannot agree. Even the consent of ages may be set aside. People, for instance, are trying to persuade themselves that Shakespeare’s Plays were written by Lord Bacon; and, in point of fact, the celebrated ‘Fornarina’ by Raphael in the tribune of

the Uffizii is now known to be neither the 'Fornarina,' nor by him. Still, there is that thing called 'moral conviction,' stronger than any argument that can be brought against it, which would induce our Government (we hope), with the hearty consent of all the *élite* of the nation, to give many thousands for the Sistine Madonna, or even for the Blenheim Raphael, if either were in the market.

We here take occasion to refute a theory entertained by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, but, for a very good reason, not even touched upon by Lermolieff, namely that a painter called Justus of Ghent, who executed a picture for Federigo of Montefeltro, still existing in S. Agata in Urbino, 'probably' exercised considerable influence over the rising taste of Raphael; though, from jealousy of a foreigner's talent, his name was omitted in the chronicle of contemporary artists by Gio. Santi, already mentioned. This picture, in all recent artist biography, has been the subject of stereotyped eulogy. Kugler, in his first edition of '*Italian Painters*,' and Passavant and Waagen in various places, have dwelt upon the merits of this, the sole surviving specimen of the supposed great scholar of Hubert van Eyck; but, while unanimous in this respect, they equally agreed in another, i.e. in never having actually seen the picture in question. This delusion continued till a late eminent painter and connoisseur visited Urbino, when the whole structure of laudation fell to the ground. We give an extract from his careful notes:—

'Justus van Ghent.—The Apostles receiving the Eucharist from Christ. Architecture, behind, incomprehensible, and without intelligible perspective. The execution, seen near, quite without knowledge; the drawing execrable; the heads below criticism. The painter was quite unworthy to be admitted among those in Urbino who must have been his contemporaries; and there is not even a single particular—not even architecture, or still life—in which he can be said to have influenced the Italians.' *

We need no longer feel the surprise which many have expressed, that Gio. Santi should not have noticed this barbarous representative of Flemish art; but all suspicion of jealousy on account of his foreign birth should have been excluded by the praise bestowed by him upon '*il gran Joannes*'—Jan van Eyck.

Altogether, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are strangely at fault when dealing with some of the painters who flourished on the Adriatic coast, and in no respect more so than in

* Notebook of Sir Charles Eastlake, September 26, 1858.

tracing resemblances and influences between Gio. Santi and that fine artist, powerful, rugged and original—Melozzo da Forlì, the first great foreshortener—whose name and few works have only recently emerged into light. So utterly opposite are the two, the one feeble and prettyish, the other grandly ugly and strong, that we might just as well endeavour to trace the influence of '*L. E. L.*' upon Robert Browning, or the reverse.

And now, having shown the careful grounds on which Lermolliëff has dismissed the chief tales which have encumbered the youthful history of Raphael, and thus provided a safer basis for a future biographer, we turn to the more pleasing inspection of that art, which, as taste and knowledge increase, must command ever higher and higher admiration.

While giving fresh grace, truth, and grandeur to almost every subject that art can represent, there are three forms in which the great Umbrian master stands especially unrivalled—his Madonnas and Holy Families, his Vatican frescoes, and his cartoons. Raphael has been called the creator of the Madonna and Child. He was rather the restorer of both to their genuine human nature. They had existed in an abstract form since the date of the Renaissance, which they had, indeed, inaugurated; but in a form so stiff, dark, and unnatural that we fail to discern what it was that excited the enthusiasm of the people as described by Vasari. The Quattrocentisti humanised both Mother and Child, though without departing from the strict devotional type. They still continued formal, as with Perugino; mournful, as with Botticelli; and holy and unemotional, as with Bellini. Some of them, it is true, exquisitely beautiful, and most of them devout; but not the expression of pure nature. The Renaissance sculptors went a step further than the painters; and Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, and Rossellini have actions which herald the approach of the true infantine idea. Still, there was no relaxation of the prescribed distance between the Mother and Child. Her attitude is generally adoration—his, benediction. Till Raphael's time the Virgin was not the mother, nor Christ the child. He first revealed the world of feeling and endearment between them, and opened that fount of beauty which, if less orthodox in the sense of dogma, is more sacred in that of Nature. We are not called upon to say which idea is to be preferred, the ecclesiastical or the natural; whether M. Rio be right or wrong in lamenting the painter's departure from the Umbrian traditions: our aim is only to explain that which Raphael's art alone has vindicated. Few painters—perhaps no other painter

—could, with impunity, have cast off the conventional symbols of sanctity; for no other possessed ideas so pure and beautiful to put in their place. Not that there was such room for the expansion of the idea of maternity as for that of childhood. Earthly mothers still adore their babes, and ever will. Though the direct action, therefore, is suppressed, the feeling is still there. Raphael's Madonnas are young, loving, and virginal—a book of prayers alone dividing, or having divided, their attention from the Infant. Still, in the nature of things, they are confined within a limited sphere of expression. The type of face is over-regular and monotonous. The eyebrows are a slender line, the forehead high—both, in obedience to the fashion of the day, the result of art. In most instances the eyes of the mother are cast down upon the babe, thus detracting much from the light and expression of the face. To this rule the Madonna della Seggiola and the Sistine Madonna are almost the only exceptions, and to this, in part, may be attributed the higher charm they present.

It was the child who especially gained under Raphael's new treatment. In his hands the supreme idea was raised rather than lowered, for instead of quenching the natural in the divine, he sought and expressed the divine in the natural. His aim was to vindicate the holiness of nature in that person of 'a little child' which has been given to all for imitation; and which, as long as this world continues, will remain the most direct revelation of purity and innocence vouchsafed to the human race. He knew that a beautiful and healthy babe, unlike most men and women, needs no idealising;—that there were moments when the expression of an unconscious child, 'over whom his immortality broods like the day,' realises all a painter can image of the Godlike and apart.

In the first place Raphael's fine perception of nature told him that a child of a year old, which is about the age at which the Infant Saviour is portrayed, will hardly lie motionless, whether to be adored or painted. By the same feeling his children are never doing anything unchildlike. They play with flower or bird—the last a cruel amusement still given to children in Italy; but they take no notice of the grand or grim saints who stand around, often with their backs to them. The pretty little farce also of the mystic marriage with the Alexandrian or Sienese bride, never appeared within the range of Raphael's subjects; nor, with two exceptions—the Madonna of the 'Divin' Amore' at Naples, and the early picture executed for the nuns of S. Antonio—do we remember an instance in which the Child is giving the benediction. On the other

hand, there is no mood or action known to the fondest of young mothers which he has not caught, living as it rose. There are the little hungry ones who pull at the mother's dress in front to claim their meal, as in the smaller Orleans picture, in the Colonna Madonna at Berlin, and in the Niccolini Madonna at Panshanger; the last named even with an impatient and fractious expression. There are those who cling to the mother's breast, as they shrink from the old St. Elizabeth, or some other object, as in the 'Impannata.' There is the child who raises his arms to his mother 'to be taken up' as he awakes from sleep. There is the grasping at the reed cross held by St. John, but only as a child reaches naturally at a stick in the hand of another, as in the Alba Madonna. There is the struggle of the chubby, fat, and beautiful babe, all intent on giving a flower to the little Baptist, as in the Garvagh Raphael in the National Gallery. There is the little fondling pressing his cheek to that of his mother, in the Tempi picture at Berlin. There is the serious, large-eyed, ruminant babe—his hand buried in his mother's bosom, one foot curled up in perfect physical enjoyment, as in the Madonna della Seggiola; and there is, finally, the grand wrapt creature, with the solemn far-off look into futurity, who rests royally in the arms of the Sistine Madonna.

The introduction of the little Baptist was a great assistance in the sense of art in a composition of two figures only, and yet he sometimes detracts from the harmony of the piece. His part is to amuse or to adore the Infant Christ, and though his kneeling position and intense expression of veneration have bequeathed to us some of the most beautiful figures—for instance, in the Belle Jardinière—that art ever created, yet there is a want of moral keeping between the humble attitude of the one child, and the sweet unconsciousness of superiority in the other, which sometimes jars on the mind. In the Madonna della Seggiola the little adoring head and clasped hands, seen in the dark behind, are even *de trop*, while in some larger groups, such as the 'Impannata,' and the Madonna of Francis the First, the painter was evidently embarrassed how to bring him in.

It may be wondered how Raphael, a young and over-employed man, to whom the ties of marriage and paternity were unknown, should have found time and opportunity to study what we find only in the privacy of the nursery. But the climate of Italy and the habits of the lower orders give ceaseless occasion to observe what he needed. Every Italian town is one vast nursery itself. The young mother sits with her

nurseling on the doorstep, or lounges in the shade of a portico; all the little endearments, and various other matters, going on unrestrained in public. Raphael's marvellous power of observation, that power which was perpetually adding to the stores on which his fancy lived, was thus ceaselessly fed by actions and expressions which no one but the artist notices; many a passing group, long turned to dust, becoming thus the unconscious seed of a conception which will live for ever.

Various were thus the sources whence these compositions must have been gathered. Few are so obvious as that which suggested the Sistine Madonna, which, with its curtains drawn back, and the staging on which the figures stand concealed by the clouds, shows the machinery of the Sacred Play. This may help to account for the fact that no studies or sketches of any kind for this picture are found. One immortal feature, namely the little boy angels resting on the parapet below, was an after-thought of the painter, for through them are seen the forms of the clouds over which they were executed.

The frescoes by Raphael in the Vatican, known as the 'Stanze,' owed their existence to causes which at this day add but little to their interest. They keep their place with ever-increasing fame, but the patronage that invoked them commands less respect the more it is investigated. The Popes and Princes of that time lived in dreams of classic revivals; each in his own estimation a Pericles or a Mæcenas; a train of needy painters and sonneteers forming a regular part of their worldly pomp. The infamous Borgia was dead, and had been succeeded by one of the most imperious and self-willed of men, Julius II., who professed to know more of war than of literature, and certainly knew more of war than of art. But art and literature were the fashion, and he had the merit of stimulating the highest exertions of the two greatest artists of modern times. The work they did was glorious, but its true history presents a page of mingled vanity, temper, and ignorance, which the 'great vexed soul' of Michael Angelo would readily endorse. That great man chafed under a despotic and capricious patronage, devoid of all real respect for art. On the young Raphael, just twenty-five years of age, and formed by nature to sail more smoothly both up and down life's stream, these conditions weighed less heavily. Rome was then the goal of every man's ambition, from the courtier to the artist, and Raphael combined the two. Julius II. had at all events the merit of abominating his predecessor. He would not even inhabit the rooms which Borgia had occupied, but chose the story above them for his residence. This apartment con-

tained what are now known as the Camera della Segnatura, the Stanze of the Heliodorus and del Incendio, and the Sala di Costantino; the walls of which all bear the imperishable stamp of Raphael's genius, and some of them that of his hand also. The subjects of the Segnatura have been the topic of endless conjectures as to the precise meaning of the abstract ideas, supposed to be the Triumph of the Church and the Glorification of Rome, intended to be conveyed. These speculations will not interest us now, further than to remind the reader that it is the crucial test of genius to lend itself to symbolic and learned themes, and not to swamp the art beneath the weight of erudition. The subjects implied by the titles of the three principal frescoes in the Segnatura, namely, Theology, Poetry, and Philosophy, would have overpowered almost any other man, and to Raphael belongs the almost unique glory of having opened sources of interest to the scholar scarcely less fascinating than those presented to the connoisseur. That Raphael possessed the learning and research displayed by such a subject as the 'School of Athens,' would be a very false conclusion. Rome abounded with new editions of classic authors, and with ardent expounders of them. Many of these last were friends of Raphael, and vied with each other in supplying him with information regarding the representative individuals of certain schools and habits of thought, and the proper accessories belonging to them. We may even doubt, for instance, whether Raphael, unassisted, would have placed the volumes of 'Ethics,' so inscribed, in the hand of Aristotle; but all his learned friends put together could not have helped him one stroke in the conception of the characters they marshalled before him. It is easy to imagine what a mass of unpractical pedantry, supplied by such friends as the authors of the 'Cortigiano' and 'gli Asolani,' the painter had to filter and boil down before extracting the materials fitted for his use. The general public at best are peculiarly at fault as to what ideas are translatable into art, and the Italian public, at that time, as may be gathered from their literature, were even more ignorant than we are now.

It was the observation of one, himself a scholar, who combined the philosophy of art with its practice, that 'the history ' which a picture pretends to represent—whatever it may be—' is in reality a far truer mirror of the age when it was executed.' This is singularly illustrative of these frescoes, in which the feeling of the sixteenth century peeps through all classic and spiritual allusion. The very name of the Disputa, originally given to the Theology, refers to those mutterings of the Re-

formation, and especially to the controversy on the Real Presence, which were already heard from afar. The chief features of this fresco, the 'Host and Altar,' round which the sacred Hierarchy above and below are grouped, were the prominent points of dispute. But however traditional the main forms to which he has adhered, the painter has his own innovations and alterations. No one ever treated the signs of the Evangelists—the lion, ox, and eagle—so sublimely as he has done in the 'Vision of Ezekiel,' but instead of expanding the subject to the dimensions of reality, he limited it to a small cabinet size. The reason is obvious. He could put the noblest expression into the person of the Almighty, however small the scale, but no power of expression could have redeemed the brute weight of these huge animals, had they been given the size of life. Accordingly the Evangelists are typified in the fresco of the 'Disputa' by four beautiful winged boys, each holding a book of the Gospels.

It is evident that this work cost Raphael great thought, for at least thirty preliminary studies for it exist. A letter from him to Ariosto is extant, asking advice as to the selection of the sacred personages seated below; and we see perhaps the answering suggestions of the poet, as well as certain dominant opinions, both in those omitted and in those introduced. SS. Francis and Dominic, hitherto the unfailing features in sacred assemblies, had gone out of fashion, while not only the figure of Dante as the author of the 'Divina Commedia' is seen among Fathers, Doctors, Popes, and Prelates, but also that of Savonarola, whose introduction among the elect on earth, on the walls of the very palace of the popes, shows not only how his teaching was viewed, but gives also some measure of Julius's hatred of the man under whom the great Dominican had suffered martyrdom as late as 1498. This fresco, as it was the last grand representative in which the long descended dogmatic forms, applied indifferently to the 'Last Judgment,' to the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' and, as here, to the 'Triumph of the Church,' were symbolised, so it was the first to be combined with forms of art, perfect equally in the expression of the highest naturalism and purest ideality. The art of Raphael had reached that climax which combined the two.

The 'Disputa' on the other hand portrayed the wisdom inspired by Revelation; the 'School of Athens,' the knowledge developed without it. No forms of Triune Divinity here, or Seraphim 'in burning row'; but unassisted Man, groping his way by himself and intent on teaching and learning some new thing. No painter had before sought to unite

in one great whole the various schools of Greek sages and philosophers. The very attempt was the reflection of a time when the whole learning of Italy was devoted to their study; and few things are more interesting than to trace the skill with which Raphael so grouped them, that all who run may read. The figures of Plato and Aristotle, the great dividers of the intellectual world, standing side by side on the highest level, in a hall of unexampled architectural beauty, at once head the composition. Plato, the representative of the Academy, the successor of Socrates in the search after moral truth, is pointing to heaven as the seat of his contemplation; Aristotle, the representative of the Lyceum and the explorer of the secrets of physical nature, is indicating with level hand the surface of the earth. Again, Plato is given as a venerable man, with an expression of fervour, in keeping with his sublimer aspirations; while Aristotle turns towards him with the calmer expression of a practical and positive reasoner. So far the larger ideas thus translated into art are intelligible to most minds; but when we come to the more erudite facts that the name of Plato was expressive of a broad-shouldered man, and that the ancient statues of the Stagyrte showed him with only the right arm free, we feel these to be minutiae interesting to very few, and which the painter was free to take or to leave. Accordingly, the shoulders of Plato are not made particularly broad, and if he showed Aristotle with his left arm covered with drapery to the wrist, the probability was that he needed the larger mass in the outline of the figure. Art and history play equally together in the intent and dramatic groups which surround Pythagoras and Archimedes on the right and left, as well as in the figure of Diogenes, who, sprawling alone on the steps, at once conveys the impression of his cynicism and helps to vary the composition. Such variations, little as they may be suspected by the general spectator, were *de rigueur* to the eye of the painter. Hence we find them contrived wherever he felt their introduction desirable. This is the case with a figure in the group of Socrates, giving orders with animated gesture to a slave, nude to the waist, who carries books; and the same with a youthful figure propped up against the plinth, to the left of Aristotle, and almost bent double as, with his legs crossed, he writes in the tablets on his knee. There is something in this youth which recalls the graceful action of the disappointed suitor breaking his rod in the *Sposalizii*, introduced there, of course, for the painter's same reason, that of varying the composition. Nor would Raphael have been

true to himself had he not managed to smuggle in the head of a beautiful child, who is seen on one side carried by an old man. The *savants* explain this by the custom of bringing children into the ancient schools, so as to habituate them to silence and to direct them to study, but any reason, we may be sure, would have contented the painter. This fresco is the triumph of art, properly so called, elucidating every principle by which a tale can be best told, the interest of the spectator led, as by an electric current, from group to group. One important reason for this success, too little observed in modern pictures of assemblies of men, but contributing marvellously to the concentrated interest of the work, is that no one is conscious of the spectator. It is true the heads of Perugino and Raphael are seen in one corner on the extreme left; Bramante also, the uncle of Raphael, is said to be represented under the features of Archimedes, and doubtless other heads then living have left their portraits in this scene. But no one invokes our attention, except the figure of a young man of conspicuous beauty, who, standing above the group of Pythagoras, alone (excepting the child) catches our eye. He is said to represent Francesco Maria della Rovere, adopted son of his uncle, Guidobaldo of Urbino, and nephew of Julius, who stands thus prominently as proxy for the Pope himself. As the Roman Church had borrowed many a feature from the Pantheon, so, on the appearance of this fresco, the compliment was returned; for the common Roman people eagerly recognised the figures of Plato and Aristotle as those of SS. Peter and Paul.

We have no space to enter into the glories of the other works in the Vatican, all of which were from his own designs though not all by his hand. The popularity of these frescoes may be judged by the numerous forms in which they are represented in the Royal Windsor Library—the ‘Disputa’ in 131 forms, the ‘School of Athens’ in 136. It is enough to say that they contain figures unequalled, before or since, in beauty and appropriateness of expression. It is true that those frescoes executed by his scholars from his designs fall far short of the merit of those in the Camera della Segnatura. But Raphael’s conceptions may be compared in the indestructible fitness of their structure to Handel’s grandest themes, which, so long as time and tune are kept, may be strummed by any schoolgirl without destroying their simple charm.

It is the fashion to apportion the course of this great painter into three distinct periods—the Umbrian, terminating

in 1504; the Florentine, in 1508; and the Roman, with his death in 1520. These divisions appear to us very fanciful, or, if they did exist, they slid into each other without sign of separation or join, like the supposed quarters of the moon, and, like her, also waxing gradually into a complete and more luminous whole. Raphael never halted or recommenced, but ran one consecutive race, each footstep taking up where the previous one left off, only one step in advance. He passed, as Nature does, from less to more, but never from one style to another. The basis of all his character, his inward life, that perception of beauty 'which was to him as a sixth sense,'* was Umbrian. From that he never departed. It may be traced in his finest dramatic action and most developed forms, never allowing him to transgress the laws of nature and of pure taste, or what we may term the limit of a certain reserve of power. He was full in his art, as never man was before—the representative beyond every other painter of the whole art of the Renaissance—but equal in all parts of his fulness. He practised every quality, and carried all on, *pari passu*, to perfection, so that no one was at the expense of another. Even in that quality which one would impute rather to a Rubens than to a Raphael, that of rapid motion, he stands higher than any other. Those two angelic beings, with scourges in their hands, who rush forward, light as the air they cleave, yet wingless, by the mysterious Horseman's side to chasten the prostrate Heliodorus, are the most perfect realisation of flight, swift as a passing flash, that modern art has given us. Never was such chastisement conveyed in such a poetic form. Nor, while indicating to the reader such rare and consummate powers, may we omit one of a humbler kind. The execution of Raphael's accessories was on a par with all the rest. His rendering of various stuffs—velvet, silk, or damask—as seen in his portraits was as perfect as the finest Flemish art; while the musical instruments at the feet of St. Cecilia are as exquisite in tone as other instruments in Holbein's 'Mathematician' in the Louvre.

Even beyond the Vatican frescoes he grasped a higher excellence. The cartoons for the tapestries of the Sistine Chapel speak a finer language still. All superfluous features are eliminated, and his thought is seen stript—like the finest specimens of Greek sculpture—to the simplest and grandest conditions. They are infinitely finer than the 'Transfiguration,' always conventionally extolled as his *chef d'œuvre*, which was

executed under conditions of haste and overwork; the upper part prescribed by tradition, the lower part eked out with what M. Clément calls 'remplissages' (fillings out), and, moreover, difficult to interpret.

We have likened the art of Raphael more than once in this article to Greek sculpture. But there is a wide difference between partaking in the same principles which inspired the Greeks, and any attempt at a direct imitation of them. In the same sense that the whole Italian Renaissance was founded, through the art of Byzantium, upon Greek feeling, Raphael was born classic. Without affecting the directly sculptural, therefore—which Mantegna of all the Italian painters alone did—his works evince those laws of propriety and taste, and what we have called the sense of a reserve of power, which are the ruling features in Greek art. That he studied the examples around him, collected gems and intaglios, and sent designers to various parts of Italy, and even to Greece, to collect materials, is quite consistent with the conditions of his own originality. Greek art, as the parent of all fine art, is the heritage of every modern artist. Every great Italian painter accordingly drank at that source. The 'Amorini' of Titian, the Infants of Francia, as well as of Raphael and others, show the admiration and study of many a Greek gem. He must have been well known for his worship of the antique remains—in that respect contrasting with Michael Angelo—or he would hardly have been appointed, under Leo X., to superintend their excavation, and act as guardian for their conservation; one of the many offices placed in his latter years on those overcharged shoulders. His official position thus led him to be among the first to inspect the antique pictures discovered in the Baths of Titus (and destroyed in the sack of Rome), the knowledge of which is obvious in his decorations of the Loggie.

Much has been said by Italian writers of the influence of Michael Angelo upon Raphael, and no one has given greater exaggeration to this idea than our own Reynolds, who maintains that 'it is to Michael Angelo that we owe even the existence of Raphael.' Without venturing to dispute so great an authority, we may be permitted to say that at all events no trace of such influence is visible in Raphael's works, nor, in the nature of their respective styles, could be. Never were two men so diametrically opposed, as well in art as in character. Raphael's powers of receptivity and assimilation were boundless. Michael Angelo had no such power whatever. The Greek torso in the Medici Garden helped to develop his

passion for strongly-marked anatomical forms, but it never helped him to understand the antique. Raphael was universal, Michael Angelo one-sided. Raphael dealt in all the subjects that nature could give him—the fairest and grandest and most varied aspects of the human face and figure, in drapery, landscape, architecture—Michael Angelo in that alone given by the human figure; nor in that even showing much variety of expression and meaning, though the grandest energy and power to which modern art has given birth. Raphael, as we have said, represented the whole art of the Renaissance. Michael Angelo stood absolutely alone, great only in the greatest. If, therefore, Michael Angelo created, even as a painter, the finest things in the world, it was because certain subjects lent themselves to the sculpturesque. The single figures of his ‘Prophets and Sibyls’ partake closely of the conditions of sculpture. They sit on thrones, needing neither backgrounds nor accessories, and, like the compartments of the ceiling with those wondrous figures of Athletes placed at the angles of the coffers, would lose nothing of their grandeur, but even possibly the reverse, if given in relief. We are far, however, from saying that Raphael received no influence from his gigantic Florentine compeer. Such a painter receives it from every source and direction; but it would be strange if we could point to any portion of Raphael’s works in which that influence has made itself visible. That which falls into the mind of poet or artist passes through that mind, and is given back in a different form.

We have more than once alluded to the real ignorance of art as well as absence of respect for the artist which marked the period of the proudest triumphs of the Renaissance. Certainly, if the neglect and destruction of the most precious works of genius committed to the guardianship of the Church, and the soulless pedantry of the art literature of the time be accepted as any index, it is impossible not to conclude that the standard of knowledge and appreciation was curiously low. No one will defend the French spoilers; but they deserve some credit for their appreciation of what they stole. Many a fine work—Raphael’s ‘Madonna di Foligno,’ for instance—owes its present existence to the remedial care bestowed on it in Paris by a first-rate restorer. A few more years of the Roman Church’s tender mercies in Italy would have incurably damaged many of the pictures the French carried off; while it is heart-breaking to think how many glorious things, now perished beyond recall, escaped the removal to Paris by not being able to bear the transport. As

with the Italian musical composers to the present day, the latest painter in fashion was always the highest in favour, and the tribute most readily paid to a new favourite was to destroy an old one to make room for him. We need no greater proof of Julius II.'s incapacity to appreciate either Michael Angelo or Raphael than the fact that, with all the Chambers in the Vatican at his disposal, he ordered the destruction of the works of such painters as Pietro della Francesca and Perugino in order to make room for them. Nor did the Italian public value what they had obtained at such a sacrilegious cost. The Sistine ceiling has suffered every injury that smoke and neglect can inflict, while, by the end of the seventeenth century, the frescoes by Raphael were so encrusted with dirt as to be hardly recognisable. We have to thank Carlo Maratti for the skill and care with which he cleaned them. It may be asked how the fame of the artists with such a public came to be established. There is no doubt that it was established by the voices of their own profession, readily echoed by the outside world; and the same occurs among ourselves at the present day much more frequently than we suspect. The fame of most pictures is decided before the Royal Academy Exhibition opens to the public.

In these cursory remarks on the great painter and his art, it is obvious that no consecutive biography, however slight, has been intended. Nevertheless, the estimate—such as it is—of the artist would not be complete without some estimate of the man. The one is more difficult than the other. Reasoning from the character of his art to that of his mind, Raphael might have been expected to justify the title of 'il Divino' as much in himself as in his works. But the complex mind of man is generally more affected by the times in which he lives than by any other influence. Those in which Raphael was cast were not favourable to the exhibition of genuine individual character. Where morals are corrupt, manners are sure to be formal and ceremonious, for the safeguards of propriety are all external. The men and women accordingly, in this Augustan period, as is most evident in the literature of the day, all wore masks, and used the insincere and pedantic phrases which were the current verbal coin of society. Few have the power to stem the tide of their age, whichever way it may set, and, without disrespect to so sublime a genius, Raphael was not of those few. Unlike Michael Angelo, who was always paying the penalty for that—the then rarest of all virtues—the courage of his opinions, Raphael, we may be sure, never offended Pope or prince by

too frank a word. It was not to be expected therefore that the exquisite simplicity and truth of his art could be reflected in his manners. That he was winning and amiable, always ready to help his fellow-artists and juniors—what Vasari calls '*la gentilezza stessa*'—need not be doubted; but he would have commanded little success had he not been smooth and conventional, and, in the sense of flattery, hollow. The few letters we know by Raphael contrast unfavourably with those by Michael Angelo. If there be no trace in them of the same turbulent and vehement temper, there is also no sign of the same nobility and independence of soul. Indeed, there is hardly one in which the younger artist does not show a keen eye for the main business of life. In that worldliness of character which made him equally ready to serve friend and foe he may be better compared to Leonardo da Vinci. His attachment to the ducal family of Montefeltro is much dwelt upon by biographers, yet it did not prevent him, during the time of their misfortunes, from entering the service of those in the pay of their cruel enemy, Cæsar Borgia. Nor will Raphael bear comparison with the great sculptor in intellect. Michael Angelo's sonnets have the stamp of a grand and mournful mind, which had learned by suffering what it taught by song. Raphael's few sonnets do not rise above the common-place utterances of the day.

Yet there is no doubt that he, like his great compeer, suffered severely from those unreasonable and most exacting proofs of favour showered upon him both by Julius II. and Leo X. He had not, it is true, ultimately to choose between his art and the proposed alliance with a cardinal's niece, for Maria Bibbiena, who reposes near him in the Pantheon, died opportunely in early youth. Nor had he to choose between his art and the dignity of a cardinal's hat—if that honour was ever seriously contemplated—for they certainly would have been incompatible; but he was not allowed to choose between the dearest instinct of his being and a number of offices—the direction of the works of St. Peter's, the guardianship of antique sculpture and inscriptions, and the cleansing of Rome from the accumulated rubbish of generations—which consumed his time, wore out his strength, and grievously interfered with his high and separate vocation. It is on this account that we find less of the true *Rafaelesque* in his later works, for which he had to call in the assistance of pupils.

One supposed interruption, which is even charged with the termination of his life and labours, and which, like all evil reports, has tenaciously kept its place, must not be passed over

without protest. We quote, therefore, from an article on Passavant's 'Life of Raphael,' in the 'Quarterly Review' of more than forty years ago, but hitherto unsurpassed, whether in a critical or philosophical sense:—

'Passavant treats this idle story of Vasari, respecting the painter's inordinate attachment to the Fornarina—the alleged cause of his death—as it deserves. Earlier biographers make not the slightest allusion to it, and every other circumstance—above all the unsubdued, or rather increased energy of the painter's mind up to the very end of his career—abundantly contradicts the absurd calumny.'*

The reader may be surprised to hear that the very name of the Fornarina does not occur in any work till the last century.

Raphael died on the supposed anniversary of his birth—Good Friday, April 6, 1520, and was buried in the Pantheon S. Maria della Rotonda, in a chapel he had himself endowed. For many years the members of St. Luke's Academy had believed themselves to be in possession of his skull, and various phrenological theories had been formed upon it. Whether influenced by a desire to clear up so strange a claim, as well as to ascertain whether he really lay in the Pantheon, which the Roman antiquaries had begun to doubt, a wish was expressed to search for the remains. Accordingly, leave was obtained from the authorities, and, on September 14, 1833, in the presence of the members of the Academy, and of other bodies, the coffin was discovered in the place indicated by Vasari, under an altar on which stood a marble statue of the Madonna. The skeleton measured about 5 feet 7 inches, and the width of the coffin indicated a very slender frame. The head, as might have been anticipated, was in its right place, the forehead well projecting over the eyes, and with the nobler organs finely and equally developed. The teeth were regular, white, and perfect—fourteen in the upper jaw, and fifteen in the lower, and a wisdom tooth just piercing through. We thus arrive at some outline of the delicate and healthy frame in which so remarkable a being walked among men. Overbeck, the painter, was present at the ceremony of disinterment, and in a letter to a friend describes the emotion with which he watched the proceedings, and the final discovery of the body—adding at once a vain wish and a just sentiment: 'Would that in memory of such a man, some might become worthy to inherit his genius! But that, alas! lies buried much deeper than his bones.'

ART. VII.—*The Merv Oasis: Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian during the years 1879–80–81, including Five Months' Residence among the Tekkés of Merv.* By EDMOND O'DONOVAN, Special Correspondent of the 'Daily News.' With Portrait, Maps, and Facsimiles of State Documents. Two volumes. London: 1882.

SINCE Joseph Wolff of eccentric memory, clad in cap and gown and doctor's hood, and armed with no weapon but a Bible, started, like the old hero he was, to rescue Stoddart and Conolly from their prison at Bokhara, and barely escaped a like barbarous fate, no traveller had entered the capital of the Tekké Turcomans until Mr. O'Donovan accomplished that adventurous journey and perilous residence, or rather imprisonment, at Merv which everyone has read and marvelled at in the columns of the 'Daily News.' Till then, Wolff had been the first and the last European to visit the group of scattered villages which represents the city that once called itself 'Queen of the World.' Between his two visits in 1831 and 1844, Burnes and Abbott journeyed through the Turcoman desert and were hospitably welcomed by the Tekkés of Merv, of whom both published very interesting accounts. But since Wolff's return through the Oasis in 1844, no 'Feringi' has entered it; the fate of Stoddart and Conolly at Bokhara was enough to deter the boldest spirits from trans-Caspian exploration. Vámbéry's famous journey in the disguise of a dervish did not include Merv among its feats of travel. Captain Marsh reached the northern frontier of Persia in 1872, but did not proceed further. In 1873 Col. Valentine Baker and the late Captain Gill made the journey so pleasantly described in 'Clouds in the East,' and penetrated as far as the Akhal country and Abiverd, the most advanced post on the northern frontier of Persia, but for some reason were refused admission to Merv by the Tekké Khan. Two years later Col. McGregor, when on the point of riding to Merv, was recalled by the order of Lord Lytton, just as Col. Burnaby in 1876 was summoned back from Khiva by the Commander-in-Chief at the moment when he was contemplating a descent upon the Turcoman Oasis, and as Captain Butler, who travelled in the disguise of a Chinaman to within forty miles of Merv, was summarily recalled when the object of his journey was almost within his reach. Russian diplomacy was busy in thwarting these and similar attempts to explore what is fast becoming Russian territory. A Russian consul tracked Captain Napier step by

step in his travels in Khorásán. Russian ambassadors used their influence to recall each explorer as he reached the critical point of his journey; and so far they had been provokingly successful. Precisely the same methods were used against Mr. O'Donovan, but for once in vain. Had he been an officer or employed in Government service of any kind, he would probably have shared the disappointments of previous travellers. Fortunately he was only a Special Correspondent, and no one had the power to recall him. Fortunately, also, he is a man of no little courage and persistence, and one quick to see another way when the first road is closed to him. His book is one long record of the obstacles and hindrances which the Governments of the Czar and the Shah threw in his path, and it evinced an inflexible determination in him to have overcome them so triumphantly as he did.

It was no light enterprise that Mr. O'Donovan undertook. To dare to travel among a nation of brigands whom Russian aggression had rendered desperate, and who at all times bore an unenviable character for theft, mutilation, and murder—in the face of the express or secret opposition of the two Governments chiefly concerned, and in spite of every difficulty and hardship that even those who realise Vámbéry's sufferings can conceive—argued the heart of triple brass. But to the modern generation of Correspondents danger and difficulty form only an added inducement to their task. The Special Correspondent of to-day loves to carry his life in his hand, to brave death in every shape, by the hand of man or by privations and the diseases of climates to which he is not inured. It is amazing what he will go through in order to supply those telling letters to his paper which have become a striking feature of the modern press. And what is true of the class must be allowed to be true in a remarkable degree of Mr. O'Donovan. Among an adventurous genus he is the most daring, almost, we would say, the most reckless of life. His journey to Merv and his experiences there are among the most astonishing romances that literature of travel can show. And the romance of his adventures is not the less enchanting because he tells his story in a sober, honest way, with no striving after effect, no 'fine writing,' but with the minute detail and ample description that mark the trained observer. No book gives a firmer impression of truthfulness. It is written in a plain matter-of-fact style which evidently has no space for exaggeration or colouring, and which by its very plainness and unmistakable perspicuity enhances the wonder of the story. Moreover, the book is simply the record of what Mr.

O'Donovan saw with his own eyes. There is nothing of that book-making which is too commonly the occupation of the returned traveller. We do not believe the composition of these volumes entailed a single visit to the Reading Room of the British Museum. In almost every way this is an inestimable gain. The impression produced by the book is infinitely more powerful when we feel that no other works have been consulted. It is true that occasionally we miss a little historical knowledge, as when Mr. O'Donovan cannot explain the fate of Sultan Sanjar in the hands of the Turcomans, nor give any but the most meagre account of the earlier history of Merv; a little preparatory study would have taught Mr. O'Donovan what to look for and to ask about. And excellent as his knowledge of Jagatai Turki must be, more accuracy in Persian and Arabic words might have been easily attained, and such mistakes as *portugal* (for *burtukân*), *muezzims*, *buhlbul*, *mirhab*, and the like, ought to have been avoided. The account of the distinctions between Sunnis and Shiah at the end of vol. i. positively bristles with blunders. These, however, are but slight matters. Mr. O'Donovan has written a plain and unvarnished account of an astonishing series of adventures, and a minute and obviously accurate description of an unknown capital and an almost unknown people. Those who wish to see what other travellers have said about Merv may turn to Mr. Marvin's 'Merv the Queen of the World,' the use of which lies chiefly in its extracts from previous works. In Mr. O'Donovan's book we have no extracts, but a simple straightforward narrative of the first lengthened stay among the Tekkés of Merv that any European has made.

The travels divide themselves into three distinct parts. (1) From February 1879 to April 1880 Mr. O'Donovan was haunting the Caspian, in the hope of being allowed to accompany the Russian expedition against the Akhal Tekkés. (2) From April 1880 to February 1881 he was travelling through Persia, especially lingering in Khorásán, with the object of reaching Merv independently of Russian escort. (3) From the beginning of March to the end of July 1881 he was at Merv itself, alternately the guest and the captive of the Tekkés. By the end of the year he was back at Constantinople. Of these three divisions, the last, which occupies the greater part of the second volume, is of course the most novel and important in every respect, but the first part gives an interesting account of a long residence among the Yamud Turcomans, and bears in an important manner upon the practical effect of the Russian advance beyond the Caspian.

The intermediate portion deals with less untrodden ground, but the later chapters, descriptive of life among the Kurdish colony on the Persian frontier, are decidedly interesting and instructive.

Mr. O'Donovan first arrived at Baku early in 1879, after a journey of four hundred miles in a *troika*, or, as he prefers to call it, 'a nameless thing.' He compares it to 'a pig-trough of the roughest possible construction, four feet and a half long, two and a half wide at the top, and one at the bottom; filled with coarse hay more than half thistles, and set upon four poles, which in turn rest upon the axles of two pairs of wheels,'—or, by reason of its filth, to 'a primitive lake-habitation canoe just drawn out of a mud bank.' Clanging bells that deafened him, jolting that almost dislocated his joints, and a peculiarity of harnessing which allowed the horses to be up on the high banks on either side, whilst the vehicle and its occupants remained in what was understood to be the road, added to the delights of a journey in which thieving, starving, and sudden death were ordinary experiences. Baku allowed a few days' rest, and then General Lazareff gave the needful permission for Mr. O'Donovan to accompany the Russian column in its advance on the Akhal Tekké territory. The Correspondent was thus able to visit Tchikislar and Krasnavodsk, the two Russian forts on the eastern coast of the Caspian; to explore the Atterek (or Attrek) as far up as Chatte, and to master to a considerable extent the problems of trans-Caspian geography. It appears that the alarm which has been entertained concerning this 'Russian highway' is somewhat premature. Mr. O'Donovan saw the Atterek at all seasons and at various points in its course, and his verdict is that 'even as far as Chatte it is entirely useless as a means of water transit. In autumn it is sunk to a miserable muddy ditch, at some places not over eight feet wide, and almost everywhere fordable to horses. On neither the north nor the south shore is the Atterek available for irrigation purposes, the great depth to which it has cut its bed precluding such a possibility.' As a water supply along the Russian route of communications it has an undoubted importance, but none besides. Nor is the land route from Tchikislar to the Tekké country favourable for military operations. The alteration of the depth of the river's bed has turned what was once a fertile country into a barren desert, from the delta to a hundred miles beyond Chatte. In summer and winter alike this desert is beset with danger and difficulty to travellers, and even more to armies. When Mr. O'Donovan

first traversed it, it was early summer: 'Camel and mule bones bleaching in the sun, strewed every foot of the way, ghastly evidence of the dangers awaiting the traveller across these silent tracts; save ourselves, not a living being of any description was in sight—not even a prowling Turkoman was to be seen.' In winter, travelling becomes nearly impossible, as a second journey, in company with a brigade of troops, convinced the Correspondent.

'The soil of the desert ceases to be sandy ten miles from the Caspian sea shore. It is a heavy white loam, resembling pipe-clay, and, owing to the recent heavy rains, the wheels of the vehicles sank deeply, an occasional wagon sticking fast for twenty minutes before it could be disengaged. The horses' hoofs were laden with great masses of adhesive mud, which in no slight way impeded the march. I myself dismounted for a time, but was shortly obliged to give up walking, the mud masses attached to my boots making me feel like a convict with cannon-shot chained to my heels. . . . At length rain set in steadily, and it was with difficulty the troops could drag their mire-laden feet along. . . . They laid their saturated greatcoats aside, preferring walking amid the downpour in their light linen blouses to carrying unnecessary and useless weight. The arabas and great four-wheeled fourgons, some drawn by four horses all abreast, were usually one-third the wheel's diameter buried in the soil through which they slowly crept, halting every ten minutes. The rain kept on steadily, and by ten o'clock in the forenoon, far as the eye could reach was an expanse of water, broken here and there by slightly-raised undulations of ground and tufts of brush. . . . Close as we were to the river, there seemed to be absolutely no surface drainage, the water lying motionless around. By midday the soldiers were mid-leg deep in water, and the wagons, often down to the axle, had to be forcibly spoked forward by the men. The camels alone seemed to get on at nearly their usual pace, though they splashed and slid about a great deal with their great splay feet, and groaned and grumbled even more than ordinarily.' (Vol. i. pp. 53-4.)

Anything more dismal than this 'Russian highway' can scarcely be conceived, and that it will ever be found a practicable route for the transit of large armies, or a base for extensive military operations, seems highly improbable.

Unfortunately, Mr. O'Donovan was seized with a serious illness just at the critical moment when General Lazareff died, and the troops under his successor, General Lomakin, advanced to meet their disastrous repulse by the Turcomans at Geok Tepé. Having retired to Baku for his health, the Special Correspondent was uninformed as to the extent of this disaster, and the misfortune of sickness was quickly followed by the intrigues of diplomacy. Having missed the crucial moment by illness, he was now banished from the Russian camp at

Tchikislar by the new General Tergusakoff, acting presumably under orders from St. Petersburg. For the whole of a miserable winter (1879-80) Mr. O'Donovan lived in a hut among the Yamud Turcomans, in the fishing village of Gumush Tepé, on the south-east shore of the Caspian, just outside the Russian frontier. Again and again he endeavoured to gain permission to accompany the new expedition which he heard was about to start for the Akhal Tekké country, and each time he was rudely repulsed. Twice again he entered the camp at Tchikislar to be twice ordered to withdraw. The time thus spent in waiting for leave which was never granted was not wasted, however, for his life among the Yamuds prepared him for his later experiences at Merv; he was improving his familiarity with the language, and his knowledge of the character of the people among whom he was about to travel. The description of Turcoman life, founded upon the experience of this dreary winter, is scarcely less interesting than the subsequent account of the Merv Tekkés. The Yamuds, though a smaller, and now a far less powerful, tribe than the Tekkés, possess a considerable historical interest, and serve to illustrate the extraordinary amalgamative influence of Russia. The Yamud clans, once deadly foes to the Czar, have become his firm allies, and the sworn foes of their kinsmen the Tekkés. The Yamuds fought with the Russians in the campaign against Akhal Tekké; and so strong is their hatred of the more powerful tribe that the name Tekké is used to coerce refractory children, just as 'Boney' was by the English at the beginning of the century, and 'Malbrook' still earlier by the French.

But though the Yamuds have been to some extent tamed by the influence of Russia, they are still as barbarous as any lover of primitive man could desire. The brigand nature is seemingly ineradicable, and the amiable Turcoman, who entertains his guest hospitably in his *kibitka* or hut, will be equally happy to rob or murder him when he is a few miles on the road. No one who has not lived among them can realise the insecurity which the neighbourhood of the Turcomans—of any tribe, Yamud, Goklan, or Tekké—produces in the roads and villages. There is a perpetual feud between Turcoman and Persian, and 'potting a nomad,' or the contrary process, is a favourite occupation on the debateable ground near the frontier. The Persians, according to Mr. O'Donovan, in accordance with general report, are born cowards, and one of them, a soldier to boot, expressed his opinion that a hundred Turcomans could put the whole Persian army to the rout. 'They never turn

'their backs,' he added; 'we do.' This was said after Mr. O'Donovan's Persian escort of eight mounted soldiers had exchanged a dozen rifle shots at long range with a solitary Turcoman, who happened to be passing by and returned very fair practice upon them. Neither party had cause for hostilities, but neither was loth to have a mark to fire at, and a living target was clearly preferable to the telegraph insulators. Such things were of daily occurrence. Once when Mr. O'Donovan was obliged to change his route, he discovered that had he gone the road he had at first intended, he would almost infallibly have been killed, as three messengers from Astrabad had been shot on that track in the course of a few days.

Russian influence is doing something to mitigate the perilous state of the Persian frontier. Raids are not so frequent as formerly, and the Turcoman traffic in Persian women has fallen off since the Russians have closed the markets for slaves at Khiva and Bokhara, and since Lieutenant Sideroff conceived the happy idea, after transferring the captives to his own corvette, of sending two slave *lodhas* with all their nefarious crew to the bottom of the Caspian by the simple process of deliberately putting on steam and running them down! Still, Persian women are not infrequently kidnapped, in spite of Lieut. Sideroff's striking moral lesson, and as a Turcoman will always sooner kill a captive than give him or her up, and die rather than restore stolen property, complications are apt to arise in the enforcement of Russian ideas, and the knout cannot be said to be quite extinct on the shores of the Caspian.

'The mode of life of the Turcomans along the Caspian is sufficiently active. Fully two hours before sunrise they were awake and about, and, by the light of the smoky *astatki* lamps, the women were to be seen grinding, by the rude hand-mill, the corn required for the morning's repast, while the men got ready their luggers and *taimuls* to proceed on their day's fishing, to convey loads of hay and other commodities to the Russian camp, or to seek firewood or timber for building purposes at Kenar Gaz. A Turcoman's toilet is simplicity itself. I give Dourdi's as an example. Having donned the *kusgun*, which served him during the night as a coverlet, he swept the carpet on which he had been sleeping with his huge sheepskin hat, which he then proceeded to dust by banging it lustily with the heavy iron tongs. Then, taking a piece of fat from the pot on the hearth, he greased his boots with it, finishing up by washing his hands, using as soap the wood ash from the fire. At the time of which I speak—the middle of December 1879—the Turcomans of Gumush Tepé supplied the Russian army at Tchikialar with a very large amount indeed of corn, rice, and fodder, and to a great extent facilitated the first stage of its march to Geok Tepé.

'The dietary of an ordinary Turcoman is by no means luxurious. Before the sun rises he partakes of some hot half-baked griddle bread, which has an intensely clayey taste and odour. This is washed down by weak black tea, and he thinks himself fortunate if he can now and then procure himself a piece of sugar wherewith to sweeten this draught. When he happens to meet with this luxury, he adopts, with a view to economy, the Russian peasant's method of sweetening his tea. A small lump of sugar is held between the teeth, the tea being sucked through it. Several glasses are thus got through with an amount of sugar which would scarcely suffice for one glass taken by Western Europeans. While the Turcomans of the Caspian littoral and a hundred miles inland use only black tea, their more Eastern brethren constantly consume green. Should he be at home, his mid-day meal consists of *pilaff*, made of rice if he be in funds, or of brownish oatmeal if otherwise. The usual accompaniment to this is a little grease or butter boiled through the mess, or, as is more generally the case, some dried salt fish. Sometimes, on fête days, dried plums or raisins are mixed with the *pilaff*. The evening meal, partaken of a little after sunset, is the best of the day, and for it is secured a small portion of mutton to accompany the *pilaff*, or a couple of wild ducks caught or shot by some male member of the family.' (Vol. i. p. 211.)

Mr. O'Donovan's impressions of Turcoman women were decidedly unfavourable, so far as beauty is concerned. They do all the household work, while the man eats hugely, smokes perpetually the *halioun* or water-pipe, drinks immense draughts of arrack, and looks after his horse. Women even move the huts to new camping-grounds. The result of all this hard work is that they grow prematurely old and ugly, and as they do not affect the veil, although in profession they are orthodox Moslems, the absence of personal attractions is painfully visible to the observant traveller. On one occasion, indeed, Mr. O'Donovan mentions having seen a Turcoman beauty, but he is forced to add that she was almost a solitary exception. Of their industry, however, he is very commendatory. They never tire of work, he says—probably because 'labour is the only means at their disposal for breaking 'the monotony of their otherwise dull lives,' where tobacco, arrack, and chess apparently are allowed no place. 'I have 'seen a woman, when unable to sleep, rise at two in the 'morning, light the smoky *astatki* lamp, and proceed to beguile 'the weary hours by grinding corn in a heavy horizontal stone 'handmill, for the morning meal.' Beyond industry and a not unusual love of dress and ornaments—which are not put on merely on gala occasions, but worn habitually in the midst of work ('Turcoman women seem always to be in full dress; 'nearly the entire capital of a family is invested in ornaments'), we are told little of the qualities of the fair

Turcomans. They are not mentioned as stealing like their husbands, but except negatively we learn nothing of their moral character. The relations of the sexes are, indeed, markedly omitted from Mr. O'Donovan's otherwise exhaustive account of Turcoman life; even marriage ceremonies are but meagrely noticed, and nothing is said of the 'capture' weddings which Colonel Burnaby described as in vogue in Khiva.

A whole winter at Gumush Tepé proved almost too much for Mr. O'Donovan's patience. Life among the Turcomans, however novel at first, began to grow terribly monotonous. Beyond watching the fishing, welcoming pilgrims returned from Mekka, or protecting the tent against a *tenkis* or Caspian storm, there was nothing to do. Privacy was altogether wanting. The Special Correspondent shared the hut (fifteen feet in diameter), night and day, with Dourdi and Dourdi's wife, child, niece, and calf, to his own no slight discomfort. He had to undress under the quilt, or under cover of darkness. Besides his host's family there was a constant succession of levées of visitors, fifteen or twenty at a time, who came to ask him the same tiresome questions and to be bewildered by the same answers day after day and month after month, and who had always some complaint to be cured by the Feringi's medical skill and slender stock of drugs. In the midst of 'incessant babbling' and 'chattering' it was impossible to take notes or write at all; and 'when after the final meal the family lay down to rest, and 'the venomous yelp of the jackals, answered by the deep 'baying of the village dogs, announced that the time of repose 'for the Turcomans had come, I felt relieved, as I could then 'be alone, follow out my thoughts, and commit them to paper. 'Thus occupied, I have sat on my carpet, beside the smoky '*astatki* lamp, far into the small hours, and have lain down just 'as old Dourdi's wife was rising to commence grinding flour 'for the morning meal in her horizontal quern.' Even at night he was not safe from disturbance. 'Once about midnight, 'while busily engaged in writing out my notes, I was terribly 'startled by a diabolical yelling within two feet of me, just 'outside the felt wall.' It was a distant relative of his host, who had thus come to testify his sympathy for a death which had occurred in Dourdi's family some months before. Thieves would hover about, and it was not safe to hang a sword or rifle against the felt sides of the hut, lest an adroit burglar should abstract them through a neatly-cut hole.

When at last it became apparent that no efforts could avail to induce the Russian authorities to admit him into the camp at Tchikislar, Mr. O'Donovan determined to go to Asterabad

and Teheran to consult with the British agents in Persia as to his best mode of arriving at the scene of action in the Tekké country without the countenance of the Russian army. The journey to Asterabad involved no inconsiderable risks, not merely of robbery, but of drowning and assassination. To sleep among notorious thieves and risk his life daily in fording dangerous rivers were among the incidents of voyage.

We shall not follow him in his journey by way of Resht and Kazvin to Teheran, where he obtained the introductions he required to the governors of the Persian north-east frontier—or at least to the neighbourhood of the frontier, for where the exact limit was to be placed the Shah's grand vizir did not know, and was obliged to refer to the English envoy for further details! The account of the journey to the capital, and of Teheran itself, is exceedingly interesting, but we have only space to consider the main subject of these portly volumes, the Turcomans and frontier tribes. All hope of accompanying the Russian expedition had been dispelled when, in answer to a telegram from Teheran, General Skobelev, the fourth general to whom Mr. O'Donovan had applied, answered that he was compelled to decline the pleasure of the Special Correspondent's society. After the bold reply 'Au revoir à Merv!' Mr. O'Donovan arranged his plans for an independent journey to the Tekké country. The personal risk was now greater than ever. In his former expeditions along the Atterek, the presence of Russian troops had not prevented his being twice lost in the desert, twice almost captured and killed by the Turcomans, Tekké or Goklan, to say nothing of the dangers of climate and sickness. Now, however, there were no troops to fall back upon. The Persians of the northern frontier were in favour of Russia, and therefore certain to thwart to their utmost the designs of one who the Shah's ministers and the Russian authorities were convinced was a British spy. If he eluded their vigilance, he found himself in this dilemma: either he would meet with the Russian advance guard, who would immediately send him back again to Baku, or else he would fall in with the Tekkés, who would carry him off and imprison him till a heavy ransom was provided, and who had also an unpleasant habit of cutting off a hand or a leg from any European they came across, in retaliation for Russian barbarities in Akhal Tekké. Even if the Merv Tekkés welcomed him as a possible English envoy, the position would become extremely awkward when it became apparent that, in spite of promises* and appearances, Her Majesty's late Govern-

* After the fall of Geok Tepé, the Merv elders in council assembled

ment did not intend to support the Mervlis in their struggle against Russia.

The future seemed overcast in every contingency; nevertheless Mr. O'Donovan determined to push forward, and let his communications take care of themselves. Leaving Teheran on June 6, in the full summer heat, he started for Shahrood, sometimes riding over a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset. His plan was to travel by way of Bujnurd, over the mountains to Askabad, on the east side of Geok Tepé, before the Russians attacked the latter place from the west. He changed his route, however, on finding some difficulty about guides, and from Shahrood to Sebzewar he accompanied a caravan of pilgrims who were journeying to the shrine of the Imam Er-Rizâ at Mesh-hed. What with the panic, and the heat, and the dust, and the fragrance of the corpses that were being carried from remote distances to be buried in the holy city of Khorâsân, Mr. O'Donovan's experiences of a pilgrim caravan were scarcely agreeable; and a quarrel between Arab and Persian *hajjis*, some of whom took refuge in his chamber, nearly rendered the publication of his notes a posthumous work. He was standing at bay at the loophole of a tower when the governor of Maiamai opportunely interfered.

At Sebzewar, Mr. O'Donovan parted, with little regret, from his noisy, dusty, and dirty companions, and struck northwards to Kuchan. As he approached the frontier the presence of Russian agents became more and more obvious. The Russian authorities had been so liberal in 'those little social amenities,' 'in the shape of presents, so conducive to a mutual good 'feeling,' and by means of revolvers, rifles, field-glasses, champagne and Château Margaux, the governors had been

resolved to place themselves under the protection of England, and a deputation of thirty men was despatched to Kandahar to inform the British commander of the step they had taken, and to ask assistance in the approaching struggle. Mr. O'Donovan found both Akhal and Merv Tekkés full of the idea of British subsidies, and he 'had 'grounds' for thinking 'that they were allowed by the Government of 'Lord Beaconsfield to base their hopes of aid on something more 'substantial than their own illusions. Certainly, while there existed 'any possibility of coming into hostile contact with Russia over the 'Cabul question, no better policy could have been adopted than that 'of allowing the Turcomans to hope that British soldiers might march 'from Herat to their assistance.' And I feel convinced that they were 'not only allowed to believe it, but that it was directly told them.' (Vol. i. p. 468.) This may explain a good deal of the persistent misunderstanding of Mr. O'Donovan's object in visiting Merv.

induced to embrace the Russian cause almost to a man, and systematically supplied the Russian expedition with grain and provisions, in spite of the nominal orders of the Shah's Government and in face of a famine in Western Persia. As for the people, 'A Russian army marching through these districts ' would be received with open arms, and, as the Russians generally pay well for what they get or take, would be welcomed ' a second time. I have no hesitation in saying that among the ' masses on the North Persian frontier, Russian influence is ' predominant.' Persia is glad to see her troublesome neighbours reduced to order, and is content to adopt a waiting policy towards Russia, and see what may turn up. Persia herself could never keep the Turcomans in check, and the Kurdish colony planted along the upper course of the Atterek from Bujnurd to Kalat-i-Nadiri, though a match for the nomads in courage, is unhappily also a match for them in thieving and raiding.

'After some experience of Kuchan, and especially of its caravanserai, I felt the strongest desire to get away from it. Of all the wretched localities of this wretched East, it is one of the worst I have been in. To people at a distance, the petty miseries one undergoes in such a place may seem more laughable than otherwise; there they do not at all tend to excite hilarity in the sufferer. For four days and nights at a stretch I did not enjoy ten minutes' unbroken rest. All day long one's hands were in perpetual motion trying to defend one's face and neck from the pertinacious attacks of filthy blue-bottles, or brushing ants, beetles, and various other insects off one's hands and paper. With all this extra movement, each word I wrote occupied me very nearly a minute. Dinner involved a perpetual battle with creeping things, and was a misery that seldom tempted one's appetite. As for the time spent on the top of the house lying on a mat, and which it would be a mockery to call bed-time, it would be difficult to say whether it or the daylight hours were the more fraught with torment. Every ten minutes it was necessary to follow the example of the people lying around, and to rise and shake the mat furiously to get rid for a brief space of the crowds of gigantic black fleas which I could hear dancing round, and still more distinctly feel. The impossibility of repose, and the continued irritation produced by insects, brought on a kind of hectic fever which deprived me of all desire to eat. All night three or four scores of donkeys brayed in chorus; vicious horses screamed and quarrelled, and hundreds of jackals and dogs rivalled each other in making night hideous. After sunset the human inhabitants of the caravanserai mounted to the roof, and sat there in scanty garments smoking their *kaliouns* and talking or singing till long after midnight. What Persian singing is—that, at any rate, of the class to which I allude—I will not attempt to describe. I will only say it is not more conducive to sleep than are the bacchanalian shouts of a belated reveller in London seeking his domicile.' (Vol. i. pp. 458-9.)

At Kuchan, Mr. O'Donovan was attacked by a severe fever, which so reduced his strength that he resolved to pay a short visit to Mesh-hed, for medical advice and to recruit his health. The visit was protracted to three months by the suspicions and delays of the Persian authorities, who set a guard upon his house, and kept him under strict surveillance until forced by the representations of the British Ambassador at Teheran to let him pass to the front. In November 1880 he started again towards Akhal Tekké, but was no sooner in the Derguez plain than he was again politely arrested and put under watch, and it was not till January that he was able to make his final departure. The delay, he fancied, was of little importance, as the Russians would hardly begin serious operations again till after Christmas, and meanwhile he had a good opportunity of studying the character of the Kurdish borderers whom the Shah maintains as a barrier against his troublesome Turcoman neighbours. He witnessed a Tekké foray of formidable proportions, and discovered that the Kurds retaliated with extreme goodwill.

‘Within a few days of my arrival, three more or less successful raids were made by the Turcomans nearly up to the gates of the capital of the province. One can scarcely venture half a mile, in some cases not even so far, from the fortified villages without risking capture by the seemingly ever-present Turcoman bands. . . . Making and repulsing raids seemed the daily never-failing occupation of the able-bodied male population on both sides. . . . Just before my arrival at Muhammedabad, the Derguezli had made a sweep of about 15,000 sheep, which were being sold at eight or ten francs a head throughout the province. Such booty more than made amends for the later Turcoman depredations. . . . The Khan got all the ransom money and no small share of the other booty. . . . To speak plainly, both sides cordially approve of the practice. Cattle-lifting and its attendant fighting are, in the minds of both Turcomans and Persian Turks, fully as respectable and much more exciting pursuits than is fox-hunting in an English sporting county. . . . One is painfully struck everywhere throughout these countries by the evidence of a once dense population. Ruined towns and cities abound, some of which were places of wealth a couple of generations ago, but are now only inhabited by foxes and jackals. Abiverd, the most advanced Persian outpost in the Atok, was a flourishing city in the time of Nadir Shah, but now a dozen Guebre shepherds are the only human dwellers among its ruins. Khiva-bad, built by the same energetic tyrant, has been utterly deserted.’

Other causes than Turcoman raids have contributed to this decay; but there can be no doubt that until brigandage is utterly suppressed the north of Khorásán will have no chance of recovery. The Shah is quite powerless to effect this. If

Russia accomplishes the destruction of brigandage, there will be at all events one undeniable advantage in her Central Asian policy.

When at last, in January 1881, Mr. O'Donovan reached the summit of the Markov mountain, which towers some six thousand feet over the Tekké plain, and looked down, at a distance of no more than twelve miles, upon Geok Tepé, he saw that he was just too late. From his lofty watch-tower he could see the final Russian attack, the desperate storming of the southern wall. 'A crowd of horsemen began to ride in confusion from the other side of the town, and spread in flight over the plain. Immediately afterwards a mass of fugitives of every class showed that the town was being abandoned by its inhabitants. The Turcoman fortress had fallen, and all was over with the Akhal Tekkés.'

Mr. O'Donovan's principal object, to watch the Russian campaign against the Akhal Tekkés, was thus defeated by the precautions of the Russian and Persian Governments; but he had always entertained the idea of a visit to their brethren of Merv. He had been in communication, not only with various members of both divisions of Tekkés, but with Makhdum Kuli Khan himself, the chief of the Akhals, who was now falling back upon Merv. The Russians would soon be in Askabad and the other frontier towns, and to meet their scouts meant long captivity and possibly death as a supposed spy. To retreat among the Persians, whom this success at Geok Tepé would make only the more benevolent and subservient to Russian policy, was to court imprisonment. To go on to Merv and trust in the known leaning of the Merv Tekkés to England, seemed the best course, and the one which fell in most thoroughly with Mr. O'Donovan's love of adventure. For some days he had the Russian scouts on his heels: as he left each town they entered it. A Russian agent tried to stop him, but, by depriving him of a Persian escort which was set to watch him, unintentionally aided his escape. Then it was that, accompanied only by his two servants, a Tekké and a Kurd, Mr. O'Donovan began his famous ride to Merv, steering his way by compass through wild gorges and pathless deserts where no European had ever trodden before.

At Dushakh he for the first time came across a settlement of Merv Tekkés, and was nearly treated as a Russian spy, but, on being identified by the governor as a *Kara Russ* (Black Russian, i.e. Englishman), was furnished with an escort, who, however, exhorted him not to venture further towards Merv, and, deserting him in the middle of the desert,

left him to steer his way again by compass as best he might to Meneh. His Kurdish servant, who had done his full share of boasting and vapouring on the Persian side of the mountains, now began to show unequivocal signs of uneasiness, and declared that no man in his senses would dream of venturing out in these plains with a less following than five hundred men. Before sunset they came suddenly upon a couple of Merv Tekkés, who immediately unslung their muskets and laid them across their saddle-bows ready for action. As they happened to come from Meneh, whither Mr. O'Donovan was going, they became friendly, and instead of shooting him escorted him on his way. Stumbling over flooded ground and slipping into irrigation trenches in the darkness of the night, they arrived at a ruinous mud fort and some 'strange-looking wigwams,' where, in company with fifteen Turcomans closely packed, Mr. O'Donovan spent a restless night. The country was completely unsettled by the flight from Geok Tepé, and the escort—of four as truculent-looking fellows as could be met with—which was to ride with him, refused to move before dark. Picking their way in the night among pits and trenches, over clammy mud, and by the side of a treacherous river, 'I thought the dawn long due before a halt' was called.' Scarcely were the eyes closed in sleep, when the party was roused and off again. The dangerous fording of the Tejend accomplished, a breakfast of tea, griddled bread, and horny cheese, was hastily masticated, for another long ride lay before the travellers, and the heat of the day was aggravated by scarcity of water. League after league of plain was traversed, and, as night drew on, boars and leopards started on either side of the path, which now led through a forest-growth of tamarisk bushes. For two nights and a day Mr. O'Donovan had scarcely left the saddle, and when at length he was suffered to lie down, he did not stop to think of the lightning which began to flash or the sound of rain plashing on the mud, but spread his horsecloth and laid his head on the saddle, and slept as only a weary traveller can sleep.

'It was still dark when voices around me told that a fresh move was about to be made. I found myself half afloat. A torrent of rain was falling, and I was thoroughly saturated, leopard skin and all. My limbs were stiff with rheumatism, and specimens of the divers species of insect which haunt these bush-grown solitudes had fled to me for refuge against the downpour. I was for the moment a peripatetic museum of entomology. There were juvenile tarantulas, too young as yet to be capable of much harm, stag-beetles, lizard-like mantis, and every imaginable variety of *coleoptera*. As may readily be

imagined, I did not spend much time in examining them ; but, brushing them out of my hair and ears, and shaking them from the sleeves of my coat and the legs of my trousers, I endeavoured to put myself in marching order. The Turcomans were busying themselves with their horses, and looking ineffably cross, for, notwithstanding their powers of endurance, they also were very much knocked up. It was quite impossible to kindle the water-pipe, with which accustomed luxury they were for the moment compelled to dispense. Our horses were standing round, with drooping ears and tails, piteously gazing upon the wet mud. As I mounted, my animal fell to his knees with sheer weakness and wretchedness. Then we were off again, not at a very rapid rate, for the horses were scarcely able to put one leg before the other.' (Vol. ii. pp. 108-9.)

Riding through the jungle, they came to the ruins of an ancient caravanserai, where they halted 'to wring our dripping garments and gnaw our remaining crusts.'

'At length we were in sight of some marshes. Then came a boggy expanse, traversed by narrow, deep-cut trenches, proceeding from an offshoot of the Murgab. The sun was rising, and steamy columns ascended from the dun-brown waste. A few spectral camels and lean cows stood about with a kind of hopeless air, and some sheepskin-clad youths got up from their smoky fires to stare at us as we passed. . . . As we proceeded, the irrigation trenches became larger and more numerous, the sluggish waters scarce flowing between the high-piled banks. Considerable reaches of ground were under water. Through the rain-mist beehive outlines were visible. They were the first *Aladjaks* of Merv, and I strained my eyes eagerly to catch a sight through the fog of the domes and minarets, which I expected to see looming athwart it above the embattled walls of the "Queen of the World."'

'Here came a pause. Some of my conductors suddenly entertained doubts as to my nationality and my motives for visiting them in their inner *penetralia*. "How could anyone know that I was not a Russian?" "What will our friends say when we bring him among them?" "Who knows but he has a brigade of Cossacks at his heels?" "What is his business here?" Such were the words I heard pass between them. The more considerate said, "Who knows but that they will kill him at the first village?" For two long weary hours we sat on horseback in the driving rain, our backs to the wind, awaiting the result of this field council. Some of the party looked daggers at me, and seemed inclined to solve the matter there and then by finishing me off; but the better-minded majority seemed to get their own way. One of the latter rode up to me and told me not to be afraid—that all would yet be right, he hoped. He added significantly that, if all were *not* right, I should have only myself to blame for coming there. A decision was come to at last, and we rode straight to the first huts, which we could see faintly, through the mist, a mile or two off.' (Vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.)

A crowd of wild-looking people, who were packing bales upon the backs of camels, stopped their work to stare at Mr. O'Donovan as he rode up in his tall sheepskin cap, leopard skin, ulster, boots and spurs. His first reception was not inhospitable, and his drenched boots were pulled off 'after a prolonged struggle,' a warm cloak provided, and plenty of hot green tea, without sugar and tasting like a dose of Epsom salts, was given him as he sat shivering before the fire in a circular beehive hut. Presently an idea began to prevail that he was a Russian spy. The Merv people were thoroughly unnerved by the recent events at Geok Tepé, and could not help connecting the stranger's arrival with the Akhal catastrophe. His position as a newspaper correspondent was, of course, perfectly inexplicable to them, and when he offered to write to the English native agent at Mesh-hed, he was met by 'a general shout of warning not to attempt to write a single word, or his throat would be immediately cut.' Once he tried to jot down a few notes, whercupon an excited Turcoman rushed out of the hut to proclaim the news that the Feringi was writing, a regular tumult arose, and a 'humorous ruffian' assured him, in a vehement manner, that if paper and pencil were again seen in his hand, he could only blame himself for 'the result.' In the evening, Tokmé Sirdar, the military leader of Geok Tepé, and subsequently the chief of the Akhal deputation which visited the Czar at St. Petersburg, paid him a visit and chatted over the political situation. It appeared that the Akhal Tekkés were already submitting in large numbers to Russia, and returning to their homes. 'Some of the measures adopted to bring back the fugitives were, if the Tekkés were to be believed, of an atrocious character. There were about fifteen thousand women left in Yengi-Shehr (Geok Tepé) on the retreat of the army, and these the general threatened to abandon to the soldiery unless their male relatives should return at once and submit to the Czar. He also, I was informed, ordered the women to deliver up all their gold and silver ornaments as a war contribution.' Makhdum Kuli Khan, the chief of the Akhal Tekkés, with two or three thousand followers, alone refused to submit, and joined their kinsmen at Merv. The next morning, Mr. O'Donovan was conducted from this outlying village to the residence of the Turcoman elected chief or Ikhtiyar, by name Kadjar Khan. On his way he could observe something of the appearance of Merv. The Queen of the World had certainly fallen among evil days.

'In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's bright palaces and groves,'

there was now no trace of a city to be seen. The Veiled Prophet of Khorásán would not have recognised the scene of his successes. 'On every side was an immense plain, here and there broken by extensive plantations of trees, and hundreds of groups of beehive-shaped huts or *aladjaks*, each group consisting of from fifty to two hundred dwellings. The villages were usually from one to two miles apart. The ground was everywhere well tilled, cornfields and great melon-beds alternating.' Presently the chief Khan's residence came in view; a small red banner flying from a lance-shaft distinguished his hut from the two hundred similar dwellings that surrounded it. A large blue tent had been pitched for the stranger; a mat had been laid in it and a charcoal fire lighted; his saddles and luggage were piled up at one end, and Mr. O'Donovan seated himself on his carpet to wait the return of the Khan, who was away at some distant village, and to endure for twenty days the martyrdom of incessant sightseers. He had experienced this plague of the traveller before at Gumush Tepé, but he was now to endure it in its most aggravated form.

'Long before the sun was well above the horizon, a surging crowd had gathered around my tent, the interior of which was also crammed with members of Merv society, all eager to interview the mysterious stranger, who had fallen among them, as it were, from the clouds. They were the same sort of dressing-gown-robed, sheepskin-clad, gigantic-hatted beings as those I have described when writing about my residence among the Yamud Turcomans of the Caspian shore. They sat upon their heels in a kneeling position, their folded arms resting on the fronts of their thighs, and gazed at me with the ludicrous eagerness which may be observed in baboons and apes when some unfamiliar object meets their eyes. . . . My short, black, closely-buttoned tunic and cord riding-breeches seemed to fill them with amazement. They gazed and gazed as though they could never stop looking at the external appearance of the Ferenghi. It was the gaze of the operator while endeavouring to mesmerise his subject.'

Before long, Baba Khan and Aman Niaz Khan, the hereditary chiefs of the Toktamish and Otamish, the two principal tribes of the Merv Turcomans, made visits of ceremony to the blue tent. They were not what popular fancy might conceive nomad chiefs to be. The former had lost one eye by the

ophthalmic malady vulgarly known as 'pearl,' and was a low-sized cunning-looking man. Aman Niaz was a weak-eyed, downcast nobleman, who bore the unmistakeable traces of excessive opium-smoking. These two hereditary chieftains bore more authority, though less of the air of it, than the elected ruler, Kadjar Khan, who made his appearance on the second day. He reminded Mr. O'Donovan of Julius Cæsar's bust at the British Museum, and had an ascetic and rather gaunt aspect which was very impressive, though the vulturine look in his eyes somewhat damaged his expression. None of these high dignitaries committed themselves to definite opinions on the subject of the Correspondent's future, and it was not till he was summoned to the *medjlis*, or council of elders and chiefs, that Mr. O'Donovan learned that he was at all events safe for the moment, and that he would be allowed to substantiate his personal statements by a reference to the British agent at Mesh-hed. The general appearance of the elders assembled struck the Englishman as of a 'rugged European type,' such as would not have provoked remark in any ordinary meeting in Europe. The Kalmuk face, with its prominent cheekbones and narrow eyes, was in quite a small minority.

While the messenger was performing the journey to Mesh-hed, the women of Merv set to work to build the stranger a *kibitha*, *ev*, or *aladjak*, with the regular dome-shaped roof and lattice walls covered with felt, and furnished it with the invariable carpets and mats. Compared with the blue tent, this *ev* was cool and comfortable; and the adoption of a Turcoman house was soon followed by the purchase of a Turcoman dress, which reduced public curiosity so far that Mr. O'Donovan was able to stroll about the village with a following of not more than a couple of hundred persons. The necessary testimony having arrived from Mesh-hed, the Special Correspondent was allowed to go about as he pleased, and was even taken to visit the fortifications of Merv, which consisted merely of breast-works which would offer no valid resistance against Russian attack. Indeed, the Turcomans of Merv had made no serious preparations of defence whatever. They had neither projectiles nor gunpowder, and the guns taken from the Persians were unmounted. A smith at Merv came to receive Mr. O'Donovan's instructions for converting muzzle-loading bronze cannons into breech-loaders, and for tools whereby to effect this transformation produced a hand-saw and a horse-rasp! Beyond these useless fortifications, and the system of irrigation and dams on the Murgab (at which the Turcomans appeared for once as active labourers), there was nothing to see at Merv but the

ruins of the three old cities, of which little that is interesting remains except the tomb of the Seljuk Sultan Sanjar. Perhaps if Mr. O'Donovan had known more of the history of the place he would have been able to give a rather more interesting account of the ruins. As it is, there is little but a desolate impression to record of this 'Golgotha of cities.'

A visit from Makhdum Kuli Khan, the chief of the Akhal Tekkés, a mild-looking young man, of ruddy complexion, who seemed ever on the point of sneezing, completed Mr. O'Donovan's personal acquaintance with the great people of the country. The next event was his becoming a great man himself. Signs of an approaching revolution had been visible for some time. Kadjar Khan, the Ikhtiyar, was becoming more and more unpopular, and Mr. O'Donovan, on the other hand, was gradually assuming a leading position in the councils of the tribes. In vain he protested that he was in no sense employed by the British Government. Circumstances were too strong for him. Russia was advancing on the west; England had occupied Kandahar, only twelve days' ride from Merv on the south-east. What could an Englishman be doing at Merv but paving the road for his country's armies? Had not the Russians stopped their forward movement at the very time of his arrival? In spite of all his protestations, Mr. O'Donovan was accepted as a British envoy, and on the deposition of Kadjar the Ikhtiyar, the Special Correspondent of the 'Daily News' was elected to act with Baba and Aman Niaz, the two hereditary khans, as a member of a Merv Triumvirate. Various stately ceremonies were performed; a red flag floated from his *ev*; large receptions were held, and much arrack (in soda-water bottles) consumed; and Mr. O'Donovan found himself duly installed as one of the three supreme chiefs of the Tekké Turcomans of Merv. On foreign relations, especially, he was the sole authority, and his speech to the assembled chiefs was really an admirable model for a Foreign Secretary among savages. He insisted upon the abolition of raids, peace with Russia and Persia, and a memorial to England. At the time he felt very strongly that a little help and advice from England, tending to the establishment of a sort of Central Asian Switzerland or Belgium, would have been a wise policy, and one which might avert future troubles. It may be questioned, however, whether the Merv Tekkés could ever overcome their natural disposition sufficiently to render their state of any permanent value as a barrier. They would always steal, and they could always be bought.

Mr. O'Donovan's exalted position entailed correspondingly

onerous duties. He was expected to give expensive presents to all the principal persons of the place—if he failed to do so he was sure to be reminded by an unmistakeable hint—and he was also obliged to keep open house to all who might desire a meal with him. There was even less privacy than at the Yamud hut, and, in spite of an inner mosquito tent and every possible expedient of manner, words and silence, it was beyond the power of man to keep off the hungry tactless horde that daily poured in upon the unfortunate triumvir. Eating seems to be the main object of a Turcoman's life. As long as he is well fed he will do nothing—he will even refuse to join in a raid. He would always sooner eat than fight, and will go any distance to get a meal gratis, which he is always ready to devour at a moment's notice. 'The habitual hunger and apparently insatiable appetite of an ordinary Turcoman, coupled with his natural covetousness, make him a very disagreeable person' as a visitor. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. O'Donovan occasionally lost his temper, and that the following extracts from his journal are, perhaps, unnecessarily bitter.

'These Merv Turcomans seem to have nothing to do but loafing about all day from hut to hut to see if they cannot surprise some eatables. They gorge themselves to excess on every possible occasion with greasy food, and are continually ill from indigestion. They throng my house, partly to satisfy their curiosity by staring at me, and partly to devour the greater portion of any food I may have prepared for my own use. In this way, unless one is prepared to feed a dozen persons on each occasion, he has no chance of getting a mouthful for his meal. It is of no use saying that what you are eating is pig, for they eat pork readily. Covetous rapacity seems to be their leading characteristic. They appear to think the whole world bound to contribute to their support, they to give nothing in return.'

'No one who has not suffered as I have among the Merv Turcomans by being constantly intruded upon and persecuted in every way by their abominable presence could appreciate the exquisite luxury of being left in quiet solitude.

'A daily administration of half-glasses of arrack to patients who require *arrack derman* (spirituous medicine) for internal ailments, aches in their stomachs, and the like. This is all a pretence. It is simply a method of getting half-intoxicated at my expense. From behind the awful mystery of my mosquito tent I gave replies to the various consultants—on foreign policy, improvements in the fortifications, pains in their joints and stomachs, and soreness in their eyes. I indiscriminately order dandelion juice, and scores of people are to be seen dotting the plains, culling that useful plant, while in many an *ev* thumping and pounding can be heard as the juice is extracted.' (Vol. ii. pp. 892-4.)

It did not require any very peculiar capacity for *ennui* to
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grow tired of such neighbours as these; and we are not surprised to find Mr. O'Donovan, who was not particularly patient, sending urgent letters to Mesh-hed and Teheran to obtain a forced recall. Nothing short of a distinct order from the British Minister could rescue him from the hands of his tormenting friends at Merv. If he left them, how could they be sure that the English Government would listen to their prayer for a protectorate? And might not Russia step in when this potent envoy departed? It was becoming a matter of urgency, however; the troops were being withdrawn from Kandahar, and no one could tell what might be the reaction against England in Merv when the news of this seeming desertion reached the Oasis. After several attempts, not always very discreet, on the part of the agent at Mesh-hed, to extricate the involuntary triumvir, a missive from the English Minister at Teheran accomplished the long-desired object; and, after wearisome delays, a council of elders was reluctantly called, six hours of solemn conclave passed, ceremonious speeches were made, and it was decided that O'Donovan Bahadur Khan should be allowed to leave the Oasis. It is noteworthy that just as he was not permitted to approach Geok Tepé till the Russians had made every arrangement for the final assault, so he only left Merv when a private letter from the general commanding at Askabad gave the Khan to understand that Mr. O'Donovan's departure would be particularly agreeable to Russia.

A new series of vexatious delays followed the decision of the council. One day Baba Khan had sprained his ankle; another time it was Aman Niaz's sore eyes that prevented the saddling of the horses. At last no further excuse remained. Final visits were paid; last presents were offered; and Mr. O'Donovan wrote the following entry in his diary: 'I have put on my boots with the resolution that I will not take them off till I reach Mesh-hed.' But it turned out that the horses, which ought to have been shod the day before, were still shoeless. It presently appeared that the shoc-artist had lent his hammer to some one sixteen miles away. 'I am in a violent rage: but what can I do?' says the journal; and eventually the start was made without the shoes. The escort were ready, standing each man with his hand upon his horse's bridle, when Baba Khan appeared with two fine Turcoman carpets; Aman Niaz followed with another; and so on, till the departing Bahadur Khan O'Donovan was loaded with eight costly carpets, a large copper tea-jug, an iron-headed pipe, a porcelain tea-bowl, and a suit of chain-armour, with a huge steel helmet like a dish-

cover, which had belonged to an ancestor of one of the nobles of Merv. These tributes of respect and affection were presented in sight of the whole population, who were drawn up to see their triumvir depart, and many of whom very plainly commented on the folly of letting him go and thus opening a door to the Russians. At last the demands of Turcoman etiquette had been all complied with; Mr. O'Donovan mounted and, surrounded by some two hundred Tekkés armed to the teeth, rode off towards the Persian frontier. The last entry in his journal, on July 29, 1881, is more forcible than polite in its expression of joy at being out of Merv and once more on the road. Mr. O'Donovan bore no love towards his late hosts, it is clear:—

'It is worth while to have been persecuted by a bore, to experience the relief of his departure; it is worth while to have suffered toothache to know the enjoyment which accompanies its cessation; and it is worth while to have lived among the Tekkés to know the ecstatic delight of parting company with them.'

To those who have not realised that there is a quiet and apparently inoffensive kind of persecution which is more irritating and exhausting than active hostility, this comparison will seem over-severe; but it required a thick skin and an imperturbable temper to associate long with the Merv Turcomans, and it is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. O'Donovan's pious ejaculations of relief as he rode away to Mesh-hed and at last saw a clear path open to England.

It was impossible in the compass of a single article to unite all the varied subjects of interest which Mr. O'Donovan has so ably and exhaustively treated in these volumes. We can only refer to the admirable survey of the irrigation system on Murgab; to the minute descriptions of Turcoman manners and customs, daily life, and political ideas; to the interesting account of the shrine of the Imam Er-Rizà at Mesh-hed, and the tomb of Firdausi at Tus; and the many admirable verbal sketches of people of all ranks and races in whose society the author found himself, which are so lifelike and graphic that they almost make amends for the absence of illustrations, otherwise a matter of regret. From first to last the book is as full of interest as a book can be. Every page teems with novelty and almost sensational incidents; and whether it is read as an exciting narrative of adventure or as an exhaustive description of an unknown place and a strange people, the 'Merv Oasis' will be found equally entertaining and instructive.

ART. VIII.—*The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time.* Compiled from Family Records, &c., by Lieut.-Colonel ALEXANDER FERGUSON. 8vo. Edinburgh : 1882.

WE have found this a very amusing, and indeed a very interesting, volume. It has been now some months before the public, and the work itself, as well as the hero of it, Henry Erskine, have been made the theme of many observations and criticisms. To those of our readers, therefore, who sympathise with his memory—and they must be many—a detailed analysis of the work would be superfluous. Still we are Edinburgh Reviewers, and, as such, these memorials of one of the most remarkable of our countrymen could not be passed over in silence, even if he had not been one of the political landmarks of last century.

The author and compiler of this memoir had a difficult, and in some respects a melancholy, task. For Henry Erskine, although endowed with all the outward graces and inward qualities which should have led him to a distinguished place in the history of his times, hardly reached it. He was, indeed, the foremost man in his profession, and the foremost man in society in the Scottish metropolis. His birth was noble and distinguished; his appearance striking; he was witty, eloquent, and cultivated. Nature and acquirement seemed to have combined to accomplish in his person a great destiny. Yet, through no fault of his, fame eluded his grasp. After attaining the highest political honour of his profession in Scotland at an unusually early age, he held it but for the short life of the Coalition Ministry of 1783, nor did he regain it for twenty-three years, when gay and ardent manhood had passed into old age. He was placed by the suffrages of the Bar of Scotland at its head, as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, in 1785; but this position, also, he was deprived of ten years afterwards by a political cabal. He was, in 1803, offered the appointment of one of the heads of the Court of Session, through the generosity of a political opponent, but declined it because he feared it might be thought inconsistent with his allegiance to his party to accept it. In 1806 he was Lord Advocate under the equally short administration of Fox in that year, and of course quitted office with it. He retired from the bar in 1812 to his country seat, and lived for the next five years in as much obscurity as such a man could, and died in

1817, having accomplished what indeed would have been accounted brilliant success for most men, but still little of what the world calls greatness in position or fortune.

Had events favoured him, it could not have failed to be otherwise. Had he been a clever schemer, who knew, as some did, how to read the shifting of the wind, he must have been high in the conduct of great affairs. As it is, he left nothing behind him but an unsullied and honourable name, and a genial memory, a phantom of grace, popularity, and attractiveness everywhere recognised, but still shadowy and unsubstantial. With power to accomplish anything in the fields of intellect, he only charmed his contemporaries for fifty years, and diffused a healthy glow of culture and refinement around him, which has left its traces on posterity.

Such being an outline, almost a finished sketch, of Erskine's public life, it presented slender materials for an enlarged biography. A life of promise—as it was—more than of performance, of expectation disappointed by results, is destitute of the salient features which stirring adventure, successful or unsuccessful, supplies. He was designed for a great place in history, but fate was against him at every turn. Whether he is more or less to be envied his bright and sunny temper, his position as the idol of the public, and as the ornament of society, than if these had been bartered for a conscience ill at ease and the 'whistling of a name,' men may doubt; but destiny gave him no choice.

Even in his biography this evil genius seems to have attended his memory. Although he had been the friend of most of the distinguished men of his time, both on this side the Tweed and on the other, hardly a vestige of his correspondence seems to have been preserved. These memoirs might have fared better had they not come so late. Had the theme been taken up while there still remained some among whom Henry Erskine lived, much might have come down to us which has been lost for ever, and which the nation which was proud of him could ill afford to lose. Twenty or thirty years ago there were men still alive who remembered him; but it is sixty-five years since his death, and few men of the same eminence have left behind them so little by which their course can be tracked.

This career which we have described has made the volume before us what it is, a medley of odds and ends, culled from all quarters and about all sorts of people, containing much which is curious, many things which are rare, and many things which are far from being so; jokes new and old, thrown together, not without merit, in a setting which is too un-

methodical to be artistic. We should be ungrateful if we were to cavil at this defect, for we have derived much amusement and some instruction from its lively but desultory pages. But the assortment is so various and discursive that the task of the reviewer becomes as difficult as that of the biographer. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the central figure of the crowds which flit through its pages, and try to present to our readers an outline—it can be nothing more—of Henry Erskine himself, and the condition, political, ecclesiastical, and social, of the city in which he resided and of the circles in which he held undisputed sway.

The biography of his early years need not delay us long, although it is not without its share of sentiment. The story of the boyhood of two brothers, one of whom became leader of the Bar of Scotland and the other Lord Chancellor of England, cannot fail to have interest, even although it presents little beyond ordinary incident. Their reputation, however, gives to these details an amount of value which otherwise they might not possess.

Henry Erskine, the subject of this memoir, was the second son of Henry David, the tenth Earl of Buchan, and Agnes Stewart, the daughter of Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, one of the most eminent lawyers of his day. He was thus descended on the father's side from a line of noble progenitors, as celebrated as any in Scotland, and of a name the origin of which among the Scottish nobility is lost amid the mists of antiquity. His mother appears to have been a singularly cultivated and high-minded woman, and traced her descent also from the families of Stair and Dalrymple. The ancient pedigree of the Earls of Buchan is deduced in this volume with great care and ability; and had we not before us topics which we think of more interest, we might have loitered awhile, as we did over the Menteiths, to dwell on the ancient glories of the Erskines. But our limits will not allow us to go beyond the theme which we have proposed.

In 1744 the Earl of Buchan and his family settled in Edinburgh, and took up their residence in a house in Gray's Close, fronting the High Street of that city. Our author need not have been solicitous about the comparative gentility of the quarter in which the Earl lived. The family were indeed in reduced circumstances, considering their rank; but the Earl and Countess dwelt among the haunts of the old Scottish nobility, in quarters which were still the resort of the well-born and cultivated. Those were hard times for the

upper ranks in Scotland; but there was nothing derogatory implied in the habitation which they selected for themselves and their family. In that house Henry Erskine was born on December 1, 1746, and his brother, Thomas Erskine, the future Lord Chancellor of England, was also born there in 1749.

Our author gives us no details in regard to Henry Erskine's school-days. Yet, as he was fourteen years of age before the family left Edinburgh, we think it unlikely, considering the practice of the times, that he was not sent to the High School, unless he was delicate as a boy. But the class lists contain no mention of him, as the present Rector of the School has informed us. Lord Campbell says that Thomas Erskine was at the High School, although in the present work some doubt seems to be thrown on that statement. The fact, however, is not cleared up. In 1760 the family removed to St. Andrew's, when Thomas Erskine was eleven, and Henry Erskine fourteen years of age. The latter matriculated at the university of that city, and attended the Latin and mathematical classes. Both the brothers seem to have been pupils at a private school in St. Andrew's, taught by a master named Dick. Bright, lively, and enthusiastic lads, whose affection for each other appears to have been retained throughout life, they must have won all hearts. An old professor, whose name is well remembered in the University of Edinburgh, speaks in some crampo lines as having known the Erskines at Dick's school—

‘a couple precious more
Than Britons ever saw before.’

We cannot doubt that they were both charming fellows at that age, full of animation, and good company with everyone.

We never read Wilkie's ‘*Epigoniad*,’ nor did we know exactly who the author was. We find, however, that Wilkie and his book were of some note in their day, and that the author was a professor of mathematics at St. Andrew's during the period of Henry Erskine's attendance at the University; and apparently he was a very absent man. It is mentioned by Colonel Fergusson that Erskine used to relate that, having on one occasion met in the streets one of his former pupils, ‘I was sorry, my dear boy,’ he said to him, ‘you have had the fever in your family; was it you or your brother who died of it?’ ‘It was me, sir,’ was the reply. ‘Dear me! I thought so. Very sorry for it! very sorry for it!’

The two lads seem to have done good work at St. Andrew's, for during the three years they remained there must have been sown the seeds of that literary taste which both of them in a large degree possessed. Probably in wandering on the shores of the German Ocean, in that not too lively, although academic, vicinity, was fostered the strong dash of the poetic temperament, not unmixed with melancholy, which threw an air of sentiment over the lives of both. The St. Andrew's home was broken up in 1763, and the family went to Bath. The Earl soon afterwards died; Tom went to sea, and began as romantic and adventurous a career as ever raised a man to the Woolsack and to fame; and Henry, after two years spent at Glasgow University, again repaired to Edinburgh to commence his legal studies, and was called to the bar, or, in Scottish phrase, 'passed advocate,' in 1768. Thomas Erskine here drops for the present out of our narrative; but, before we follow Henry through his professional fortunes, let us try to describe the place where, and the persons among whom, his venture was to be made.

The social aspect of Edinburgh in 1770 was as different from that which it wore at the beginning of this century as was that of its physical features. Although not much more than one hundred years have elapsed, its habits and associations were as alien to the thoughts and ways of modern men as if a stream of lava had swept over it a thousand years ago. Several causes combined to produce the characteristics of society in the Scottish metropolis at this period, and the change which has since taken place. Scotland and its capital during the whole of last century were in a state of transition from what may be called a Continental to an English type. This began with the union of the Crowns. It was continued, and, indeed, completed by the union of the kingdoms. The old ancestral Court disappeared with the first, and the ancient Legislature with the second. Before the influence of these events commenced, Scotland, and Edinburgh, which reflected Scotland, were much more in harmony with the Continent than with England, in habits, thought, taste, and even in some respects language. The old French alliance, and the thoroughly French Court at Holyrood, had tinged deeply the standard of manners and of fashion, perhaps not altogether to the disadvantage of the poorer kingdom. The comparison may not be unfaithfully shadowed out by contrasting Scott's 'Baron of Bradwardine' with Fielding's 'Squire Western,' both trustworthy portraits, and of men substantially in the same social rank at the same period. So the great lawyers and statesmen of

the seventeenth century in Scotland came to the bar furnished with all the armoury which Continental travel and foreign seats of learning, joined to familiarity with the languages, and sometimes with the distinguished men of Europe, could bestow. The University of Paris was a very general resort of the young Scot of good family; so were Padua and Bologna, and, later on, Utrecht or Leyden. They never were an affluent community in their own land, nor did they find one abroad; and in both, learning and culture were held in more esteem than wealth, luxury, and ostentation.

These features, however, gradually disappeared. The Revolution, which destroyed the French alliance, and the wars of Marlborough, in effect shut out the Continent from the training of Scottish youth. The standard rapidly altered. The old Scottish nobility and gentry found themselves driven to conform, or to try to conform, to the prevalent tastes of society in England. Speaking the language of their forefathers, the speech of as proud a Court and as old a nobility as any in Europe, they found their accent and dialect derided as barbarous and vulgar, although both merely betrayed the Continental origin from which they sprang. The times, too, had been disastrous. No sooner had the feuds of Protestant and Catholic, and later on, of Presbyter and Prelate, been composed, than Jacobite risings began to distract the already impoverished country. Between the contending factions the Scottish laird went to the wall. What with requisitions, contributions, taxes, confiscations, and all the torments of civil war, hardly one escaped, and at the time when this sketch opens, the landed gentry were at their lowest.

The ancient capital, too, the grey metropolis of the north, was on the eve of a transmutation quite as striking. Old Edinburgh, as we see it in the engravings of the time, wore a thoroughly Continental aspect, such as we find at this day in such corners of Paris as Hausmann has not reached, or better preserved in the mediæval and somewhat sleepy towns of Ghent and Bruges. Defence and economy, not inconsistent with elegance, and even luxury, were its characteristics. The tall tenements, crowded along the ridge of rock leading from Holyrood to the Castle, which were approached from the main thoroughfare by narrow passages and winding staircases, and were so constructed as to make an assault difficult, contained many handsome interiors, some of the remains of which still survive, although the apartments are degraded to baser uses. Yet when we refer to the ancient woodcuts and drawings of the city, it is plain, from the spacious gardens delineated on the

northern and southern slopes, that those dwellings were not without their share of brightness. They plainly belonged to a period when architectural symmetry and beauty were infinitely better understood than in the eighteenth century. The debased state of the latter in artistic taste is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the ruthless disregard of those monuments of ancient culture.

But the city itself and the inhabitants were about to start on a new departure. Between 1760 and 1780 the project of *bridging over the valley to the north of the town, and giving out the ground on the bank beyond for building, was carried out*; and with great rapidity a New Town arose on the northern bank, in which all the conditions of the old were reversed. Space, and air, and light, instead of being restricted, were sought after, and the handsome if somewhat dull parallelograms of freestone were rapidly occupied by the former inhabitants of the flats or stories of the older tenements. Defence against open enemies or midnight brawls was no longer the guide of the architect; but the picturesque character of the town had departed, and new rules of social ambition began to reign.

The world of letters also had undergone a very significant change. A generation arose of men of great ability and energy, whose aim and study it was to write idiomatic English. Debarred, as we have seen, from their former haunts abroad, where learning was pursued, they boldly raised a standard of their own, and Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, Ferguson, and Blair, followed by Millar and Thomas Reid, founded a school of philosophic literature not surpassed certainly by any circle south of the Tweed. Gibbon in his 'Decline and Fall' says:—'A strong ray of philosophic light has broke from Scotland in our own times, and it is with private as well as public regard that I repeat the names of Hume, Robertson, and Adam Smith.' Stimulated by the efforts of these great men, a vast thirst for self-improvement and intellectual distinction possessed the Scottish youth of that generation, in the midst of which Henry Erskine assumed his advocate's gown in 1778.*

* We obtain a glimpse into the anxious solicitude which these great men felt for their English style, in some letters which are preserved between Hume and Dr. Robertson, the historian, on this subject. The former thus writes to his friend Robertson of his 'History': 'Maltreat is a Scotticism which occurs once. What the devil had you to do with that old-fashioned dangling word *wherewith*? I should as soon take back *whereupon*, *whereunto*, and *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerably

Colonel Fergusson scarcely does justice to the state of intellectual cultivation among the upper ranks in Scotland when Henry Erskine began his professional career. He claims for him no more than is his due in the part he bore in the rendering wit and classical illustration popular with the Scottish bench and bar. But the following remarks seem to us misleading, and we adopt them as the excuse for a few illustrations of the actual condition of the Scottish literary world in 1770. He says, speaking of Henry Erskine's first appearance at the bar:—

'At this time, and for many years both before and after it, a very limited acquaintance with the higher classics sufficed for an educated Scottish gentleman. This circumstance, and the fact, as noted by Chambers, that the custom of young gentlemen making the grand tour had very much fallen into disuse, go some way to explain that while many Scotch judges were men of unquestionable power and grasp of intellect, these men and others of by no means equal strength were even prominently remarkable for coarseness of manner, sometimes amounting to barbarity, scarcely relieved by a heavy jocularity. It is said that the only judges on the bench who knew anything of the classics were Lord Monboddo, and perhaps Lord Kames. But, to appreciate the cultured eloquence of Erskine, a deep knowledge of the classics was not needed. The fact of his classical training was seen in the simplicity and elegance of his diction, rather than in the use of quotations. But it was not long before even those law lords who were most antiquated in their ideas began to appreciate and acknowledge the superiority of Mr. Erskine's style—dashing, free, and effective—over the dry and somniferent prosings of the past generation of pleaders' (p. 102).

The field was by no means so barren as our author, in these observations, supposes; and no honour is done to Erskine's memory by attributing to him a monopoly he would have been the first to disclaim. When our author speaks of an acquaintance with the higher classical literature having ceased to be part of the education of a gentleman in Scotland, he uses language inapplicable to Scottish education at that time. In those days, as for long afterwards, there was in Scotland no such thing as the education of a gentleman, in the distinctive sense in which our author uses the term. All ranks went to

'decent gentleman of the family is wherein, and I should not choose to be often seen in his company.' Again: 'I do not like this sentence in page 149: "*This step was taken in consequence of the treaty*" "*Wolsey had concluded with the Emperor at Brussels, and which had*" "*hitherto been kept secret.*" "*Si sic omnia dixisses,*" I should never have been plagued with hearing your praises so often sounded, and that fools preferred your style to mine.'—Stewart's *Works*, x. pp. 189, 140.

the same school, sat on the same form, learned from the same authors. Classical learning was not an exclusive privilege of the higher ranks; it was open to all. So inconsiderable was the cost even of college training, that attendance at one of the Universities was within the power of many of humble station. The advantage which might be open to a scion of the upper ranks lay not in the scholastic, but in the home, training. For the system of Scottish tuition was entirely, as to a large extent it is still, that of a day school. The English system of boarding schools was rarely resorted to, and a boy of the better ranks was not the less of gentle nurture because his days were spent at schools in which proficiency was the only acknowledged distinction.

Classical learning had been cultivated in Scotland more after the fashion of French or German schools than of those of England. Scholars were less conversant with, and solicitous about, critical scholarship than concerned with the sense and meaning of the classical authors. Buchanan and Melville, and the authors whose works are collected in the '*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*,' had proved that the Scottish Reformation had stimulated and had not repressed excellence in this department. It is true that the causes to which we have alluded had dried up the old sources from which Scottish learning used to draw inspiration. The supervening political troubles also affected it. The lairds and burgesses were impoverished, and the lairds and the town councils starved the schools. But before 1770 a fresh breeze had sprung up, under the auspices of the well-known names we have mentioned, and classical learning was not excluded from this revival of letters.

It was not the prevalent impression south of the Tweed that the classics had ceased to be cultivated in Scotland. Harris of Salisbury, the author of the '*Hermes*,' writing to Lord Kames in 1762, says:—

'I think myself amply repaid for all my literary labours if they can merit approbation from men of learning and ingenuity; I may say in particular the scholars of North Britain, where so strong a relish for Greek and Latin literature still prevails, while French and experimental philosophy have almost banished it everywhere else.' *

We have had the curiosity to test this rather hasty generalisation of our author by inquiring who the judges were who are supposed to have been unable to appreciate Henry Erskine's Latinity, and how far his lot was really cast in a

* Tytler's '*Life of Kames*,' vol. ii. p. 8.

seculum indoctum. We have found who those unlearned ones were, and some particulars about their unfamiliar names may not be unacceptable to our readers.

It must be remembered that at the date of which we speak, the main authorities in Scottish jurisprudence were the civil law text-writers, the canonists, and the feudalists. The repertories of these mysteries were in works composed in Latin, not so barbarous as our author thinks. The great work of Sir Thomas Craig, on Feudal Law, is as elegant a piece of Latinity as any modern writer ever produced. Wedderburn, when he joined the bar of England, is said, in Campbell's 'Life,' to have written that he found Englishmen better up in their longs and shorts, but that he knew Voet and Vinnius better than they did.

Lord Kames was appointed a judge in 1752, and remained on the bench until 1784. Lord Woodhouselee, in his 'Life of Kames,' says:—'It was no ordinary mental energy which could stand daily comparison with such men as Fringle of Ulemoor, Ferguson of Pitfour, Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, Lockhart of Covington, M'Queen of Braxfield, and the younger President Dundas.' With the exception of the first, all these men were on the Scottish Bench between 1760 and 1770. The list also included Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes (better known as Lord Hailes), Francis Garden of Gardenstown, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Ferguson of Pitfour, Veitch of Ellilock, and Rae, Lord Eskgrove. We shall say a word or two upon each of these, and of their legal and social position.

Robert Dundas of Arniston was the second Lord President of the Court of Session of that name, as his father had filled that office also. We learn from a paper in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh' (vol. ii.) that, after going through the regular course at the University of Edinburgh, Dundas studied for two years at the University of Utrecht, and spent two years more in travelling through France and Italy, before commencing his professional career. He had been in Parliament for some time, and was a man of power and vigour.

We find in the same volume of the 'Transactions' an account of 'Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, by David Hume, advocate,' who was then professor of Scots law in the University of Edinburgh, and became afterwards a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland. Sir Thomas Miller was successively Lord Justice Clerk and Lord President of the Court of Session. He says:—

'Sir Thomas Miller was born on November 3, 1717. He received

the first rudiments of his education at Glasgow, and afterwards went through the usual course of academical studies in the university of that place, where he acquired a relish for the pursuits of literature and science which never forsook him, and *especially a fondness for the Greek and Latin classics, which, even in the busiest periods of his life, he found opportunities to indulge. Horace was almost his constant companion; and even in his last years, after his promotion to the most laborious office in the law, Homer, during a vacation, was often on his table.*

He goes on to say :—

‘He also became Lord Advocate in succession to Lord President Dundas, in 1760, and in the following year he was chosen to serve in Parliament for the burgh of Dumfries.’

We did not expect to find Lord Hailes represented as a type of an uneducated Scotsman. He was, however, an Eton boy, and afterwards studied at Utrecht—sufficient guarantees, we should think, for some Latinity even if he had not been one of the most learned and prolific authors of the age. Lord Woodhouselee, in a note to his ‘Life of Lord Kames,’ says: ‘The erudition of Lord Hailes was not of a dry and ‘scholastic nature: he felt the beauty of the composition ‘of the ancients: he entered with taste and discernment into ‘the merits of the Latin poets, and that peculiar vein of ‘delicate and ingenious thought which characterises the Greek ‘epigrammatists; and a few specimens which he has left of ‘his own composition in that style evince the hand of a ‘master. It would not be easy to produce from the works of ‘any modern Latin poet a more delicate, tender, and pathetic ‘effusion, or an idyllion of greater classical purity, than the ‘following iambics on a domestic calamity of the severest ‘nature.’ Our readers will find them quoted on page 182 of the first volume of that work, and very beautiful they are.

Lord Gardenstown was a well-known classical scholar, as anyone who will consult the work which we have last referred to—the ‘Life of Lord Kames’—will find amply proved. He was a singular and eccentric man, and united strong convivial tastes with great cultivation. He was sent to Paris in the Douglas cause, and is said to have surprised the Parisians by the fluency and purity of his French. Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto came of too cultivated a stock to be liable to any such imputation. He had sat in Parliament, and was a trusted friend and confidant of John, Duke of Argyll, in public affairs. Pitfour was a profound lawyer. Veitch of Ellicock was an intimate friend of Frederick the Great, had lived at his Court, and kept up a correspondence with him, and was well known

for his classical attainments. Lockhart, Lord Covington, had been Dean of the Faculty of Advocates before he was raised to the bench; and Rae, Lord Eskgrove, although more celebrated for his eccentricities towards the end of last century in extreme old age, was a great lawyer, and must have been possessed of general attainments, as in 1764 he was selected to go to Paris in the Douglas cause, along with Monboddo and Gardenstown—a mission not likely to be entrusted to an ignorant man.

We are far from saying that the members of the Scottish bench at this time were always refined, or their deportment always dignified. The slight glimpse which Scott gives of the 'fifteen' in 'Redgauntlet' is probably not over-coloured, and in this instance he drew from the life, for he must have seen most of them. Certainly, according to nineteenth century notions, their manners were sometimes far from being well-bred or judicial, and were often coarse, boisterous, and overbearing. In the scene referred to Scott represents one of the judges as uttering the pious hope that their own wits might be preserved to them; and his learned brother, manifestly meant for Lord Kames, as rejoining, 'Amen! for some of us have few to spare.' When Lord Monboddo sat down to drink, as we are told he did, with his liquor crowned with roses, the companions who joined his 'symposium after the manner of the ancients,' could probably keep pace with him in classics as in wine. But the age, though not in the least illiterate, was unrefined; and perhaps with gentler manners and more conscience the standard of mere intellectual power has not risen on either side of the Border.

What the Bench in Scotland needed at that time was an element better supplied in the case of England, a Bar sufficiently strong in numbers to lead and influence public opinion, and to compel that courtesy and consideration from the Bench which is essential to the right administration of justice. Colonel Ferguson rightly puts 'the Independence of the Bar' as the motto of his book, for Henry Erskine did much single-handed to assert it.

If we proceed to the next generation, and inquire if the contemporaries of Henry Erskine laboured under this defective training, we shall find the impression equally unsubstantial. Here we are on firmer ground, for that generation joined hands with the present. We take as examples the following, who were the most conspicuous of Henry Erskine's contemporaries and rivals at the bar—Henry Dundas, Abercrombie, Allan Maconochie of Meadowbank, Sir William Miller of

Glenlee, Blair of Avonton, William Robertson (son of the historian), William Craig, William Tytler of Woodhouselee, and Macleod Bannatyne. All these men were ultimately raised to the Bench.

We are not in a position to say what Dundas's classical attainments were, but we do know that his power was sufficient to place him in the front rank of an assembly which embraced Fox, Pitt, Burke, Grey, and Canning. Of Abercrombie, who was afterwards made a judge under the name of Lord Abercrombie, Henry Mackenzie has left a pleasing memoir, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He recounts with enthusiasm the devotion of Abercrombie to the classics. Of Sir William Miller and Maconochie we need only say that, in addition to great legal knowledge, they were men of erudition so profound that it would by itself have rendered them conspicuous. Maconochie had travelled over Europe, and mastered most of its languages, before he came to the Bar : he had vast acquirements, and was deep not only in ordinary classical knowledge, but in many recondite fields of ancient lore. Miller was one of the most cultivated and remarkable men of his day, and, but for a singular and sensitive temperament, would have left a wider reputation. He was a son of the President, Sir Thomas Miller, whom we have mentioned above, and sat on the Scottish bench for forty-six years. We have ourselves seen him at his beautiful seat of Barskimming in Ayrshire, in a library stored with a splendid collection ; and although he had then passed his eightieth year, a more polished, courteous, and cultivated example of the gentleman of the eighteenth century could not be met with. In a notice of him in the ' History of the Speculative Society,' the compilers say of him : ' A person of very rare merit, a great lawyer, and an admirable judge ; profound and original in mathematics, an excellent classical scholar, and well read in most of the European languages. There is perhaps no individual in Scotland so deep in such a variety of difficult attainments.' (P. 122.) It would lead us too far from the main theme to exhaust even this rambling list. We know that President Blair had a great love for and an extensive acquaintance with the classics. William Robertson, the son of the Principal, was, as might be expected, a man of cultivation ; and of Craig, Tytler, and Bannatyne it may be said, without offence, that not their least title to distinction was their literary eminence.

The very epoch of which these things are said was, in point of fact, marked by a signal and general revival of literary ardour in Scotland, and this had not been more conspicuous in

any social community than in the Bar. The last three names of the contemporaries of Erskine which we have mentioned will recall to the well-informed reader the periodicals of the 'Mirror' and the 'Lounger,' to which they were all contributors. Let us see what Henry Mackenzie, the editor, has to say as to the Scottish Bar, at the date of which we write, in his gentle and kindly paper, to which we have already referred, on the death of Lord Abercrombie. Henry Mackenzie says of him :—

'He was early destined for the profession of the law, to which his father had himself been bred at the time when the faculty of advocates comprehended one half of the gentlemen of Scotland. The profession of the law was adopted by the eldest sons of the gentry, rather as conferring a sort of fashionable distinction than as one from which they looked for business or emolument. It led to a learned or at least to a polite education, and gave a sort of dignity beyond mere idleness. *Hence perhaps there was in those times an elegance of manner, joined with a degree of knowledge and information, among the faculty of advocates in Scotland, not to be met with among any similar body of men in any other country.*'

Such is the testimony of a most intelligent and competent authority, who himself lived in those times and was himself a distinguished son of the eighteenth century. As Abercrombie was a year older than Henry Erskine, there can be no question as to the period to which his remarks apply. We may safely conclude that this striking testimony to the culture of the Scottish Bar in 1768 could not have been spoken to the Royal Society, had it not been well known to be true.

This wave of enthusiasm for learning and self-improvement continued to roll on to the end of the century. A good deal of our author's attention has been bestowed upon the convivial clubs, and the state of fashionable society in Edinburgh at this period. Nor is this feature of the prevalent manners to be overlooked. But there is always a temptation, in describing the manners of a bygone age, to attribute to a community the humours and vagaries of a coterie. We have directed our researches chiefly to the intellectual and literary position of those circles, as giving a better index to everyday life. Among other indications and results of this impulse were three characteristic enterprises, all of which may be said to have lived to the present day. The first of these in date was the foundation of the Speculative Society in 1763, a debating and literary association formed by college lads, but which still survives, and has on its muster-roll almost every name of note which became distinguished in Scotland during the latter period

of last century and the commencement of the present. The founders were Creech, the bookseller, Allan Maconochie of Meadowbank, mentioned above, and a knot of students attending the University of Edinburgh or just preparing to enter on life. Of its career after 1790 we need not speak, for it was a nursery of learning and eloquence to Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey, and that knot of young ambitious and manly men by whom this journal was founded. A violent political feud led, towards the end of the century, to the resignation of several of its members who were adherents of the Ministry of the day, and for many years the *Speculative* remained a training ground for the rising spirits of the Whig party. Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell were members of it. But the historians of those times, and of the hard work and high aspirations of the men who took part in them, have done ample justice to the earnest and thorough attainments which were brought to the mimic contests of the society during perhaps the greatest period of its renown. Even before 1790 it had included many men of eminence, both of native and foreign birth, whose names are less familiar to us. Creech, its founder, was a remarkable man. He stood at the head of the Scottish publishing trade for more than forty years, and his shop was the rendezvous of the literary community of the city. He used to hold a daily *levée*, as it was called, at the breakfast hour, and did much to foster the love and pursuit of letters. In addition to the names of many of the magnates of the law and the Church, the latter including Sir Henry Moncreiff and Principal Hill, we find those of John Playfair, Dugald Stewart, and Mackintosh; and of strangers within the city gates, Lord Lauderdale, Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Astley Cooper, Stanley of Alderley, Lord Kinnaird, the Marquis of Lothian, and many others. Walter Scott was the secretary for several years.

We may mention two episodes which occurred regarding men who became members during this period. Thomas Ellis Abbott was admitted in 1788. The minutes of the society under date November 25, 1798, record:—

‘The Secretary, Mr. Waugh, moved, and was seconded by Mr. Henry Brougham, that as Thomas Addis Emmett is a member of the executive directorate of the Irish Union, and has confessed himself privy to the carrying on of a treasonable correspondence with France, his name should be erased from the list of the *Speculative Society*. A ballot was taken on this motion after it had lain on the table for three weeks, and it was carried unanimously.’

Emmett, after being imprisoned in Scotland, received a pardon,

went to the United States in 1804, rose to be the head of the New York bar, was Attorney-General for fifteen years, and at his death, in 1827, his funeral was attended by the judges of the Supreme Court in New York, the municipal authorities, and a great concourse of people—a career of singular vicissitude.

The other incident, also characteristic of the times, occurred in the case of a member of the name of Terray, who had been admitted in 1791, and who wrote to the society in 1793 from France to the effect that his life and fortune depended on his being able to prove that he had resorted to Edinburgh for the purposes of study only, and entreating the society to send him a certificate to that effect. This was at once done under the seal of the society, but whether in time to save the unfortunate man does not appear.

The second of the enterprises to which we refer was the publication of the ‘*Mirror*’ and the ‘*Lounger*,’ the first in 1779 and the second in 1785. These celebrated works, conducted by Henry Mackenzie, tell their own tale very distinctly, and it is precisely that which we have tried to illustrate. With the exception of a Scotticism now and then which a practised eye might detect, the style is pure, and the composition easy, sparkling, and readable. Both works plainly bespeak the national ambition to reach an English standard of style; and it is impossible to say that Mackenzie and his associates did not attain to it, or that the works themselves did not, on their face, bear the strongest indications of a refined and cultivated scholarship. It is a carping criticism to make, perhaps, but, judged of a hundred years afterwards by a cynical posterity, it might be said that the productions were only too successful. They were carefully manufactured by English rules, and according to sample, but they lacked nature, energy, and fire. Nevertheless, they taught our predecessors to write, and from that time style was no difficulty in the hands of Scottish authors. The first Edinburgh Reviewers, we suspect, lay under no small obligations to the contributors to the ‘*Mirror*’ and the ‘*Lounger*.’

The third enterprise which took form at this period was of a more ambitious, important, and enduring character—we mean the foundation of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1783. This was mainly the work of Dr. Robertson, the historian, along with the ‘*Mirror*’ contributors, and some of the ablest scientific men of that day. It was also joined by many peers and country gentlemen. The names of the members speak sufficiently for themselves. It had a literary

and a philosophic class or section, as at first stated. The first included most of the names we have already mentioned—Robertson, Adam Smith, Ferguson, David Hume, Henry Mackenzie, and nearly all the legal contemporaries of Henry Erskine of any eminence. Sir Thomas Miller, the Lord President, was the first president of the literary section; the Duke of Buccleugh was the first president of the society. The philosophers included Joseph Black, the chemist; Hutton, the pioneer of geological science; John Playfair, Dugald Stewart, Benjamin Bell, and many other distinguished names. Among the country gentlemen were Grant of Grant, Clerk Maxwell of Penicuik, Keith of Ravelston. It would have been difficult to find in Britain at that period a combination of greater or more varied celebrity—a celebrity still enduring—than that roll presents, and before a few years elapsed admission to their ranks was sought after as an honour.

Such was the generation which formed the type of Scottish culture in the last half of the eighteenth century. Although our Colonel Fergusson speaks slightly of it, such was not the opinion of more competent judges, some of whom belonged both to that generation and the present. Henry Mackenzie survived till 1833; Miller of Glenlee till 1847; and Jeffrey till 1850. So we know what they were and what the world thought of them.

A German traveller, who sojourned a winter at Edinburgh in 1795, is said, in a recent work, thus to have recorded his experience:—

‘In Edinburgh there is no trade, but from this circumstance society is a gainer in point both of intelligence and eloquence. It is but justice to a place in which I have spent one of the most agreeable winters of my life, to declare that nowhere more completely than there have I found more realised my idea of good society, or met with a circle of men better informed, more amicable, greater lovers of truth, and of more unquestionable integrity. During six months I have heard no invectives uttered, no catching at wit practised, no malignant calumnies invented or retailed; and I seldom left the company without some addition to my knowledge, or new incentives to philanthropy.’

Whatever value may be put on the German visitor’s testimony, he certainly understood what good society should be; and if the description be true of Edinburgh in 1795, the standard is as high as it rarely attained.

Writing in 1819, in his well-known article on Playfair, Jeffrey, although perhaps not without inducements to partiality, thus treats the subject:—

‘From the time of Hume and Robertson, we have been fortunate

in Edinburgh in possessing a succession of distinguished men, who have kept up the salutary connexion between the learned and the fashionable world. But there never, perhaps, was anyone that contributed so powerfully to confirm and extend it as the lamented individual (Professor Playfair) of whom we are now speaking; and they who have had the most opportunity to observe how superior the society of Edinburgh is to that of most other places of the same size, and how much that superiority is owing to the cordial combination of the two aristocracies of rank and of letters, of both of which it happens to be the chief provincial seat, will be best able to judge of the important service he has thus done to the inhabitants, and through them, and by their example, to all the rest of the country.'

One additional testimony we quote as a fitting conclusion to this long parenthesis. The charming Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, who, born in 1770, survived until 1857, and had lived in Edinburgh for many years from 1791, recounts much of the everyday life of the Scottish metropolis; and in much the same strain in 1798 she writes:—

'We had no vanity to lead us into expense. Our circle of acquaintance was very limited, consisting chiefly of old professional friends of Mr. Fletcher, their wives and families, with occasional glimpses of more literary and distinguished persons. Of these was the Honourable Henry Erskine, whose wit and whose graces of mind and manners placed him at the head of good society in Edinburgh, while he was confessedly the leader of the Liberal or Whig party.'

Mrs. Fletcher does injustice to her circle, for ultimately there was not a person of note in the city with whom she was not acquainted. But she leads us back after this long circuit to our theme.

We left Henry Erskine in 1768 with his foot on the first step of the ladder. We find him at the end of the century at the top. We thought we could do no justice to his triumphs without depicting truly the men among whom, with whom, and against whom he gained them; and we now revert to his personal career. In the interval, truth to say, Henry Erskine had fared very well. The world seemed to be at his feet. His fine voice, his commanding and graceful figure, and sparkling, animated manner were qualities rarely found combined in a pleader. The turn of his mind did not lead him astray into unforensic rhetoric; but was tempered by his clear, logical head, and his thorough knowledge of his work. His wit, which was merry and overflowing, never ran riot in his argument, but rounded off the edges of vigorous ratiocination. The perverse fate which has attended his reputation has so willed it that hardly a sentence of his sonorous periods has come down to us—no reported

speech, nor even fragments from which the fabric might be reconstructed. It is what we have said, a memory, a tradition of grace and power, but the work itself has perished. Enough, however, remains of his reputation to show that he was thoroughly armed at all points of his profession. No one sneered at him as a mere rhetorician, or a joker of jokes. The description of him in a poetical effusion, dated in 1823, called the '12th of November,' to which our author more than once refers, and which has more point and power than such pieces often possess, thus records the appreciation in which he was held. The 12th of November was the day on which the Court of Session used to meet for the winter, and the author thus meditates in the Outer House:—

'Alas! what laughter has resounded here,
While they who caused it will no more appear!
Mute now is Erskine, who, when'er he spoke,
Made law seem lightsome by his mirthful joke.
Even stern-faced Newton could not gravely sit,
But shook his wig at Harry's playful wit.'

Campbell recounts how, when it was rumoured that Henry Erskine was to plead at the bar of the House of Lords, Westminster Hall trooped in to judge of the elder brother's oratory, and he says that ample justice was done to him. 'In person,' says Cockburn, 'he was of a tall and slender figure, a face 'sparkling with vivacity, a clear, sweet voice, and a general 'appearance of elegance,' which made him striking and attractive. The picture by Raeburn, which is full of character, and the engraving from which is well known, must have been done when he was past his meridian, for with much sweetness and vivacity there is yet a wearied air over the well-formed features, only too characteristic of his later years. Probably his figure is well represented in a scurrilous drawing of Kay's, entitled the 'Five Alls,' which depicts him in legal gown and wig, as one who 'Pleads for All,' and gives him an appearance quite corresponding to Cockburn's description. His success seems to have been decided from the first and to have remained unbroken for twenty-five years.

In 1768 the Continental type, which we have spoken of as characteristic of Edinburgh, was nowhere more strongly exhibited than in its forensic institutions and ways. The Court of Session was originally modelled on the Parliament of Paris; the jurisprudence administered within it was largely drawn from French sources, and the forms of pleading were formed on the same examples. The fifteen lords all sat together; and the pleadings were for the most part conducted in writing;

much after the fashion which we find in the French *Causes Célèbres*. Only in the more important and difficult cases was there a 'hearing in presence' as it was called, and those occasions were the principal opportunities which counsel had for the display of forensic logic and oratory. The French *Procureur du Roi* became in Scotland the Lord Advocate, and the *Batonnier* of the French Bar corresponded to the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The style of oral pleading had the same character. Public speaking in Scotland both at the Bar and in the pulpit partook much more of the animation and vehemence of the Continental models than of the quiet, conversational tone characteristic of and peculiar to English oratory. The fifteen judicial dignitaries who confronted the Scottish pleader had the elements of a jury, and hence the forensic elocution of the times had a tinge of the same character. This accounts for our author's idea that when Henry Erskine commenced his professional career, there was some conventional drawl demanded from counsel by the Scottish Bench. It was only that the conversational sounded familiar and wanting in respect. Nor was it for half a century afterwards that the more excited manner was abandoned. Henry Erskine, we presume, moderated the extravagance of the older style, and had acquired, probably from his mother, a more cosmopolitan accent than many of his contemporaries. But as in classical knowledge, so in rhetoric, there were great proficients at the Scottish bar before Henry Erskine.

The Court hours also were arranged in the foreign fashion. The business day was over at twelve in Lord Kames's time, as it was wont to be in Paris; and the rest of the day was devoted to society, recreation, and study. His biographer tells us that Kames was in the habit of rising in summer between five and six o'clock, and, the work of the Court being over at mid-day, he spent the afternoon in dining at home and in study, and the evening in the society of his friends, and sometimes joining in the amusements of the metropolis. The picture which is given in the passage noted below indicates a state of simple but intellectual enjoyment pursued without ostentation and without expense, and which, if it be not rose-coloured, is equally admirable and enviable.*

No part of the volume before us has excited our sympathy or interest more than the glimpse given us by the author into the ordinary life of a well-bred family in Edin-

* Tytler's 'Life of Kames,' vol. i. p. 110.

burgh about this period. In 1772 the young barrister, only four years after he commenced practice, found himself in a position to marry. The lady was a Miss Christina Fullerton, whose father was Controller of Customs at Leith, and who was a man of good family in Ayrshire. Of the lady we have few details in this work. She was the heiress of a small estate in Fife, which was the property of her mother. Erskine's courtship apparently had been long, and signalised by a course of poetry, or at least of rhyme, on the young advocate's part, while his fate hung in the balance. The portrait of his bride, which is inserted in this volume, discloses a pleasing and interesting countenance. Mrs. Mure, of Caldwell, in an extract from a letter written when Erskine had risen to prosperity from which our author quotes, gives a very agreeable impression of her. She says (p. 128): 'His wife I like very well. In his adversity she was most contented and uncomplaining, and in his prosperity as kind and unassuming.' No praise could have been higher, and we conclude that in this venture, also, Henry Erskine was a fortunate man.

The married couple took up house in Halkerston's Close, in a tenement fronting the High Street, as his father had done. Of their married life in this residence Colonel Fergusson writes as follows:—

'Here, in the very centre of the fashionable world, Mrs. Erskine dispensed hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives. At this date, almost the only special invitation which was given was to take a dish of tea at four o'clock, the dinner hour being three o'clock. This species of reception is said to have been as popular with gentlemen as with ladies. Many of the Erskines, Stairs, Dalrymples, and other connexions, lived socially within a circle of a hundred yards' diameter; and it was easy to call together a family party at the shortest notice. Such gatherings were admirably suited to the state of things in old Edinburgh, where small rooms and small incomes forbade extensive entertainments. It is not easy to imagine anything more enjoyable than the sensation of refuge afforded by those snug little rooms—warm with the hissing tea-kettle, and cheerful with bright faces, from the snell east wind sweeping according to its custom through the wynds and closes of Edinburgh.' (P. 128.)

Here we take our leave of old Edinburgh. The exodus to the new was proceeding rapidly when Erskine married. By 1780 it was, as we have mentioned, nearly complete. The easy, familiar intercourse above described, so pleasant among pleasant people, and so capable of refined enjoyment, could not continue when distances increased, and luxury introduced more state and more ceremony. That wealth and ostentation increased is certain. A writer in the '*Edinburgh Courant*' of

that day (in 1783), who signed himself 'Theophrastus,' and whose letters are still to be found in the 'Scots Magazine' for 1783, vol. xliii., draws an interesting parallel between 1763 and 1783, very much to the advantage of the latter in the way of material prosperity, but by no means so much so as regards social condition.

'More people,' he says, 'including clergy and professors, kept their carriages in 1783, than had done so in 1763. The number of hackney coaches were tripled. The dinner hour had advanced from two o'clock to four or five; and the barbarous habit of "saving the ladies," as it was called, on St. Cecilia's day was abolished. On the other hand,' he continues, 'in 1763 it was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, and to mix in the society and conversation of the women. In 1783 the drawing-rooms are totally deserted, and the only opportunity the gentlemen have of being in the ladies' company is when they happen to mess together at dinner or at supper. In 1763 it was fashionable to go to church, and people were interested about religion. In 1783 attendance at church is much neglected.'

He goes on to illustrate these changes by further details. He says that in nothing are the changes more striking than in the decency and reserve of the first period compared with the dissipation and forwardness of the second. 'Theophrastus' may have been, and probably was, a pessimist. Perhaps, for instance, the New Town magnates had at first no New Town church to go to. But he at least wrote what he knew. We take leave of old Edinburgh, bestowing our hearty commendation on the spirited woodcut at the end of the fourth chapter of this work, in which the sedan-chair, the chairmen, the beauty inside, and the beauty's head-dress, are worth pages of description.

We now pass on to the year 1783, when Erskine, by this time married and prosperous, had, after fifteen years' work, reached the summit of a Scottish lawyer's ambition. Those had been great years for Henry Erskine. He had risen to an ascendancy in the law, in the Church, and in society, in which he was without a rival. A speech of Henry Erskine's was one of the institutions of Edinburgh. Ladies came to hear him, and even judges were sorry when he had finished. The grave fathers of the Church listened to him with respect as well as with amusement in the General Assembly. An elder of the Church himself, and a member of its deliberative body, he became early one of the leaders of the evangelical party, and, even in the increasing cares of an exacting profession, found time for duties to which by inheritance as well as by

conviction he was attached. In society no one knew better how to throw off the burden of his graver hours. Lively and accomplished, with a perennial flow of easy talk, exuberant wit, and the recurrence of humorous ideas which would not be repressed, he was a social treasure. His great love for, and indeed excellence in, music, rendered him a universal favourite. Of his social throne no one ever dispossessed him.

We have been favoured, by the courtesy of a friend, with a memorandum relative to Erskine made by one of his contemporaries, which very graphically describes the charm of manner which enabled him to fascinate even those who did not wish to be fascinated. The writer says, after some observations of a less flattering kind :—

‘There was a certain magic in his conversation and manners of which I never had similar experience in any other person. On one or two occasions I thought myself so ill-used by him that I had determined never to speak to him again. But we no sooner met than everything was forgotten, although fully convinced that he would behave to me on similar occasions exactly as he had done in time past. So it happened, however, that, being much in his company, I do not recollect any man with whom I have spent so many pleasant hours.’

What we most admire in these records of his early and most prosperous years, is the true simplicity and well-balanced equanimity of his mind. It mattered little to him whether his politics pleased either the Court or the populace, or his firm religious opinions were in favour with the majority of the Church. He not only never changed, but he never thought of changing. All the world but himself soon saw that with a little less tenacity of public honour, there was no height to which he might not rise, and no power he might not attain. But although he had surmounted the obstacles of his difficult profession almost without effort, such a suggestion never crossed before his clear vision and unclouded mind. To supplant a foe by trimming or a friend by treachery was an art of which he had no conception. As far as we have been able to learn he stood very nearly alone at the Bar during those fifteen years in his political views—at least among its more prominent members; and these, we need not say, were not the views of the dominant party, or of those in whose hands resided the power of promotion at that time.

As to Henry Erskine’s wit, it rests more securely on his reputation, which was universal, than on any preserved specimen. We can but refer our readers to this volume itself, which is full of his reputed sayings, some of them good, and some indifferent, and some, we suspect, of doubtful and older

parentage. Most of his good things were good for the time and place, as a good joke ought to be; but they do not stand carriage or transplanting well. What amused us most was an acted jest, described in the volume, which had a meaning along with it. Shortly after Erskine's marriage, Dr. Johnson came to Edinburgh under Boswell's auspices, and had not apparently made himself universally popular. Boswell introduced him to Henry Erskine, who responded with respectful gravity, but slyly and unseen slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand.

The years from 1768 to 1783 were about the most momentous in the more recent history of this country—the period of the American War, of the separation of the colonies, of North, Fox, Burke, and Pitt. We need not tread over again that thrice-trodden ground; for Lord Campbell has, in his ‘*Life of Wedderburn*,’ exhausted all that could be said on it. It culminated at this time in the Coalition Government of Fox and North, and in its rapid overthrow. We have but two remarks to make on its political aspect. The first is, that it was a deep and inexpressible misfortune for the cause of constitutional government in this country that the great questions of public policy then at issue should have been so much complicated by dissensions between the monarch and the heir apparent. In the existing state of relations between those exalted personages, it was inevitable that politicians should have divided themselves into King's friends and Prince's friends; and, in the precarious position of the King's health, the advent of the Prince to power was an event which might happen any day. Looking back a hundred years as we do now, when the Royal prerogative has been so well and so wisely administered, on the clear, broad lines of the Constitution, in the same firm but gentle hands, for nearly half a century, we can scarcely realise the embarrassment which this element presented. Yet this was the element which condemned the massive intellect and powerful grasp of Fox to exile from office, virtually during all his life, and deprived his country of the benefit of his vast knowledge of affairs and his grand conceptions of political liberty. The other observation is that nothing can more clearly evince the strong hold which this consideration and the dislike of the Coalition had on the mind of the country, than the fact that they condoned and even approved the act of the monarch by which the Coalition Government was dissolved. Thrones have been lost for much smaller constitutional aberrations than the Court intrigue by which Fox's India Bill was defeated.

Erskine became Lord Advocate under the Coalition Government; but his tenure of office was too short to test his administrative powers. The principal duty which he discharged—and which, judging by the letters from the Duke of Portland quoted in this volume, he must have discharged with characteristic energy—was that of bringing up the Scottish members to vote during that period of the crisis, and securing the return of favourable candidates at the election which followed, when the fate of the Government hung in the balance. His efforts elicited from the Duke of Portland a special letter of thanks for ‘the extraordinary exertions’ he had made ‘in opposition to Mr. Pitt’s intended transfer of the commerce of this kingdom, and complete ruin of the landed interest.’ This was after the struggle was over, and Pitt’s Irish propositions were the topic of the day.

No doubt the work must have been hard enough. In those days electioneering in Scotland meant endeavouring to catch the consciences of a few bailies in the burghs, and a few freeholders, sometimes qualified by property, and sometimes by parchment, in the counties of Scotland. The town councils elected themselves as well as their burgh members of Parliament—an arrangement which simplified the process of canvassing, but intensified the appliances used. A refractory magistrate has been known to be spirited away on such emergencies, or to be unaccountably absent on unexpected business on the day of election. Among all the enthusiasts who wail in these days over departed abuses, we do not believe there is one who would drop a tear over the self-electing and member-electing corporations of Scotland.

None of Erskine’s letters at this period are preserved, and those addressed to him are dreary and out of heart. The only gleam of pleasantry which enlivens the episode we find in a letter of Lord Buchan, dated February 5, 1784. It is, if a little patronising, kindly and affectionate. This was immediately after Pitt, at the age of twenty-three, had been made Prime Minister. He says:—

‘I attended, for the first time in my life, the 30th of January sermon in the Abbey. The conclusion of the bishop’s discourse would have made a capital peroration of a speech in the House of Lords. There was a ridiculous incident in the choice of the anthem for the occasion in which, from the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, there was this passage: “I am in the midst of my enemies. *They have called up an assembly against me to crush my young men.*” I pointed it out to Dr. Finch, who sate in the next stall to me. *The anthem was changed.*’ (P. 155.)

So came and went Henry Erskine's first experience of official life. The office of Lord Advocate, as a stamp of position, was gratifying; in mere emolument it might have proved, as it sometimes did, a costly honour, and to one who stood, like Erskine, on a pinnacle of admitted pre-eminence, even his short tenure accomplished all that mere ambition desired. He received two other distinctions shortly after his loss of office. He was appointed Lord Advocate to the Prince of Wales, and he was elected by the votes of the members of the Bar as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The first appointment brought him into personal communication with the heir apparent, who took great pleasure in his society, and ever afterwards, until the Grey and Greville fiasco in 1812, evinced very great regard for him. The position of Dean of Faculty, the greatest honour the Bar of Scotland can bestow on one of their members, and always coveted by men of the front rank, might, as far as professional eminence was concerned, have been regarded as the culmination of his rapid and successful career. He was elected to the Dean's chair in 1785, and held it without question for the next ten years.

This was the most brilliant and prosperous period of Erskine's life. Before long the clouds began to gather; and, although with his genial and sunny temperament he met them with a brave heart and undaunted brow, some of them were hard to bear. But his sunshine was very pleasant while it lasted. Universal popularity may not be good for one, but it is a paradise for the few public men who chance to inhabit it. Henry Erskine was now in receipt of an income from his profession exceeding 2,000*l.* a year; and, although he told George III. that he had only been playing at the shilling table, while his brother Tom was at the guinea one, 2,000*l.* a year at the Scottish Bar in those days was a very ample income. His professional liberality was so well known that it was said of him that there was not a poor man in Scotland who would be without a defender while Henry Erskine lived. All stray and wandering intelligences which found themselves stranded in Edinburgh—desolate charities, unfriended philanthropists, or victims of unknown or unappreciated genius—turned instinctively to Henry Erskine as one on whom they had a natural claim. Nor did they often do so in vain. Lunardi comes with his balloon, and Henry Erskine at once tells him where he must go for mechanical aid, and launches him and his balloon on Edinburgh society. Straightway he is the fashion, makes a brilliant ascent, turns the heads of the

ladies, and Lunardi bonnets become the rage. Mrs. Siddons arrives, to enchant Edinburgh playgoers. She gets into difficulties with jealous actors, and Henry Erskine advances to the rescue with 160 advocates and writers to the signet at his back. The description given by Colonel Fergusson of these two picturesque 'bits' of social Edinburgh is among the best things in the book, and the details are cleverly and sharply hit off, although we cannot dwell on them. A greater than Lunardi, or even Siddons, appears in the winter of 1786, when Robert Burns for the first time visits Edinburgh. Dugald Stewart had already made his acquaintance in October of that year, in Ayrshire, and had drawn the attention of Henry Mackenzie to some of his pieces, and in No. XCVII. of the 'Lounger' Mackenzie has a notice of the rural bard; but of course he finds his way to Henry Erskine, and immediately is received as a star of the first magnitude. He was probably introduced by Lord Glencairn, who was a connexion of Erskine's; but Burns never forgot the kindness Erskine showed him. The lines in which he alludes to him and Ilay Campbell, who had succeeded Erskine as Lord Advocate, deserve quotation:—

'Collected, Harry stood a wee,
Then opened out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' rueful ee,
And eyed the coming storm, man.
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half waukened wi' the din, man.'

Colonel Fergusson seems to think that Burns was ill at ease in Edinburgh society. But Dugald Stewart, in a letter to Dr. Currie, Burns' biographer, expresses a very favourable opinion of his social manners. Of course these were rustic, but they were natural and manly. 'He took his share in conversation, but not more than belonged to him, and listened with apparent attention and deference on subjects where his want of education deprived him of the means of information.' The main characteristic which attracted Stewart was the symmetry of Burns' intellect, as he seemed equally vigorous on all topics; whereas, Stewart implies, all the other poets he had ever known were mere children in everything else. Two letters from Burns to Erskine are printed in the volume.

This part of the work, in spite of some irritating digressions,

is very well done, and is agreeable reading. We come now, however, to a topic on which we are not so well satisfied with the performance before us.

Many pages are devoted to a contest which took place in 1789 in the General Assembly between two rival competitors for the office of Clerk of Assembly. The affair itself was not worthy of so large a place in Henry Erskine's life compared with other more important matters which are passed over in silence. The candidates were not men of influence, and the whole conflict made more noise than it deserved. Dr. Dalzel, the candidate of the Evangelical party, was a respectable professor of Greek; Dr. Carlyle, a Broadchurch Scottish divine. The latter was a man of ability and culture. Lord Cockburn says of him that he must have had some substantial merit, for he was the associate of all the eminent men of the time, and was respectfully mentioned in most of their biographies; but that he seemed never to have done anything distinguished of his own, 'even,' he says, 'in the very humble way 'of speaking on behalf of his friend Principal Robertson in the 'General Assembly.' This is quite a just description of him. His own views were well known, but he never ventured into the arena of the General Assembly, or ran the risk of having them handled there. Although he amused himself by writing an autobiography, which was published not long ago, and which has served as a repertory of not very refined gossip against Henry Erskine and his friends in the Church, he had no weight in the counsels of the Moderate party. One may search in vain in any contemporaneous authority for any indication that Carlyle's opinions or example were of account in any public question.

The real leaders of the Church among the clergy on either side were very different men. On the Moderate side, which, during Henry Erskine's life, was the dominant section, were Dr. Robertson, the historian, Principal Hill, and Dr. Inglis. On the Evangelical part, Dr. John Erskine, Sir Henry Moncreiff, Dr. Andrew Thomson, and Dr. Chalmers. It was in concert with Dr. Erskine and Sir Henry Moncreiff that Henry Erskine spent one half, and not the least useful half, of his public life. But these, on either side, were men of mark and power—men respected by the public and by each other. Dr. Erskine was the colleague and intimate friend of Robertson, and preached his funeral sermon; and there will be found appended to 'Robertson's Life,' by Dugald Stewart, a letter from Sir Henry Moncreiff descriptive of Dr. Robert-

son's characteristics as a leader, so kindly, warm-hearted, and appreciative, as to show that years of difference on public questions had left not a drop of bitterness behind. As to these leaders of the Evangelical side, whose names are household words to this day in every corner of Scotland, we can conceive how merry Erskine would have made himself over the notion that they, and he, and the multitudes who were proud to follow them, could be accurately characterised as persons who 'professed a stiffness in doctrine and austerity of life, which, it was alleged, was not always observed in practice, while the "fanaticism" of which they were accused 'was little more than a name.'

This is quite as true of Henry Erskine as it is of his friends and followers; and how absurdly untrue it is of him all the world of Scotland knows. Henry Erskine's whole career proves that he was the last man to profess what he did not practise. He was throughout a devoted adherent of the Presbyterian polity, and of those views of it which had been handed down by the great Presbyterian leaders; and there is not the slightest reason to suppose, from anything he did or said or wrote, that he ever altered his ardent convictions on this head. We find, in an obituary notice in the 'Scotsman' newspaper, dated in October 1817, the statement that 'he possessed in an eminent degree that deep sense of revealed religion, and that zealous attachment to the Presbyterian establishment, which had long been hereditary in his family;' and no one, who had even the slenderest historical knowledge of him, would do his memory the injustice to think otherwise. We need not dwell on this topic. How Henry Erskine and his comrades laboured for what they believed, rightly or wrongly, to be the true principles of Presbyterian church government, is a chapter of the great struggle for freedom, of which his whole life was the type, and is not, and never will be, forgotten by his countrymen.

We should, however, had our limits permitted, have devoted a few remarks to the ecclesiastical features of those times, because our sketch of social Edinburgh is incomplete without some notice of them. They formed as much part of the story of the times, as affecting the community in Scotland, as the Coalition or the sedition trials; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of the controversies which prevailed, there can be none either as to their importance or the ability of the men engaged in them. Apart from and above the shallow and ephemeral personalities of the day, to which the lower substratum only descended, this would have formed a fitting

pendant to our very imperfect retrospect. The names we have mentioned as the chiefs on either side were leaders of men, not snarlers at one another's reputation. Fortunately, however, we have their lineaments drawn to our hand, not by their friends only, but by those opposed to them. Dr. John Erskine, a cultivated and scholarly man, is portrayed by Scott, in 'Guy Mannering,' in very just and very flattering colours, although Scott had no sympathy with his distinctive views, but, on the contrary, disliked them. Sir Henry Moncreiff was too widely known in Scotland for fifty years to have made description necessary; but if our readers of the younger generation wish to know what manner of man he was, they may consult the article of this Journal in 1828, written on his death, and Cockburn's 'Memorials,' and, along with these friendly notices, take his description from the less enthusiastic pen of Lockhart, in 'Peter's Letters.' Dr. Thomson is a name less familiar to our English readers, but in some respects he was perhaps the most powerful of any. He, at least, was no fanatic or ascetic. A great debater, an admirable preacher, and withal a genial, cultivated, and charming companion, with a singular gift of music and excellence in the science of it, he was cut off in a moment, in the vigour of manhood. He was a great, perhaps too great, controversialist; but his sudden death, at the age of fifty-one, caused a display of feeling in Edinburgh which none who witnessed it can forget. Lord Cockburn describes the effect of the enormous crowds which assembled in the streets to witness his funeral, in the first pages of his journal. 'One would have supposed,' he says, 'that he never had an enemy.'

We may take an account of part of the work which he performed from Lockhart, and the passage completes that previously quoted from 'Theophrastus.' That cynic informed us that in Edinburgh church-going had in 1783 become much neglected. Lockhart wrote thirty-five years afterwards, and he says:—

'I am assured that church-going was a thing comparatively out of fashion among the fine folks of the new town of Edinburgh till this man (Dr. Andrew Thomson) was removed from the church he formerly held in the old town and established under the splendid dome of St. George's. Only two or three years have elapsed since this change took place; and yet, although he was at first received with no inconsiderable coolness by the self-complacent gentry of his new parish, and although he adopted nothing that ordinary people would have supposed likely to overcome this coolness, he has entirely subdued all their prejudices, and enjoys at this moment a degree of favour among all classes of his

auditors, such as—to the shame of the world be it spoken—very seldom falls to the share of such a man in such a place.’

And church-going has prevailed in Edinburgh from that day to this.

Of Chalmers we need say nothing, for his range of intellect was vast, and he had not a trace of the anchorite about him. It was said of him that he could have filled any chair in the university with credit, or written an article under any head of the *Encyclopædia*. On the other hand, Dugald Stewart wrote an elaborate panegyric on Robertson, and both Principal Hill and Dr. Inglis are described by Cockburn in very friendly and laudatory terms. They were both, the latter especially, vigorous and able men.

We have no mind, in this sketch of Henry Erskine, to enter on subjects of controversy, although his life was one long contest with what he believed to be error. Yet it might have been instructive to revert to the war which he waged against lay patronage in the Church of Scotland, and the efforts which he and his party made to restrict its abuses. Time seems to have solved the problem; for, after the tenacious adherence to lay patronage had rent the Church of Scotland in two, the Moderate churchmen who remained felt constrained to request a Conservative Ministry and a Conservative Parliament to relieve them of a yoke which even they felt to be intolerable. Had the Church listened to Henry Erskine a century ago, the Scottish Church Establishment might not now have found some of the self-banished chiefs thundering at their gates.

We have purposely, in this criticism, directed our remarks to the earlier period of Henry Erskine’s career, because the history of the later stage has been fully and well treated by other contemporaneous hands. The interesting and graceful Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, whose recollections of Edinburgh went back to 1784, has vividly depicted the social features of the city in her time; and in Lord Cockburn’s ‘*Memorials*’ and his Journals the political aspect of events has been powerfully portrayed by his nervous and graphic pen. In our review of his ‘*Memorials*,’ now more than twenty-five years ago, we said all we had to say on that far from cheerful subject; and, unwilling to stir embers not yet altogether extinguished, we shall pass lightly and shortly over what remains of our task.

Between the Coalition and the French Revolution the fortunes of the Whig party dwindled to the lowest point, and the debates on the Regency were assiduously invoked by their opponents to foster impressions of their disloyalty. Then came the sudden

shock of the French Revolution, the execution of Louis XVI., the declaration of war by England, the Treason and Sedition trials, and all the dislocating elements of that formidable passage of our history. The magnificent invectives of Burke had raised the phlegmatic temper of the nation to a pitch of genuine alarm which became blind to justice as well as to prudence, and the voice of calm reason was drowned in a roar of patriotism. We by no means underrate the difficulties of our rulers; but they met the emergency with precipitancy, and without skill. In spite of Burke's motto of 'No peace with regicides,' they did make peace with regicides, after ten years of feeble and inglorious warfare, at the Peace of Amiens. The effect of the public tremor on Scottish political life has been well described by Cockburn. In its own way it was a reign of terror. It led in England to the name of the first commoner of England, the glory and the pride of her representative Assembly, being erased from the roll of the Privy Council; and in Scotland a corresponding blow was aimed at his true and faithful follower, the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Henry Erskine.

The story is very fairly and dispassionately told by Colonel Fergusson; and those of our readers who feel interest enough in our theme to learn the reasons which induced the Bar of Scotland to dethrone the chief they had so long idolised, will find them detailed by him. The office of Dean of Faculty rests on an annual election, although there is but one example of a Dean once in office not being re-elected. It has never been considered to be political, although, of course, as it depends on the votes of the Bar, men will sometimes vote on such occasions with their party. Erskine was elected in 1785, at the time at which the Coalition fever was at its hottest, and in spite of the opposition of the Government.

In the years which followed 1793, Erskine's political position was exceptional. He did not think the time propitious for agitating the question of Reform in Parliament, and in this he differed from Fox. He declined to join the Society of the Friends of the People to which his brother Thomas urged him. But he was not the man to desert his colours. He continued to prosecute, with his usual energy, the cause of Burgh Reform; and although he chose to think and act for himself, perhaps he was all the more resolved to expose himself to any obloquy his politics might involve, on occasions when his convictions prompted him, that in this one particular, the propriety of agitating at that time the question of Parliamentary Reform, he differed from his chief. Accordingly, in 1795, he moved

certain resolutions at a public meeting in Edinburgh, called to petition against the Treason and Sedition Bills. Thereupon the storm broke out. A sort of round-robin was addressed to Erskine by about a dozen members of the Bar—mainly Tory—pointing out what they thought the enormity of his conduct, and intimating their intention of opposing his re-election as Dean and proposing a candidate of their own.

It may be observed that their resolution in no degree proceeded on the ground that the Dean ought not to engage in politics, for the rival Dean whom they meant to propose was at that moment a member of the Government, Robert Dundas of Arniston, the Lord Advocate. Their view was that a Dean of the Faculty of Advocates should see existing politics as they saw them. The following extract from a second communication addressed to Erskine shows this. They say:—

‘The interest now at stake is nothing less than this—whether the happy Government and Constitution of these realms shall stand or fall. And what our brethren have to consider is whether it is consistent with their honour or their duty, that the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—that which ought to be the firmest bulwark of the laws—should act the part of a demagogue in agitating the ignorant and giddy multitude, and cherishing such humours and dispositions as in our opinion directly tend to overturn them.’

This was very plain, if not very complimentary, speaking; but such was the temper of the times that out of a meeting of 163 members only 38 voted for the man who had for ten years shed lustre on their body, as their voluntary choice. This extract enables us to leave this proceeding without comment. We only remark that the charge was not imprudence, but that of speaking to the people against the Treason and Sedition Bills. The only consideration on the other side is the fact that Erskine’s supporters had dwindled to 38, which indicates a paroxysm of panic against which, even on such a body, no head could be made.

There is no doubt that Erskine felt this event very deeply, although his naturally sunny and cheerful temper enabled him to disguise or control his pain. It was not the loss of his position, gratifying and honourable as that was. It was the lesson which it read of how frail a bauble mere popularity could be, and, bitterest of all to his finely-strung and loyal spirit, the defection of his friends. Till then he had sailed with a prosperous breeze behind him, but in the sudden bursting of this tempest was shipwrecked his faith in men. He could not himself have so treated his worst enemy, nor, certainly, would he have deserted a friend. ‘Hope’ and ‘fidelity’ had been his

guides to fortune, and he would have said, in the words of his favourite Horace—

‘nec comitem abnegat,
Utique mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquit.

He continued his practice with success; but the spring had lost something of its elasticity, and of course, as always happens, younger men in their prime trod on the heels of the veteran. Before the end of the century Clerk, Gillies, Cranstoun, and Jeffrey; and in the beginning of the next, Moncreiff, Fullerton, and Cockburn were commencing a career which in the end carried everything before it: and they were all Henry Erskine's disciples, forensic and political.

We pause for a moment to dwell on a more pleasing incident, to which we alluded in our opening remarks. Eight years after that inauspicious vote, the office of Lord Justice Clerk, one of the prizes of the Scottish Bar, became vacant by the death of Lord Eskgrove in 1803. Charles Hope, who was then Lord Advocate, and was afterwards Lord President of the Court, insisted that, before his own claims were considered, it should be offered to Erskine. The latter consulted some of his friends; and their advice was that he should not accept, on the ground, as we have always understood, that it would be disloyalty to his party. It was very bad advice, from whatever quarter it came. The offer was very handsomely and honourably made, and it would have been well for Erskine's later years if his decision had been otherwise.

In 1806 a brief gleam of sunshine revisited the Whig party. On the death of Pitt, Fox was recalled to office for the first time in twenty-three years. The outer world of politics had undergone many changes. The combination of Europe against France had only succeeded in consolidating a despotism which issued haughty mandates to the monarchs who had lately so scornfully defied her. Only on the sea had the genius of Nelson checked the onward progress of Napoleon. The danger had indeed come, but not from the quarter anticipated; and all minor differences were for the time merged in the defence of the kingdom.

Henry Erskine once more assumed the Lord Advocate's gown; and at the same time the sailor lad, who had parted with him at St. Andrew's, plunging alone into an uncertain future in 1763, forty-three years before, took his seat on the woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England. What memories for the merry and bright-eyed schoolboys! There is a vast flood of sentiment in the position, which no one can

contemplate without emotion and sympathy. If they had been phlegmatic, hard-headed Scotchmen, such as the English mind conceives of, watching jealously every turn of fortune, with the main chance ever in view—ready to trip up a rival's heels, or to supplant a comrade—the coincidence might be striking, but would not stir the sensibilities. But these two men were schoolboys to the last; warm, generous, and open-hearted. Thomas Erskine's career approaches the miraculous. First a sailor, then a soldier, and last of all taking a sudden header into the gulf of the Bar of England, and so rushing to eminence, his story is melodramatic. Of the two brothers, Thomas had the greater genius, the more original and vivid fancy; not without many touches of the eccentricity which often accompanies these gifts. Henry Erskine's mind was much more equally balanced, his judgment far sounder, and probably his intellectual power greater, as his purely professional power certainly was. But they remained at the ages of sixty and of fifty-seven what old Professor Duncan had found them at Dick's school, when he penned his doggerel rhyme at St. Andrew's—two noble brothers, large-hearted, high-minded, manly scions of an ancient house. Thomas certainly lacked the equipoise of Henry. He was vain, of which we find no infusion in Henry's character, but he was not selfish. He was flighty, perhaps, but withal steadfast and true. If he was not a profound lawyer, and perhaps his intellectual frame might not have admitted the harder vein under any circumstances, in his sudden spring for fame and fortune it could hardly have been otherwise.

The Fox Government, as everyone knows, did not last a year. Henry Erskine was returned to Parliament for the Haddington Burghs, and afterwards sat for a few months for Linlithgowshire. But sixty is 'too late a week' for Parliamentary success, especially when preceded by a reputation. He did speak once or twice on official business, but attempted nothing beyond. Had Henry Erskine remained in office when in his prime in 1783, probably he would have made his mark in the House. His practice as a debater in the General Assembly—no mean school of that description of oratorical power—would have counteracted the professional tone of thought as well as manner which is so apt to mar the successful barrister in the House of Commons. Thomas Erskine succeeded indifferently, because his florid rhetoric was addressed to the passions, and the passions of the House of Commons are not easily roused. Nevertheless, few members of the Bar have ever possessed so pure an inspiration of

oratory, or have been capable of sustaining so high a flight, as Thomas Erskine.

But our task is well nigh finished. Henry's remaining days were not those of the sunshine of his meridian. Had he accepted the position of Lord Justice Clerk, we cannot doubt that he would have filled that place with the dignity and grace with which he had adorned all the other offices which it was his lot to administer. He was a thorough lawyer, if not a profound one. His practice had been great, and his rapidity of apprehension and clearness of thought would have supplied the rest. Added to this, his native urbanity, his thorough-bred courtesy, and his conscientious sense of duty would have brought distinction to the judgment-seat. But the chance never returned. When the Grey and Grenville negotiation occurred in 1811, he and his friends expected that his claims would have been paramount; but he was disappointed—how, or why, we have no space, and no mind, to consider. He left the profession, and retired to his country seat at Almondell, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, a very beautiful spot, spending his last days in cheerful seclusion, not affluent certainly, but in contented ease, retaining to the last his charm of manner and the love and respect of every good man in Scotland. He died in 1817.

ART. IX.—1. *Progress and Poverty*. By HENRY GEORGE.

San Francisco: March, 1879. Republished in London 1882.

2. *Social Statics; or, the Conditions necessary to Human Happiness specified*. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: 1851.

IN an age in which no creed, system, or doctrine, however venerable, escapes criticism, and no fortress of orthodoxy stands secure against the assaults of speculation, Political Economy, a science of modern birth, scarcely yet emerged from its struggle for recognition, cannot reasonably claim that its conclusions should pass unchallenged. Though some may attribute an almost axiomatic certainty to doctrines which have won the assent of the most acute and sagacious minds, there are others who regard the 'unsettled questions' of political economy as still more numerous and important than its established maxims. Any restraint upon freedom of inquiry would certainly be incongruous with a science which conspicuously inscribes freedom of action upon its own banner, and we most readily concede that no deference for authority,

however high, should deter inquirers from contesting economical doctrines that have received the sanction of distinguished names. On the other hand, it has been aptly remarked by a writer in another field that 'those who support social paradoxes must expect severe treatment, as by the usages of war the conquerors never spare those who maintain untenable positions.' Any writer who ventures to controvert doctrines which have been well tested, and are generally accepted as true, ought to take good heed to the temper of his weapons and the metal of the armour in which he marches to the attack.

A more daring assailant of the faith which is in Malthus, Mill, McCulloch, Fawcett, and their school, has not for some time appeared in the lists than Mr. Henry George, whose volume, entitled 'Progress and Poverty,' has been circulated in the cheapest form from the London press. The author is, we understand, a citizen of the State of California, evidently no unpractised writer, for the paradoxes which he upholds are maintained with a considerable amount of ingenuity and skill. The illustrations of his argument are drawn from a wide field of observation both in the Old World and in the New, the language is forcible and incisive, and the whole discussion is conducted with a vivacity and spirit well calculated to affect impressionable minds, and to gain adherents among those whose convictions upon economical subjects are rather superficial than scientific. The conclusion which his reasonings are directed to establish is indeed no original doctrine, for it has had its apostles both in this country and elsewhere, of whom none is more notorious than the author of the famous maxim 'La propriété c'est le vol.' As advocated by Mr. George it is described by his phrase the 'Nationalisation of the Land,' in other words, the abolition of land-ownership in private hands. The problem which he undertakes to solve is that which has exercised the sagacity of the most thoughtful minds and foiled the efforts of the most ardent philanthropists. It is the existence of the wide gulf between rich and poor; the juxtaposition in almost every advanced community, certainly not least in our own, of the two extremes of exorbitant wealth and grinding poverty. But it is not merely the co-existence of these two extreme conditions in the same society that Mr. George descants upon: he boldly asserts that the two stand together in the relation of cause and effect; that it is the progress which has produced the poverty. In his own words, 'all the increased wealth that progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury, and to make sharper the contrast between the house of Have and the house

‘of Want.’ According to him, all the improvements in productive power, labour-saving inventions, the contributions of science, every device by which wealth is multiplied, tend only to the widening of the chasm, and the deeper impoverishment and degradation of the working portion of mankind. Nor is it only in the older communities of Europe that he perceives this tendency. ‘In the United States,’ he says, ‘it is clear that ‘squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from ‘them, everywhere increase as the village grows into the city ‘and the march of development brings the advantages of improved methods of production and exchange.’ It is, however, in the older and richer States of the Union, he says, that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming more painfully apparent. ‘If there is less deep poverty in ‘San Francisco than in New York, it is only because San ‘Francisco is yet behind New York in all that both cities are ‘striving for. When San Francisco reaches the point where ‘New York now is, who can doubt that there will be also ‘ragged and barefooted children in her streets?’

How it comes to pass that the progress of industrial development, which, according to the prevailing impression of mankind, should result in a wide diffusion of comfort among all classes, is in fact attended, as this author asserts, with an increase of suffering to the lower ranks—the poor becoming poorer by the same agency which adds to the riches of the wealthy—is the question which he undertakes to solve. It involves in its very statement a startling paradox. If it is progress itself which increases poverty, are we not therefore bound, in the interest of the community, to resist, instead of promoting, those agencies which increase the power of production and conduce to the ‘wealth of nations’? Are we not striving against our own cure by encouraging ingenious inventions, improving manual skill, and cultivating human intelligence? Ought we not rather to reverse the wheels of our industrial machinery, and to obstruct instead of making smooth the path of commerce and exchange? Furthermore, to assert that progress in skill and knowledge, and in the arts of mechanical contrivance, tends only to grind down the working-class—that is, the mass of a nation—to starvation point, is not this to arraign the ordinance of Providence, which certainly appears to contemplate and intend the progressive civilisation of man? However, in justice to Mr. George, it should be said that, according to his view, it is not the natural constitution of society that is to be blamed, but rather the perverse institutions of man, which thwart the providential

scheme, and make progress itself the parent of suffering. And, above all other human institutions, that which he arraigns as the main source of physical deterioration and of moral evil, the prolific injustice which condemns the bulk of a nation to ever-increasing indigence and degradation, is the private appropriation of the soil. Speaking of rent, which, without mincing the matter, he designates by the plain name of 'robbery,' he thus recapitulates the evils engendered by that great fundamental wrong :—

'This robbery is not like the robbery of a horse, or a sum of money, that ceases with the act. It is a fresh and continuous robbery, that goes on every day and every hour. It is not from the produce of the past that rent is drawn ; it is from the produce of the present. It is a toll levied upon labour constantly and continuously. Every blow of the hammer, every stroke of the pick, every thrust of the shuttle, every throb of the steam-engine, pay it tribute. It levies upon the earnings of the men who, deep underground, risk their lives, and of those who over white surges hang to reeling masts ; it claims the just reward of the capitalist and the fruits of the inventor's patient effort ; it takes little children from play and from school, and compels them to work before their bones are hard or their muscles are firm ; it robs the shivering of warmth ; the hungry, of food ; the sick, of medicine ; the anxious, of peace. It debases, and embrates, and embitters. It crowds families of eight and ten into a single squalid room ; it herds like swine agricultural gangs of boys and girls ; it fills the gin-palace and groggery with those who have no comfort in their homes ; it makes lads who might be useful men candidates for prisons and penitentiaries ; it fills brothels with girls who might have known the pure joy of motherhood ; it sends greed and all evil passions prowling through society as a hard winter drives the wolves to the abodes of men ; it darkens faith in the human soul, and across the reflection of a just and merciful Creator draws the veil of a hard, and blind, and cruel fate !'

It cannot fail to surprise sober persons, on reading such rant as we have just quoted, that a person of so much intelligence as the writer evidently is, however misguided his views of the economical results of land-ownership, should be able to persuade himself thus summarily to ascribe all the derangements and diseases, physical and moral, of society to one single cause. Is it possible for anyone who casts an observant eye on the sad condition of the indigent classes in our crowded towns, to believe that the greed of the landed proprietor, and that alone, is the source of all the evil that he sees there ? The true causes of that manifold mass of suffering are not easily enumerated. Intemperance, with all the baneful consequences which it entails, not on the individual only, but on his children and posterity, heads the list. Indolence, improvidence, physical

disease, inherited weakness of mind or body, vicious dispositions and all manner of evil passions, are the chief factors of this conglomeration of misery. Mere indigence, indeed, is to be met with in the country as well as in the city, but by a natural gravitation the refuse of the community, the great multitude of the feeble and the helpless, those who cannot and those who will not work for their own living, the tramp, the criminal, the profligate, and the outcast, flock together and concentrate themselves in the large towns. These are the camp-followers of the great industrial army, whose headquarters are in the crowded centres of trade and manufacture. Nor is the plague of squalid pauperism peculiar to the populous centres of the Old World. According to Mr. George's own statement, New York is no less burdened than Manchester or Lyons with a degraded and indigent population. How it should be dealt with; how to rescue from the mass those whom it may be possible to reclaim, to succour such as may be helped to extricate themselves, to restrain those who are abandoned to evil habits from preying on their fellows—such are the problems which task to the utmost the wisdom of the statesman and the philanthropist. Happily we may say that in this age, and in our own country, the efforts to cope with such difficulties are more energetic and better directed than perhaps at any former period. Yet the attempt to raise the stone of Sisyphus to the summit is still baffled. According to our American philosopher, however, all the miseries of society have but one neck, which may be severed by a single blow. The neck is Rent, the remedy Confiscation.

We should, however, do injustice to the author if we did not concede that his arguments against the existing arrangements of the world are founded on something stronger than mere hypothesis or gratuitous assumption. His conclusions are worked out by a regularly conducted, however fallacious, process of reasoning, and solid facts are not wanting, though occasionally mingled with rash and extravagant assertions which admit of direct contradiction. He is evidently well versed in the literature of political economy, and knows how to handle, though he perverts and abuses, the weapons of his craft. We are unwilling to weary our readers with technical subtleties, or to embark upon an elaborate vindication of the first principles of economic science; but it is necessary, in the interests of truth, to describe briefly the steps by which Mr. George makes his way to his paradoxical conclusion, and to point out some of the faulty links in his chain of reasoning. He begins by impugning certain leading positions of the orthodox

school of economists, and, throwing down the gauntlet to John Stuart Mill, he contradicts the propositions that labour is limited by capital, and that the rate of wages depends on the proportion which the fund applicable to production bears to the number of workmen seeking employment. To Mr. Ricardo's doctrine of rent he in the main accedes, though demurring, not without reason, to the historical unreality of its statement. But to the Malthusian solution of the social problem, so widely at variance with his own, he offers a resolute defiance, and controverts it with a force of argument which makes this, in our judgment, the most cogent portion of his work. Having thus overthrown, as he considers, the two doctrines which ascribe the insufficient remuneration of labour to the deficiency of capital, or to the pressure of population upon subsistence, he finds the ground cleared for the substitution of his own dogma—that rent is the fundamental restrictive check upon production, the cause of inadequate wages, and of the consequent indigence and suffering of the working class.

As the argument against the over-population theory is the strongest, the attempted confutation of the limitation of labour by capital is the weakest part of the book. The author strives to demolish the prevalent belief that the antagonism on the wages question is between capital and labour, and to establish in lieu of it that the real controversy is that of labour *versus* rent. John Stuart Mill has laid down the law on this head with such perspicuity and force that it requires no little courage to dispute it. The mere statement of the doctrine carries conviction to most minds.

'Industry is limited by capital. . . . There can be no more industry than is supplied with materials to work up and food to eat. Self-evident as the thing is, it is often forgotten that the people of a country are maintained and have their wants supplied not by the produce of present labour, but of past. They consume what has been produced, not what is about to be produced. Now, of what has been produced a part only is allotted to the support of productive labour, and there will not and cannot be more of that labour than the portion so allotted (which is the capital of the country) can feed and provide with the materials and instruments of production.'—*Principles of Political Economy*, book i., chap. v., sect. 1.

In assailing this position Mr. George knocks his head against a stone wall. He labours, with a prodigal waste of ingenuity, to prove that labour is paid, not out of the capital created by antecedent labour, but out of the proceeds of the particular labour itself—that is, out of the value of the thing produced. 'Labour,' he says, 'always precedes wages; it is from the

‘ produce of labour, not from the advance of capital, that wages come; the precise time of the payment of wages is immaterial; the essential point is that it is after the performance of work.’

The proposition that labour is paid and the industrial machine set agoing, not by means of capital previously laid up, but out of the produce of the specific work for which the payment is made, is supported by a variety of illustrations. Some of these are taken from the primitive stage of a community in which no accumulated capital has as yet come into existence, and the savage hunter or fisher has only his own hands wherewith to help himself to subsistence; a state of things to which the teachings of political economy, adapted only to the transactions of a civilised community, are manifestly inapplicable. Others are derived from operations of an exceptional kind, such as those in which a gang of Californian gold-miners, or the crew of an American whale-ship, engage together on the terms of a division of the profits among the party, the men being, in fact, co-partners in an adventure, and each of them a capitalist and labourer in one. Such exceptions do but prove the rule. Mr. George thinks that he is giving a death-blow to the received doctrine of capital and labour when he argues that ‘ the assumption that capital supplies labour with materials and maintenance is preposterous, since capital is produced by labour, and there must be labour before there can be capital.’ That all capital must be originally derived from labour is a truism; it can come from no other source; but the question is not how capital is originated, but what it does when accumulated. In the infancy of industry labour must first produce capital, but when industry has been organised, and production is carried on upon an extended scale, whether in agriculture or in manufactures, then the capital which has been hived out of the produce of antecedent labour becomes the motive power that sets human hands and brains to work. Thus, materials and maintenance for workmen must be provided, at the cost of millions of pounds, for the construction of a railway some years, it may be, ere a single shilling is returned by the traffic on the line. Thus, also, the applicant for a farm is required to satisfy the landlord that he has at command a capital equal to so many pounds per acre before he is allowed to enter upon the land, and of course long before he can procure a return from his first harvest. But it would be a waste of words to discuss further the untenable position that capital antecedently produced does not supply wages or material to the labourer during the progress of his work. If that be not

so, what then, the reader naturally asks, are the functions of capital? Mr. George answers, in somewhat evasive style, that capital does to a certain extent limit the power and aid the productiveness of industry, since it supplies tools and materials, and also facilitates the division of employments—an answer which virtually admits the disputed law. For in every kind of labour, even the lowest, some implements are needed and some division of services is found indispensable. But the reason why this writer contests so keenly the economic principle that capital sustains, and must therefore limit, labour is that he has committed himself to the maintenance of an antagonistic position—viz. that the real limit to labour is something else, namely rent—the obstruction opposed by land-ownership to the common use of land, including in that term all natural agents applicable to production.

Proceeding in his demonstration that land-ownership is the fountain-head of all social derangements, Mr. George finds another theory in his path which traces the evil to a very different source—the theory of over-population. The doctrine enunciated by Malthus, carried to more extravagant lengths by some of his followers, and presented in its not least repulsive shape by Mr. Mill, is attacked by Mr. George with no inconsiderable force of invective, ridicule, and accumulation of facts. The refutation of the theory, however, except so far as it removes out of his way a rival solution to his own, does not, as our readers will perceive, advance in any degree the proof of the author's fundamental position, the condemnation of rent. The argument against over-population may be complete, yet the distress and penury which exist in all communities may be accounted for by many other causes than the proprietorship of the soil. Mr. George, however, fairly takes the Malthusian bull by the horns, and contends that, whether tested by historical facts or by the analogies of the animal or vegetable world, the theory of the disproportion of the fecundity of the human race to the potential increase of subsistence entirely breaks down. It must be admitted, of course, by him, as by all, that assuming the utmost power of human propagation to be exercised without limit, unchecked by any prudential regards or fear of consequences, stimulated by perverse legislation, and favoured by physical circumstances, the numbers of a people would be likely to outrun their means of maintenance. This is, indeed, a mere truism. But, taking the world as it exists, and human beings as they are constituted, pre-supposing only so much prudence as to induce men of ordinary intelligence to abstain from bringing on themselves and their families

degradation and ruin, and considering on the other hand the immense development of production which human labour and intelligence are capable of achieving, Mr. George argues that the advance of civilisation and industry tends to contract, and not to widen, the interval between the numbers of a people and their means of subsistence. For the question is, as he truly states it, 'not in what stage of population is most *subsistence* produced, but in what stage is there exhibited the 'greatest power of producing *wealth*? For the power of producing wealth *in any form* is the power of producing subsistence, and the consumption of wealth in any form is 'equivalent to the consumption of subsistence.' In other words, the comparison to be made is not between numbers and food, but between numbers and production, since all production is by means of exchange convertible into food.

John Stuart Mill has laid down the Malthusian law in the following manner:—

'A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilisation, be collectively so well provided for as a smaller. The niggardliness of nature, not the injustice of society, is the cause of the penalty attached to over-population. An unjust distribution of wealth does not aggravate the evil, but, at most, causes it to be somewhat earlier felt. It is in vain to say that all mouths which the increase of mankind calls into existence bring with them hands. The new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much. If all instruments of production were held in joint property by the whole people, and the produce divided with perfect equality among them, and if, in a society thus constituted, industry were as energetic and the produce as ample as at the present time, there would be enough to make all the existing population extremely comfortable; but when that population had doubled itself, as, with existing habits of the people, under such an encouragement, it undoubtedly would in little more than twenty years, what would then be their condition? Unless the arts of production were in the same time improved in an almost unexampled degree, the inferior soils which must be resorted to, and the more laborious and scantily remunerative cultivation which must be employed on the superior soils, to procure food for so much larger a population, would, by an insuperable necessity, render every individual in the community poorer than before. If the population continued to increase at the same rate, a time would soon arrive when no one would have more than mere necessities, and, soon after, a time when no one would have a sufficiency of those, and the further increase of population would be arrested by death.'—*Principles of Political Economy*, book i., chap. xiii.

Mr. George meets this statement with a flat contradiction:—

'All this I deny. I assert that the very reverse of these propositions

is true. I assert that in any given state of civilisation a greater number of people can collectively be better provided for than a smaller. I assert that the injustice of society, not the niggardliness of nature, is the cause of the want and misery which the current theory attributes to over-population. I assert that the new mouths which an increasing population calls into existence require no more food than the old ones, while the hands they bring with them can in the natural order of things produce more. I assert that, other things being equal, the greater the population, the greater the comfort which an equitable distribution of wealth would give to each individual. I assert that in a state of equality the natural increase of population would constantly tend to make every individual richer instead of poorer.'

Taking a wide survey of the principal communities both of the ancient and modern world, Mr. George affirms that in no instance has distress been caused by over-production of human beings, but has been everywhere attributable to a stinted production of wealth—the effect of oppression or tyranny, of the extortion of the ruling class, of war or rapine, of the insecurity of the fruits of labour, or of the restrictions imposed upon exchange. Where just government and good laws prevail, there the increase of population, by facilitating the division of labour, by multiplying products, and by promoting celerity of exchange, has operated, as it always must operate, to increase wealth, which means, to increase subsistence. The most populous nations now are the wealthiest. It is not the countries whose soil is the most fertile, but the countries in which trade is most free, the laws most just, property most secure; 'not Mexico, 'but Massachusetts; not Brazil, but England,' that present the greatest examples of productiveness, the largest surplus of wealth over and above the necessities of existence. We must not argue the matter, as the Ricardo school has done, with reference to the potentiality of production on a given section of ground. It is not a question of acre-plots. Through the medium of exchange the whole earth is the area of supply to the community of nations. England at the present time draws largely upon foreign fields for the very bread she eats. Is it, therefore, to be said that her population is too large for the food she yields, while she is able from her ever-increased powers of production to pay for her imported supplies many times over with the produce of her factories and workshops?

The alleged examples of over-population—India, China, and Ireland—are successively examined, and the misgovernment and oppression which have cramped industry and confiscated its fruits in those countries, are assigned as the true cause of the indigence and the famines with which they have been

afflicted. There is much truth in these allegations; at the same time we cannot but severely reprobate Mr. George's extravagant assertions in respect to our own two great dependencies. We assent to the conclusion that the real cause of the afflictions of India has been not the 'niggardliness of nature,' but the rapacity of her past rulers; but we protest strongly against his wild and inflammatory denunciation of the existing English rule as 'worse than all the yokes of her many conquerors;' 'a weight,' he says, 'which is literally crushing millions out of existence, and, as shown by English writers, is inevitably tending to a most frightful and widespread catastrophe.' The writer who gives utterance to these preposterous accusations, on the faith of some sensational paragraphs culled from irresponsible pamphleteers and writers in magazines, while he shuts his eyes to all the palpable evidences of the great advances made by India in wealth and prosperity under British sway, to the comparative infrequency of those terrific famines that devastated the country under native rule, and to the earnest and benevolent exertions of our Government to mitigate their severity when they do occur, is guilty of a foul libel on the honour and humanity of the British nation.

With regard to Ireland we find Mr. George indulging in the same reckless vehemence of invective. The want and suffering of that country, wrongly attributed to excess of population, is laid by him at the door of absentee proprietors, 'who drain away without return at least a fourth of the net produce of the soil,' to the 'resident landlords with their horses and hounds, agents, jobbers, middlemen and bailiffs, to an alien State Church to insult religious prejudices' (we thought it had ceased to exist), 'and to an army of policemen and soldiers to overawe and hunt down any opposition to the iniquitous system.' 'Were it not,' he declares, 'for the enervating influence which the history of the world proves to be the effect of abject poverty, it would be difficult to resist something like a feeling of contempt for a race who, stung by such wrongs, have only occasionally murdered a landlord.'

Over-population, it should always be borne in mind, is a relative term. There is no absolute standard of numbers to the square mile. With a soil fully cultivated, with an adequate supply of capital, with an ingenious and industrious population, with just laws and unrestricted trade, there is no doubt that a country may thrive though its population should exceed in density any of which we have had experience. Reverse these conditions, and a country will be over-peopled

with a fourth part of the population which revels in abundance in another. It is simply a question of the ratio of numbers to production. The Ireland of to-day, distracted, turbulent, with its half-starved people dependent almost on a single industry, is said, and not without colour of reason, to be over-peopled. Ireland united, peaceable, law-abiding, with her large natural resources developed by capital and industry, might maintain in comfort a much larger population than at present. We are not now laying blame for what is past on one party or another; we assert only that a long sequence of mismanagement and a deplorable perverseness of policy are sufficient to account for the disastrous spectacle which Ireland now presents, without attributing her miseries to so inadequate and irrelevant a cause as excess in the numbers of her people.

We are unable to give further space to that part of Mr. George's work which is directed against the doctrines of Malthus. There is much in it which the adherents to the over-population theory will find it difficult to controvert; but it is less necessary to dwell upon it here, since, as we have before remarked, it forms only a parenthesis in the writer's argument, which, being primarily aimed against the institution of private property in land, is but indirectly, if at all, affected by the proof or disproof of the Malthusian dogma.

Recurring to the main position which he labours to establish, we find Mr. George asserting, with the confidence which gives to a paradox the air of an axiom, the following proposition:—

'The reason why, in spite of the increase of productive power, wages constantly tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living, is that, with increase in productive power, rent tends to even greater increase, thus producing a constant tendency to the forcing down of wages.'

And in another place he reiterates the great economical heresy with which his mind is possessed:—

'The principle is as universal as it is obvious. That rent *must* reduce wages is as clear as that the greater the subtractor the less the remainder. That rent *does* reduce wages anyone, wherever situated, can see by merely looking around him.'

We are thus brought face to face with the capital fallacy which lies at the root of this impeachment of land-ownership. Wages, it is alleged, are something subtracted from rent. Now rent, through the operation of causes which the progress of wealth and population necessarily develops, tends constantly to increase. Wages, therefore, will simultaneously grow smaller, and thus pauperism inevitably overtakes labour. In the name of

political economy, on the authority of all those eminent writers who have formulated the laws of national wealth into a science—nay, in the name of common sense itself—we protest against and denounce as equally false and mischievous this assertion that wages are a subtraction from rent.

Mr. George has himself stated in one passage of his book the theory of production. ‘Three things,’ he says, ‘unite to production: labour, capital, and land. Three parties divide the produce: the labourer, the capitalist, and the landowner.’ But in another place, as we have seen, when treating of capital, he virtually eliminates the function of the capitalist. ‘Capital, after all,’ he says, ‘is merely labour;’ the labourer is really paid out of the produce of his own work; ‘he pays himself.’ In effect, landowner and labourer are the joint producers. They divide the produce. It is simply a subtraction sum: the more the landowner appropriates to himself, the less is the balance left for his humble coadjutor, the working-man.

The writer who thus argues has, nevertheless, accepted in explicit terms the doctrine of rent as enunciated by Ricardo and those who have adopted, in a more or less modified form, his well-known exposition. Rent has been correctly described by a recent writer, Mr. Thorold Rogers, as ‘all that remains of the price at which the produce of land is sold when the cost of production is deducted.’ Consequently, ‘rent is paid last,’ when all the other contributories have been satisfied. True, it is estimated and stipulated beforehand. The cultivator, before he applies to the owner for a farm, calculates beforehand how much surplus it is estimated to yield above the cost of production. That rent he binds himself to pay. Should his estimate prove fallacious, and the cost of cultivation leave him less than his fair remunerative profit, he will as soon as possible demand a reduction of the rent, or he will throw up his tenancy. Of the cost of production, labour forms on most farms the heaviest item. But labour, like other commodities, has its current or market price. That rate cannot be lowered to meet the need of a particular employer. The farmer cannot say to Hodge or Giles, ‘My landlord makes me pay so high a rent that I am obliged to cut down your wages.’ Those wages must bear the same rate as other employers in the district pay, otherwise Hodge or Giles will betake themselves elsewhere. They must be paid, too, week by week, long before the produce is realised, and the rent which the land can bear is not ultimately ascertained and paid until after all the labourers have been settled with. The result is just the same whether the cultivator farms his own land or is

the tenant of another. In the former case, as in the latter, the whole cost of production, the wages of labour at the standard rate, the interest on capital, and the farmer's own remuneration for superintendence *quâ* cultivator, must first be subtracted, and then the surplus will remain to him *quâ* landowner, as representing the rent. But in neither case, nor in any case, do the landowner and the labourer meet together, either actually or constructively, as Mr. George supposes, to work a sum in arithmetic, of which the term representing rent shall be just as much as the landowner thinks proper to exact. The wages, on the contrary, are a fixed rate—a first charge—a primary element in the cost of production. It would be as reasonable to say in the case of a railway company that the dividend to the shareholders must first be paid out of the earnings, leaving what remains to meet the working expenses of the line, as to say that the farm-labourer must needs take what the landlord leaves him after first satisfying his own claims in respect of rent. Mr. George must know little indeed of our English tenant-farmer system if he is not aware that, in point of fact, landlord and labourer do not come together at all. There is, to use a legal phrase, 'no privity of contract' between them. The farmer must pay as wages the sum which the law of the market prescribes to him; the landlord can get no more than the ultimate surplus which remains, after the tenant has recouped both himself and his labourers for the cost of production.

It is quite true, indeed, and not at all inconsistent with what has now been stated, that in every progressive community the increased rental of the soil is a marked and, except during a temporary crisis, such as this country is now passing through, an invariable feature. The demand for land and the value of land grow at each successive stage in the development of wealth. The greater productiveness of labour, the increase of population, the extension of commerce, the multitudinous new wants and ever-growing luxury of a prosperous community—all contribute to enhance the value of the soil. New lands, before regarded as unimprovable, are brought into use by a more highly-skilled agriculture. Wastes are reclaimed, forests cleared, morasses drained; the mere ground itself, without reference to its agricultural capacity, is needed for houses and factories, for roads and railways, for a thousand purposes of business and accommodation, as well as of luxury and display. The artificial wants of an advanced state of society are almost as urgent as the natural. Again, the lands already under cultivation derive a new and adventitious value

from the proximity of roads, of railways, of markets, and of populous towns. Thus comes into existence that 'unearned increment' which John Stuart Mill, while recognising the vested rights of the landowner in the original soil, regarded as an element of value extrinsic to those rights, and justly to be claimed on behalf of the community at large. Such a claim seems modest, indeed, in the presence of Mr. George's exorbitant demands. We cannot now enter into a discussion of the unearned increment theory, and can only observe in passing that there are three distinct grounds on which it must be pronounced impracticable. (1) If the State is entitled to sweep off the anticipated profits, it would be bound, *puri ratione*, to indemnify the owner against prospective loss on his investment. (2) It would impair or destroy the great motive for speculative improvements, were the State to step in and claim the result of the investment when successful. Lastly, and above all, it would be found utterly impracticable to draw the line between the increased value due to the skill or diligence of the owner and that which was the outgrowth of external causes.

'The increased power of production,' Mr. George goes on to say, 'has everywhere added to the value of land; nowhere has it added to the value of labour.' The condition of the working classes, he declares, has in civilised communities been so grievously depressed in consequence of the progressive rise of rent, that he considers the circumstances of the modern labourer in such communities inferior even to the lot of the savage. He goes so far as to say this:—

'I think no one who will open his eyes to the facts can resist the conclusion that there are in the heart of our civilisation large classes with whom the veriest savage could not afford to exchange. It is my deliberate opinion that if, standing on the threshold of being, one were given the choice of entering life as a Terra del Fuegian, a black fellow of Australia, an Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle, or among the lowest classes in such a highly civilised country as Great Britain, he would make infinitely the better choice in selecting the lot of the savage.'

'There are some,' he adds, and not without reason, 'to whom this may seem like exaggeration.' We have little doubt, indeed, that such will be the prevailing sentiment of his readers.

There are other passages in the book which describe, in highly coloured and inflammatory language, the present condition of our English working-men; not the scum and refuse of the great towns, be it observed, but the regularly employed labourers and artisans. Such representations may accord with the con-

ception sometimes formed of our industrial organisation in America; but they do not correspond, we venture to assert, with the reality of things. In another paragraph Mr. George commits himself to a very bold allegation. 'Free Trade,' he says, 'has enormously increased the wealth of Great Britain, without lessening pauperism. It has simply increased rent.'

If by 'pauperism' he meant that which is technically so called—that is, relief afforded by the poor rates—Mr. George might have satisfied himself, by reference to the most easily accessible proofs, that such a statement would be quite incorrect. In fact, pauperism in this sense has decreased since the era of Free Trade. The numbers receiving indoor and outdoor relief have, relatively to the increase of population, become not greater but less. If, on the other hand, the term 'pauperism' is used in a more loose signification, as descriptive of the general condition of the working classes in England, again the allegation is untrue. Forty years ago the proportion of the population receiving relief under the Poor Law was six per cent., it is now three per cent. The wages of labour employed both in agriculture and manufacture are, generally speaking, higher than in the days of the Corn Laws, not in pecuniary amount only, but even more in purchasing power. The great fiscal reductions that have taken place since the late Sir Robert Peel entered upon his career of commercial and financial policy in 1842, have resulted in cheapening to a large extent those articles which enter into the consumption of the masses. Bread, tea, coffee, cocoa, cheese, soap, and many more articles of the first necessity, are now much lower in price. Fuel, postage, locomotion, are largely reduced. The means of a sound elementary education are brought within the reach of the poor. The hours of labour are shortened—a change in itself equivalent to an increase of wages. Two principal articles only have become dearer—butter's meat and house rent. The high price of the former has been caused in great measure by the casualties of unfavourable seasons and cattle disease; but the efforts made in several quarters to open fresh sources of supply from those parts of the world where meat is superabundant, though hitherto only partially successful, will, as we may fairly anticipate, ultimately abate the present extravagant prices of animal food. The improvement of the dwellings of the industrial classes is now engaging the earnest attention both of philanthropists and of the Legislature, and public opinion is setting forcibly in that direction. On the whole, we may fairly assert both that the physical condition of the working class has during the last forty years been steadily rising to a

higher standard, and also that the privations and hardships still incident to their lot are receiving, whenever they are brought to light, an amount of attention and solicitude which contrast very favourably with former periods.

After an examination of the causes which tend, in his view, to depress the rate of wages and to keep the lower classes in civilised communities in a state of chronic indigence and squalor, and after dismissing as inadequate the remedies and mitigations hitherto proposed, such as education, frugality and temperance, economy in government, trade combination and co-operation in labour, the author of 'Progress and Poverty' arrives at the conclusion of his argument: the one true remedy for the disorders and disasters of society—the nationalisation of the soil. 'We must make land common property.' How is this to be done? The landowner must be divested by legislative decree of his possessions.

The first question that arises on this proposal is the very obvious one, 'Is it just?' This test is at once accepted, and Mr. George proceeds to inquire what is the true foundation of the right of property, and he determines it to be this: 'The right of a man to himself; to the use of his own powers; to the enjoyment of the fruits of his own exertions.' There is to everything that is produced by labour a clear and indisputable right to exclusive use and enjoyment; which is perfectly consistent with justice, as it descends from the original producer in whom it vested by natural law.

'The laws of Nature are the decrees of the Creator. There is written in them no recognition of right, save that of labour. . . .'

'This right of ownership that springs from labour,' he continues, 'excludes the possibility of any other right of ownership. If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labour, then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labour, or the labour of some one else from whom the right has passed to him. If production give to the producer the right to exclusive possession and enjoyment, there can rightfully be no exclusive possession and enjoyment of anything not the production of labour, and the recognition of private property in land is a wrong. For the right to the produce of labour cannot be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by nature, and to admit the right of property in these is to deny the right of property in the produce of labour. When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labour is to that extent denied.'

'There is no escape from this position. To affirm that a man can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in his own labour when embodied in material things, is to deny that anyone can rightfully claim exclusive ownership in land. To affirm the rightfulness of property in land is to

affirm a claim which has no warrant in nature, as against a claim founded in the organisation of man and the laws of the material universe.'

There exist, it is argued, two classes of things. The characteristic of one class of things is, that 'they embody labour,' are brought into existence by human exertion, their existence or non-existence, their increase or diminution, depending on man. The essential character of the other class is that they do not 'embody labour,' and exist irrespective of human exertion, and irrespective of men. Land, the writer contends, must belong to the latter class. He goes on:—

'If we are all here by the equal permission of the Creator, we are all here with an equal title to the enjoyment of His bounty—with an equal right to the use of all that nature so impartially offers. This is a right which is natural and inalienable; it is a right which vests in every human being as he enters the world, and which during his continuance in the world can be limited only by the equal rights of others. There is in nature no such thing as a fee simple in land. There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land. If all existing men were to unite to grant away their equal rights, they could not grant away the right of those who follow them. For what are we but tenants for a day? Have we made the earth, that we should determine the rights of those who after us shall tenant it in their turn? The Almighty, Who created the earth for man and man for the earth, has entailed it upon all the generations of the children of men by a decree written upon the constitution of all things—a decree which no human action can bar and no prescription determine. Let the parchments be ever so many, or possession ever so long, natural justice can recognise no right in one man to the possession and enjoyment of land that is not equally the right of all his fellows. Though his titles have been acquiesced in by generation after generation, to the landed estates of the Duke of Westminster the poorest child that is born in London to-day has as much right as has his eldest son. Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement house becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires. And it is robbed if the right is denied.' (p. 52.)

The argument that there can be no private property in land, because it is the work of the Creator and not of man, is a strange fallacy. Man does not confine his property to the work of his own hands. He does not make diamonds, or silver and gold, or trees or vegetables. They are natural products, or the result of natural forces. They exist by no human art or intervention. He digs up the diamond; he extracts the precious metals; he plants the trees; he cultivates the vegetables. It is the alliance of man's labour with nature which

gives birth to the wealth of the world. Just so it is with land. Land without the application of labour in some form or other is of no more value than so much sea. What was the value of the American and Australian continents without a domestic animal, and with but few useful plants, and a barbarous and scanty population? The labour of civilised man has imparted to them whatever value they now possess, and has created the right of property in the land in the same proportion. That right of property may be exchanged for money, or transmitted by descent, at the will of the owner; but the distinction sought to be drawn between land and other forms of wealth is entirely fallacious.

It must appear somewhat strange that Mr. George, while asserting the paramount right of every man to the produce of his own labour, or to the produce which he has derived by rightful title from the original producer, can shut his eyes to the obvious fact, that no small part of the landed property of every civilised country has been originally acquired by means of the earnings or savings of labour; has been exchanged for labour, or bought with funds which have been previously accumulated from that source alone. Has not the man who has thus acquired an exclusive property in land as valid a title to his plot of ground as he who has converted his earnings into household furniture or food, into railway stock or Threeper Cent. Consols? Is there no 'embodied labour' in the little section of freehold which the frugal artisan has purchased through the medium of the Savings Bank or the Building Society? To drive out such a man from his holding as an intruder and a trespasser, on the plea that 'in nature there is no such thing 'as a fee simple in land'—would not this be in reality a fouler outrage on the rights of labour than the most unscrupulous monopolist has ever been guilty of? What would be unjust in regard to the original investor of his labour in the soil would be equally so in regard to those, whether purchasers, legatees, or heirs, to whom, under the sanction of law, the property had been transmitted. Upon the author's own showing, all titles to land thus good in their inception, as being acquired with the earnings of labour, must be exempted, supposing it were possible to separate such portions from the mass, from the sentence of deprivation.

Mr. George next enters into an historical investigation of the origin of property in land, and pronounces the larger portion of such possessions to have been tainted *ab initio* with violence and fraud—a statement which at the present date it is scarcely worth while to contest. He asserts also, on the autho-

city of certain legal antiquaries and learned men who have made researches into the institutions of primitive communities, that tribal or communal proprietorship was the original form in which the land was held in early times, severalty of tenure being of later introduction. This is probably true; but it is not less certain that, although relics of such joint ownership survive to a limited extent both in this and in other countries, the most advanced nations of the world have long since, in the natural course of things, outgrown and discarded it. It was abandoned, to use the writer's own words, 'when the development of agriculture had imposed the necessity of recognising exclusive possession of land in order to secure the exclusive enjoyment of the results of the labour expended in cultivating it.' As Blackstone has said, 'Necessity begat Occupancy;' the wants of society and the need of improved methods of agriculture necessitated the exclusive appropriation of the soil. But, whatever be the historical account of the matter, the rights of the landowner at the present time rest on a much more solid basis than antiquarian precedents; the same security upon which all the most valued rights of the community depend—even that of life itself—the guarantee of the law. The title of prescription, once complete, cancels all original defects of acquisition, heals all flaws of title, legitimates all past transfers and successions. In every system of jurisprudence time gives title. But for this security the rights of every man in the community would be founded on a quicksand. Society would be rent in pieces by an internecine war between the Have-alls and the Want-alls.

'We must take peaceful possession, when it has continued for a certain time, as absolute evidence of just title; for were we not to do that, there would be no end to dispute, and no secure possession of anything. It is this common-sense principle that is expressed in the Statute of Limitations—in the doctrine of vested rights. This is the reason why it is held—and as to most things held justly—that peaceable possession for a certain time cures all defects of title.'

Sound words these, but what is most remarkable is that they are the words of Mr. George himself, contained, not in the work now under consideration, but in a small pamphlet recently published by him on the Irish Land question.

Is it necessary at the present day to demonstrate the folly and iniquity of these schemes of confiscation, which could never be realised but at the cost of a struggle which would convulse society? Do the advocates of spoliation imagine that those who now own the soil of this country—we do not speak only of the lords of great domains, but also of the petty

freeholders of fields and tenements—would tamely submit to be dispossessed of their properties, inherited, perhaps, through a long descent, cherished with the utmost tenacity of pride, interest, and affection, and associated with all they hold most dear? The revolution—for it would be nothing less—which should extinguish all existing titles in the soil, could only be effected at the cost of a frightful civil struggle, and the desolation which it would cause would only be effaced when, after a period of great suffering, society had reverted to that institution which is necessary to the order and stability of every civilised community. Nor can anyone but a fanatical theorist suppose that the right of property in the soil could be extinguished without undermining the security of all other proprietary rights. The title of the landowner is based on the most solemn guarantees, the oldest traditions, the most obligatory compacts of public faith. If all these bulwarks are swept away by the force of confiscation, what prospect would there be of immunity to the fundholder? The same reasoning would apply to both. How easy for those who now preach the doctrine that property in land is a ‘robbery,’ because the original donee some centuries ago was enfeoffed by a usurper or a marauder, to contend also that the debt, by which the industry of the country was mortgaged, and which was laid by our progenitors upon the shoulders of succeeding generations, originated in wars waged by corrupt statesmen for the purpose of cementing the fabric of despotism and crushing the liberties of foreign peoples! What says Mr. George himself? ‘When a title rests but on force, no complaint can be made when force annuls it. Whenever the people, having the power, choose to annul those titles, no objection can be made in the name of justice.’ Whenever, then, ‘the people choose,’ and have the power, the end of all security of title, whether real or personal, will have come, and anarchy and bankruptcy may shake hands over the grave of justice.

The audacious justification of plunder which our American reformer thus propounds needs little refutation beyond the mere statement of the scheme, and we might perhaps spare ourselves the trouble of exposing the futility of the methods by which he proposes to work it out. But it may be worth while to exhibit briefly the impracticable and iniquitous character of the proposal. Other theorists have expressed in recent times their approval of the principle of the expropriation of the landholders; but there are differences among them, especially on the question of compensation for the loss. M. Laveleye, whom we regret to number among

those who avow themselves unfriendly to the system of individual ownership, is not an advocate, if we rightly apprehend his views, of uncompensated resumption by the State. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, in his work called 'Social Statics,' distinctly propounds the dogma that 'equity does not permit 'property in land,' and that the right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid, 'all deeds, customs, and laws 'notwithstanding,' has still qualms about seizing the people's lost inheritance without an indemnity to the men in possession.

'No doubt great difficulties must attend the resumption, by mankind at large, of their rights to the soil. The question of compensation to existing proprietors is a complicated one—one that perhaps cannot be settled in a strictly equitable manner. Had we to deal with the parties who originally robbed the human race of its heritage, we might make short work of the matter. But, unfortunately, most of our present landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately—either by their own acts, or by the acts of their ancestors—given for their estates equivalents of honestly-earned wealth, believing that they were investing their savings in a legitimate manner. To justly estimate and liquidate the claims of such is one of the most intricate problems society will one day have to solve. But with this perplexity and our extrication from it abstract morality has no concern. Men, having got themselves into the dilemma by disobedience to the law, must get out of it as well as they can, and with as little injury to the landed class as may be.'—*Social Statics*, p. 142.

But the American economist, a much bolder man, goes a long way beyond the English philosopher. 'Herbert Spencer 'says, "Had we to deal with the parties who originally robbed ' "the human race of its heritage, we might make short work ' "of the matter." Why not make short work of the matter 'anyhow?' asks Mr. George.

'It is not merely a robbery in the past; it is a robbery in the present—a robbery that deprives of their birthright the infants that are now coming into the world! Why should we hesitate about making short work of such a system? Because I was robbed yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, is it any reason that I should suffer myself to be robbed to-day and to-morrow? any reason that I should conclude that the robber has acquired a vested right to rob me?

'If the land belong to the people, why continue to permit landowners to take the rent, or compensate them in any manner for the loss of rent? . . .

'If we apply the same maxims of justice that have been formulated by landowners and law, and are applied every day in English and American courts to disputes between man and man, we shall not only not think of giving the landholders any compensation for the land, but shall take all the improvements and whatever else they may have as well.

‘But I do not propose, and I do not suppose that anyone else will propose, to go so far. It is sufficient if the people resume the ownership of the land. Let the landowners retain their improvements and personal property in secure possession.’

Mr. George, therefore, concedes that ‘improvements,’ whether made by the existing owner or his predecessors in title, ought to be paid for. That which the State may resume without any compensation is the bare soil itself.

But in that case a problem of insuperable difficulty presents itself. Take the land of England in its existing state—transformed, as it has been, by the skill and industry of successive generations, and by the expenditure upon it of an amount of capital that does not admit of calculation, with all the artificial constructions and substructions that have been laid upon or under it, with the surface, the subsoil, the natural properties of the earth itself, transmuted and impregnated by the various appliances of chemistry and culture—and then draw, if you can, the just line between the mere soil itself which is reclaimed as the patrimony of the people, and the ‘improvements’ which should belong, as is conceded, to the expropriated owner. There is but one mode of dealing with such a Gordian knot as this. ‘*Ense recidendum est.*’ Mr. Spencer, in the passage above cited, intimates as much. ‘If the complexity is such as to defy scrutiny, the fault is with those who got themselves ‘into the dilemma.’ ‘A short method with landowners’ would have to be devised. It might be proposed, perhaps, that they should be paid at a valuation of so much of the improvements as could be proved to have been made within a definite date, or that the value should be appraised by a rough estimate, and compensation be made by a lump sum. If such an assessment should appear to be a haphazard one, whose fault is it but that of the landowners, who were intruders and trespassers from the beginning? Are they not leniently dealt with in being excused from paying back the *mesne profits*?

The authority of Professor Fawcett is cited by Mr. George for an estimate of the capitalised rental value of the land of England at 4,500,000,000*l.*, about five to six times the amount of the National Debt. Say that the landowners were allowed one-half of that sum in respect of their improvements, the operation would impose a new public debt, about thrice the amount of the present one, upon the shoulders of the nation. That being done, the State would then be placed, according to the scheme of Mr. George, in the shoes of the landowners. The rent of the whole soil of England would be

commuted into a tax, in which, all other taxes, being repealed, would merge, and which would yield, it is alleged, a return sufficient to defray all the expenses of government, the interest of all debts charged on the revenue, so long as they might subsist, and over and above these payments a surplus, available in various ways for the improvement, recreation, and gratification of the community—'Panem et Circenses' on a magnificent scale. The process, as described by the author of 'Social Statics' and adopted by his American disciple, looks beautifully simple upon paper:—

'Such a doctrine,' he says, 'is consistent with the highest state of civilisation, may be carried out without involving a community of goods, and need cause no very serious revolution in existing arrangements. The change required would simply be a change of landlords. Separate ownerships would merge into the joint-stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in the possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body, society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying his rent to the agent of Sir John or his Grace, he would pay it to an agent or deputy-agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones; and tenancy the only land-tenure.'—*Social Statics*, p. 144.

The project, as explained by Mr. George, teems with absurdities. Instead of relieving burdens and replenishing revenue, it would aggravate the one and drain the other. The authors of such schemes should take counsel with Cocker. How argue with men who conceive that the public finances can be recruited by reducing to insolvency and ruin that class of the community who, by their expenditure and mode of living, are directly or indirectly among the largest contributors to the public revenue?

But there is one glaring inconsistency between the scheme of confiscation, when considered in detail, and the main position of Mr. George's argument. Throughout his whole volume, but especially in the chapters devoted to economical disquisition, his aim is to prove that the existence of rent is the great obstacle to the prosperity of the nation, the cause of insufficient wages, and the consequent penury and degradation of the working classes. Rent is, according to him, the root of all social evils; and why? Because, according to his perverse misreading of economic laws, rent and labour divide between them the fruits of industry. Labour gets too little because rent gets too much. Again, enterprise is checked, advance is impeded, because those whose strong arms and active brains might procure ample returns for their exertions are shut out,

by the monopolists of the land, from the use of those natural agents which are the raw material of industry, and are debarred from admission to the soil which is the field of man's productive powers. Only take down the fences which now bar access to the soil, and the crowd of needy labourers at present standing idle might enter in at once and reap the rewards of their exertions.

But supposing rent to be, as Mr. George from first to last contends, the great enemy to national well-being, does the author of this great scheme of nationalisation propose thereby to abolish rent? Nothing of the sort. His proposal amounts simply to a change of landlords. Rent is to exist still, but to be levied in the shape of a tax; the tax-collector takes the place of the lord's steward. The payment, instead of going into the pocket of the proprietor, is diverted into the coffers of the State. The *dramatis personæ* only are changed; the plot and the outcome of the drama are the same. It is only a new way to pay old rents.

We cannot allow Mr. George to have it both ways. Either rent, that intolerable burden, would have to be made easy to the tenants by a large reduction of its amount, or it would not. If the new landlord, the State, should continue to exact the same sum in tax as the private landlord took in rent, where would be the benefit to the labourer and the artisan? They would still be excluded from the soil and mulcted of their share of nature's bounties as before. If, on the other hand, the new rent is to be levelled down, so as to relieve materially the parties liable to the payment of it—if a Land Office is to be opened, and grants are to be liberally made to all who may require sites for various undertakings, or materials for their industry to work upon—what then becomes of the public revenue, derivable, after the abolition of all other taxes, from this single source? Whence will the compensation conceded to proprietors for their improvements be forthcoming? How will the interest of the National Debt be provided for? What funds will remain to carry out the various designs for the relief and regeneration of the community?

It is needless to do more than to indicate very briefly the enormous abuses which would inevitably attach to any scheme for converting the State into the universal landlord, and vesting the administration of all the landed estate of the country in political hands. We can form but a slight conception of the favouritism, the intrigues, the jobbery and the venality, which the exercise of such a power would involve. A more effective instrument for corrupting and demoralising society

could hardly be devised than would be afforded by what is mildly called the 'Nationalisation of the Land.'

Enough, and it may be thought more than enough, has been said to expose the folly of a scheme so extravagant in its pretensions, so crude and self-contradictory in the methods proposed for its execution, as this panacea which Mr. George has prescribed for the sufferings of humanity. It has not even the merit of novelty, for the expropriation of the landowners has been advocated before by several projectors of more or less note in Germany and France, as well as in our own country. We should not have thought it necessary to vindicate the existing institutions of society from assailants who might be so wrong-headed as to believe that the inevitable sufferings of mankind were to be remedied by so quixotic an experiment, or so unscrupulous as to desire to reap for themselves a harvest of license and spoliation. But Mr. George is an innovator of a different type. He attacks the fortress of property in the guise of a political economist. He sets to work, by unsettling and confusing the notions of unwary readers upon the leading principles of the science, to undermine the institution, to which these principles, rightly interpreted, lend the firmest support, by proving it to be conducive to the well-being of society. The style of the book, and the air of philanthropy and righteous indignation with which the crusade against vested interests is preached, make it dangerous reading for those whose convictions on economic subjects are not firmly based; still more for the half-educated and ill-informed, who may be captivated by the prospects of relief and benefit held out to them, but are unable to detect the fallacy of the arguments. In fact, we cannot regard in any other light than as a public mischief the promiscuous circulation in a popular shape of this deleterious compound of anarchical principles and spurious political economy.

We are not of those who regard property in land with a blind and servile idolatry, or treat it, like the poet's 'Northern Farmer,' as an object of fetish-worship. We do not conceive of the landed estate of the kingdom as resting on a tenure of irresponsible and inalienable right, with which any interference whatever by the supreme authority of the State is a species of sacrilege. That 'property has its duties as well as its rights' we shall ever strenuously maintain, and if those duties should be repudiated or flagrantly neglected, a power must exist somewhere to enforce the obligation. Those 'large-acred' men, if any such still exist, who hold that 'a man may do what he likes with his own,' need to be reminded of the original

principles of our Constitution. The ancient tenures of this kingdom were based, as we know, upon obligations of duty and conditions of honourable service. It stands upon high authority even now, as a legal axiom, that 'the idea of absolute ownership is unknown to the English law;—that no man is 'in law the absolute owner of lands.' 'It is a fundamental rule that all the lands within this realm were originally derived from the Crown, either by express grant or tacit intention of law, and therefore the Queen is sovereign lady or lady paramount, either mediate or immediate, of all and every parcel of land within the realm.'*

The constitutional title of the Crown here asserted, though not likely to be put in force to the detriment of the subject, involves the principle that the right of land-ownership is subordinate to the supreme control and dominion of the State, should an occasion arise for exercising its imprescriptible prerogative in the cause of the *salus populi*. That principle is acknowledged, indeed, to a large extent in our ordinary legislation, under which the property of individuals is frequently appropriated, subject always to the payment of compensation, for the execution of works of public necessity or advantage. The subordination of private rights to the common good is here fully recognised, and in this point of view we think that the application of such terms as 'confiscation' and 'plunder' to certain legislative measures has of late been too lightly and inconsiderately made. But those opprobrious terms are by no means out of place when the rights of ownership, fortified by long prescription, are held up to popular odium as illegal and iniquitous, and when it is gravely recommended that they should be swept away by an indiscriminate act of forfeiture, without any compensation to the deprived proprietors, and for the purpose of effecting a social revolution which could only result in disastrous consequences to the nation at large.

Writers like Mr. George and Mr. Herbert Spencer are at war not only with the first principles of political economy and of law, of social order and of domestic life, but with the elements of human nature. Man does not live by bread alone. Man does not labour solely for his own daily sustenance. He labours for others; he lives by the past and for the future. The strongest incentive to industry, economy, and good living is the desire to provide for the future, and to hand down to our children some results of our own lives. That desire is one of

* See Joshua Williams's 'Law of Real Property' and the authorities there cited, pp. 17–119.

the chief bonds of the human family, and it consecrates the right of property. The capital so saved must be invested, and being invested, it becomes equally useful to those who own it and to those who employ it, although their positions in life may widely differ. Land has hitherto been regarded as the most secure of all investments, and for that very reason it is the least remunerative. To attack the rights of private property in land, is to attack property in its most concrete form. If landed property is not secure, no property can be protected by law, and the transmission of wealth, be it large or small, is extinguished. With it expires the perpetuity of family life, and that future which cheers and ennobles the labour of the present by the hopes of the future. These are the doctrines of Communism, fatal alike to the welfare of society and to the moral character of man. Nowhere are they more emphatically rejected than by the most democratic communities—by the land-holding peasants of France and by the homesteads of North America. They are not only false and mischievous, but absurd when addressed to a class of men who are never likely to have an acre of land, and who would starve on an acre of land if they had it. We can only regard Mr. George's work and Mr. Davitt's speeches as a part of the revolutionary warfare now waged by certain Americans, or Hiberno-Americans, against the institutions of this country, which degrades them to the level of the Socialists of Germany, the Nihilists of Russia, and the Communards of Paris.

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- ART. I.—1. *Rapport de la Délégation du Zemstvo* (Conseil Général) *d'Odessa sur la Question Juive*. Odessa: 1881.
2. *Rapport sur la Question Juive, présenté au Zemstvo d'Odessa*. Par C. M. BASILY. Odessa: 1881.
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PERSECUTION is one of the fevers of society; partly modified, it is true, by race or country, but with a well-known diagnosis of its own. In former times the chief incentive to persecution was religious bigotry and fanaticism; in our own it is popular ignorance and intolerance, moved by the baser passions of envy and fear. The entire history of French democratic revolution has been stained for nearly a hundred years by this spirit of persecution. It began with the persecution of the nobles, of the clergy, and of the sovereign, until the rival factions ended in equally fierce persecutions of each other. And in our own day, under the false name of republican freedom, we see the same hateful spirit revived, which, having persecuted the religious orders and persecuted the magistracy, sought to drive from the territory of France the most illu-

trious, the most brave, the most high-minded of her citizens. No wonder that, in a democratic age, they should share the fate of Aristides, of Cimon, and of Themistocles, who were ostracised because they were too great and too good for Athens. If ostracism has been for two thousand years the opprobrium of ancient Greece, its recurrence in France cannot fail to excite the amazement, and we must add the contempt, of modern Europe.

The victims of persecution to whom the following pages are to be devoted, are, however, of a lowlier caste, though of most ancient lineage. But they have suffered all the more from cruelty and injustice; and surely the spirit of persecution is never more detestable than when it inflicts incalculable sufferings on the humblest members of society. Yet men persecute, as if by a horrid instinct; as if persecution were not only a parasite upon religious bodies and democratic revolutions, but an inherited taint in human nature.

The recent persecution of the Jews in Eastern Europe, which is the worst legacy of 1882, is a case in point. We have waited till the first passion of controversy was spent, and till a body of facts was before the public, but we propose now to take a dispassionate view both of the past events and of the present arguments which form the so-called *Jewish Question*. It is a question which, in England, we are fortunately not obliged to consider with any bias of self-interest. Nearly 100,000 Jews live amongst ourselves. In some respects they remain 'the unchangeable people,' but in others we see that, when planted in a foreign soil, they either drop the peculiarities of their race or are dropped by them. Chameleon-like they have acquired the hues of British culture, and they move among us, the most hard-working and generous of our citizens. But in Eastern Europe the question is a very different one, complicated as it is there by mutual misunderstandings, by insane mutual prejudices, and by numerical difficulties of which we have no conception.

The Hebrews are computed to number about 6,200,000 souls; at least, this is the calculation adopted by Mr. Israel Davis in his excellent article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on the Modern Jews; and it does not differ widely from that of Bédarride, who reckons them at nearly 7,000,000. Russian agitators swell the calculation to 8,000,000, but this appears to us an exaggeration. Mr. Alderman Salomons (in 1866) told the late Dean of St. Paul's that, of Jews, he conceived 600,000 resided in Poland; and by the last accounts 100,000 is certainly too small a figure at which to place their

numbers in France. Austria has a large Jewish population, with a distribution of 500,000 in Hungary, 800,000 in Austria, and 500,000 in the small province of Galicia. There they are so densely massed together that Francis II., when he visited a town on the Galician frontier, exclaimed, 'Now I know why I am called King of Jerusalem.' The real *Jewish Question* lies in these astonishing figures. It may present some other aspects, but those, as we shall show, refer rather to the greedy passions, the prejudices, and the insufficient legislation of the countries where Jew-baiting has been either permitted or fomented.

This extraordinary people of aliens, who have seen all the greatest changes of the Gentile world, endure with unexampled courage, flourish under all circumstances and in all climates, and increase with amazing fertility. In those districts of Eastern Europe where they form 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, or even 13 per cent. of the whole population, they inevitably possess an importance which is independent of either their industry, their cohesion, or their wealth. As they are, furthermore, rich in all these three things, they excite envy and ill-will. The Pharaohs were jealous of them when the children of Israel first grew rich in Goshen, and the hidalgos and priors of Catholic Spain were jealous when a Jew was Finance Minister to King Alfonso XI. Jonas Hanway, in his treatise on the nationalising of the Jews, even when he admitted that it might be right to increase '*useful people*,' complained that these were neither husbandmen, soldiers, nor sailors; and he was only half convinced that every acquisition of wealth strengthens the State, since every trader spends. He proposed accordingly that they should not be allowed to hold real property in England. The Russians, now so jealous of their active spirit, have also a religious antipathy to them, and complain, as the Spaniards did, that they give and spread clandestine intelligence. Thus the *Jewish Question*, if in one sense a new one, is in reality older than the Exodus.

Before entering on its recent phases in Germany and in Eastern Europe, it will be necessary to notice some earlier chapters of Jewish history, and to speak of the main tribal divisions among the Jews. When the Great Dispersion took place, it found the world already colonised by the Hebrews. For the rich cosmopolitan traders of Persia, Italy, Sarmatia, and Spain, the Jews claim perfect innocence and ignorance of the dark crime of Calvary. The same plea might be urged for the Caraïte dissenters, and for the earliest emigrants to Worms, who fled from Palestine

after the Benjamite massacres in Gibeah (Judges xix.). In fact Boleslas and Casimir of Poland affirmed that the population of Jerusalem having been exterminated by the Roman conquest, the modern Jews could hardly be held guilty of the blood of Christ. Tradition says that the exiles of A.D. 130-136 did but adopt a former tribal distribution when they hived off in search of those earlier swarms which served as pioneers for their wandering flight. Two great divisions are still recognised among them. Of these the first, called the *Sephardim* (from long residence in *Sepharad*, or Spain), claim to descend from the tribe of Judah, and even in a measure from the royal House of David. As such the Sephardim looked on themselves as heirs of the great and precious promises that belong to the tribe. '*In Judah is God known*,' was long a favourite text with them, and they avoided intermarriage with Jewish families of mixed or unascertained descent. The second great division is that of the *Ashkenazim*, or German Jews. The genealogy of the Polish Jews, sometimes called the *Khazim*, is disputed, because, like the *Sephardim*, they claim a longer and a more unbroken pedigree than can be proved by the Hebrews who drifted later to '*Ashkenaz*,' or Germany. Of the Sephardic body it ought to be said that they for long enjoyed very exceptional advantages. To say nothing of the halcyon days of the Jewish Patriarchates, it is certain that under the mild sway of the Arabian Caliphs the Jews rose in every walk of life. Hebrew, Arabic, and that dialect of Western Aramaic which was the language of Jewry at the Christian era, were all sister branches of the great Semitic speech. Then with the image-hating Moslem the Jews had many points in common, and so harmoniously did the two peoples agree, that this epoch may be called the Golden Age of Judaism. Hebrew traders acted as a connecting link between the East and West. Once again on those Mesopotamian plains from which their father Abraham first took his fair-faced wife, did the Hebrews grow rich. They became holders of real property in Mesopotamia, in Spain, and in Provence, and in the last two countries many of the great families trace back their descent to an Israelitish stock.

The Arabico-Jewish schools grew famous; Jewish physicians prescribed for kings; the Babylonish Talmud gradually replaced the older traditions of Jerusalem; and at the end of the twelfth century Maimonides appeared. He came to be not only the spiritual ancestor of Baruch Spinoza and of Moses Mendelssohn, but to form an era in the history of ideas. Less

cold, and perhaps less subtle, than the Christian schoolmen, he left a deep mark on their philosophy. But already in the youth of this 'Second Moses' dark clouds of persecution had begun to gather, and to the Golden Age there succeeded the very Iron Age of Judaism. Milman says of the persecutions of the Jews in the Middle Ages that they were the most 'hideous' and continuous to be found among nations above the state 'of savages.' These times have, however, been called 'the Ages of Faith.' They certainly were the ages of the Crusades and of the 'Divina Commedia.' Small wonder, considering the sufferings of the Albigenses and of the Jews, that the latter should have turned away from the altars of Christendom, and have thrown themselves rather into the arms of the Moors. This attitude gave rise, however, to a genuine *Jewish Question*. Between Jews and Moors, between Arabic and Hebrew schools, between alchemists, physicians, and money-lenders, the civilisation of Southern Europe ran a risk of becoming wholly Semitic. There were over 300,000 Jews in Spain. One was Finance Minister to King Alfonso XI., one was physician at his Court, while the populace loudly complained of the wealth and cruelty of the usurers. Hence the popular detestation of them. Hence the jealousy of this thriving caste. Hence the restrictive edicts of the Cortes. Hence the riots, the *autos-da-fê*, and the destruction of the Jewish quarters. Hence, too, the revival of the old frivolous and wickedly false accusations, that the Israelites insulted the Host and murdered Christian children. The records of bloodshed in Aragon and Castile, when the fourteenth century closed, might give valuable hints to the Jew-baiters of to-day, and the different attitudes of the Popes towards the anti-Semitic movement in Spain might at the present moment be edifying reading for the Russian Minister of the Interior. But we must hasten on to the catastrophe. It came eighty-nine days after the conquest of Granada, and was an event not less terrible to the Jews than full of vital import for Europe. The Semitic alliance of Moor and Jew was indeed broken up in 1492, but Spain was ruined by her own greedy cruelty, and Spanish greatness positively began to decline from the day when 300,000 Jews, shaking from their feet the dust of the land of Torquemada, carried over the face of Europe the wealth, the wisdom, the piety, and the industry of the Sephardim.

The edict which obliged them to leave Spain was issued in 1492, and the Jews went northwards in search of liberty and of intellectual light. Some settled in Italy, others wan-

dered to Constantinople and to the court of King Casimir of Poland; great numbers were made welcome in Holland,* while the school of Narbonne received a fresh contingent of learned Talmudists. From thence a strongly Jewish element passed into the world of occult researches, and into the domain of religious thought. From the Jews of Spain Cornelius Agrippa imbibed his ideal alchemy, his chimerical speculations, his Kabbalistic method. From the same source Reuchlin drew his inspiration, his mysterious doctrines, and all that literature, so to speak, of Christian Kabbalism, which the Dominicans of Cologne so strongly condemned, and which Albert Dürer so deeply admired. But Judaism had also stronger meat to set before the Reformers of the sixteenth century. Reuchlin's labours having furnished them with a Hebrew grammar, they betook themselves to the study of the Old Testament in the original, endeavouring to see where it differed from the Vulgate of St. Jerome, and to master its sense, as understood by the best Jewish scholars. The English translation known as the Authorised Version was mainly guided by the text-books of the Rabbi David Kimchi, of Narbonne; Luther often preferring, however, for his Bible, the commentaries of Solomon Rashi, of Troyes, a Rabbi who lived nearly a century earlier than the learned Kimchi. It is when we note the effects of Jewish influence on the whole generation that demanded and achieved the Reformation that we realise how the study of Hebrew told on the Christian world. The Old Testament had been too long cast aside; Old Testament worthies, stripped of their nimbus, had given place to a Christian hagiology, which in its turn paled before that revival of classical learning which we call the Renaissance. But the classical spirit was not all that was needed for a world struggling to be new-born from the mists of the Middle Ages. Serene but distant, 'clear, but oh how cold!' it was insufficient. The dispersion of Jewish scholars, as it added a new element to modern culture, lent a further impetus to men determined to be free. It caused a reversion to the fountain-head of Scripture—to the progressive revelation, by Scripture, of moral and religious truth. The moral law in its simplicity swept away both the arbitrary code of the Church, and

* Both the father of the philosopher Spinoza (Michael d'Espinoza), and also his teacher, Saul Levi Morteira, were later refugees from Léon, settled at Amsterdam because 'there every citizen might remain free in his religion.'

that system of indulgences which had popularised false ideas of right and wrong, false notions of the justice and clemency of God. We have gained so much by this return to Scriptural simplicity, that we must be patient when we hear Luther using against the Jews all the invectives with which Churchmen loaded him, or find Calvin and Knox impregnated with the sternness of an Old Testament judge; we must even be charitable when we are obliged to recognise some of the harshest traits of Jewish theology in the temper and tenets of our own Puritan divines. True it is, as has been finely remarked by a Hebrew divine of our own times, that 'even in their punishment the children of Israel have continued their mission in the world.'

By travelling northwards the Sephardic families could not fail to come into contact with the Ashkenazim Jews, who, after the Great Dispersion, had made their settlements in Germany. The origin of this body is much less well ascertained than that of the Spanish Jews. They were recruited out of many tribes, but their traditions affirm that, when they went into Germany, they only went to join earlier settlers, and that the city of Worms was the cradle of the Ashkenazim congregations in Europe. The history of Jewish families must necessarily be uncertain. They had to keep their movements secret; in some places they were forbidden to print or to publish books, and their libraries were repeatedly destroyed. St. Louis of France had twenty-four cartloads of Talmudic lore burnt in the streets of Paris; in Cremona 12,000 volumes were destroyed; and a family of Portuguese Jews still cherishes, in England, as an heirloom, an ancestral copy of the Scriptures, printed in the Roman instead of in the Hebrew letter, because in the dark days of persecution it was necessary to deceive the Catholic servants as to the nature and contents of the book. The Jews have necessarily had to depend on oral accounts of their wanderings. Since their dispersion they have assimilated the intelligence of every land in which they have dwelt. They can acquire all languages, but music seems to be their birth-right. If the sceptre has departed from the house of David, the harp at least has not lost its strings; and music is the voice, the solace, and the crown of a people who give proof, in their music, of emotional qualities of the highest and purest order.

The first synagogue was built in London by the Spanish Jews in 1656, and in that building were collected the progenitors of the Bernals, Ricardos, and many other families, too numerous to be mentioned here. Grave and haughty men were those dark-browed refugees, and, though united by

religious faith, no intermarriages took place for more than a century between the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim, who, after their appearance in London, had also a synagogue of their own. But time has altered the relative positions of the two tribal divisions. Lord Beaconsfield was a Sephardic Jew,* of Venetian extraction, and daughters of the houses of Bernal and Ricardo have made the most splendid alliances in England, yet it is no longer the Spanish congregation which is most heard of. It is the German Jews who, having made themselves famous, constitute the true plutocracy of London and Paris, of Vienna, and even of New York; they, as bankers, brokers, barristers, merchants, musicians, philosophers, and poets, have laid society under obligations to their energy, their wealth, their tunefulness, and their talent. How extraordinary has been their rise one may judge from the lives of Lessing and of Heine, from Auerbach's painful novel of 'Dichter und 'Handler,' from Comtesse d'Agoult's account of the position of old Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfort, and, above all, from the trials of Moses Mendelssohn.

Born in Dessau, in 1727, in a poor home, with every prospect of being nothing but a humpbacked pedlar, he knew the most bitter poverty. Once, when obliged to make a loaf of bread last for a week, he marked on it with ink the portion which must suffice for each day's ration. To gain information and to rise became the passions of his life. There was something of Socrates in the deformed figure, the eager eyes, the questioning spirit, and the enthusiastic temper of this Hebrew scholar, who, leaving the Rabbinical lore of his own people, dwelt rather on the harmony of moral truths. Moses Mendelssohn, the Jew of Berlin, had not only to conquer the deficiencies of his early education at a time when Jews never acquired the dead languages, but also to defy the superstitions of his neighbours. He had to fight his way against the prejudice which, proscribing men of his race, had separated the Jews from the great stream of eighteenth-century culture. He never acknowledged in Christianity the new Branch from the old root, but he did grasp the larger hope of immortality, and combined 'the cool reason of the head with the warm affection of the heart,' both in his

* In the last months of his life Lord Beaconsfield referred with great tenderness to the influence upon his own youth of a sister who passionately loved her people, and who first fired him with the ambition to rise. The strange pages of 'Tancred' show how strong was the impression her Jewish patriotism made on his mind, and the last words of the last page of his last novel, 'Endymion,' are an affecting appreciation of that sister's love.

worship and in his conduct, while by his success he has certainly made it easier for every succeeding Jew to take a place in life. How successful was the struggle in his own family we can realise when we hear that, fifty years after the episode of the loaf of dry bread, his son Abraham Mendelssohn-Bartholdy went to Paris (1819) to negotiate the indemnity to be paid after the war by France to Prussia. What the world owes to the musical genius of his grandson Felix can never be forgotten, while the nobility, goodness, and tenderness of the characters of Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn ought to interest us deeply in a race too often accused of possessing only harsh and avaricious qualities. Theirs is but a solitary specimen of the success of the German Jews, and of their rapid rise to that prominence in society which money and intelligence can give. The press is now largely in their hands; in fact, society is leavened with Jews. It gains immensely from them, but it also suffers, for too many of these Jews, rich through the wonderful perfection to which they have brought the arts of commerce, are materialists of a most pronounced type. This secularism may be traced in part to that Oriental tinge in their tastes and manners which coloured the novels of Lord Beaconsfield. It also arises from a pardonable pride in the comfort and distinction which they are so well able to earn for themselves; but too much of it, alas! is traceable to the worship of the seen, the practical, and the positive. Ignorant of that new attitude of the human spirit towards God and towards man which is the true development of Christianity, they are, like their ancestors, blind to the quiet, mysterious beauty of holiness. ‘They want
 ‘ sensible and tangible beauty, sensuous or intellectual rewards,
 ‘ glories which the eyes can see, pleasures which the senses can
 ‘ feel, recompenses which the flesh can enjoy, theories of per-
 ‘ fectibility, a scheme of earthly polity and sovereignty, which
 ‘ shall fill all earth with luxury and abundance, which should
 ‘ make all the secrets and all the objects of creation, like all
 ‘ the treasures of man’s understanding, subserve to the advance-
 ‘ ment of their earthly interests, to the civilisation and perfec-
 ‘ tion of their race.’*

Other-worldliness is a light which has not yet risen upon the Jewish consciousness, and how great a darkness is implied in this want! since it is a darkness which makes them look only to material promises, so that Jews of this secular type un-

* ‘Love of the Atonement,’ by the Right Reverend R. Milman, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta. 5th edition, 1880.

avoidably set a tone of easy indifference, of vulgarity, and of self-indulgence, which Christian thinkers and moralists must regret. In the earlier ages of the world, the Jews were, as Paley expressed it, '*men in religion*, by the premature wisdom 'and humanity of their code;' but in the same ratio they have, by their rejection of Christianity, become *babes* in spiritual matters.

The Ashkenazim race is prolific beyond measure. Its offspring is literally as the sand upon the sea-shore, and this fact should alone suffice to give the lie to the extraordinary accusations brought by the Russian press against Jewish domestic life. Jewish marriages are arranged by the parents, and very often through the means of an intermediary agent. Unions so contracted have no doubt a greater regard to fortune than to romance, yet, owing to the high tone of morality which exists in this matter, cases of infidelity are exceedingly rare, and these marriages turn out far better than the same number arranged in French Catholic families can be said to do. The children are healthy as well as numerous, and the figures which meet our eye on looking into the Jewish Question are simply amazing.

No human power has broken the solitary unity of this ancient people. They are at once a problem and a miracle, and Eastern Europe has begun to ask *whether they are also a necessary evil*. Russia is impatient of a nation within a nation, of a tribal people manipulating the press, slipping into every trade, laying up, for cornering purposes, the necessities of life, and carrying on a secret understanding between its members. The anti-Semites are very weary of these separatists, who reside, but who will not eat, with them; whose habits, ideas, food, raiment, ritual, calendar, and day of rest are all unlike their own.

The statistics of their distribution are very curious. Scotland possesses few, if any, Jews, with the exception of a few flourishing traders in the port of Leith. Paris is full of them, and the three departments of the Vosges, Haut-Rhin, and Bas-Rhin, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, contained nearly 40,000 of them; yet the number of Jews in all France is not equal to the Jewish population now heaped up in the cities of Buda-Pesth and of Presburg. Compare this with the figures in Nehemiah which relate to the return from Babylon. There came back to the Holy City 42,000 Israelites. Of these 4,000 were priests, 74 were Levites, 128 singers, 139 police; and this band was accompanied by 372 bondsmen and 2,737 slaves, of which 200 were minstrels. Of course these

figures, so far from representing the sum total of the Jewish people, stand only for the return of its aristocracy, and the register will be found not to exceed 50,000 persons; that is to say, less than *a third of the tale of homeless sufferers reduced last spring to ruin and starvation by the Russian persecutions.* Towards the close of the nineteenth century, and in the face of its boasted 'progress,' persecution has broken out again in the body politic of Europe. It has sprung from the same causes of self-interest, fanaticism, and envious ill-will, and it has the same old, ugly diagnosis of lust, rapine, and brutality. Its outbreaks have been proportionately severe as we recede from the centres of civilisation to the semi-barbarous limits of Eastern Europe, and its principal victims have been the squalid and bigoted populations of Russian and Polish Ghettos.

The anti-Semitic agitation in Germany has been mainly restricted to words, and to complaints of the unsociable temper, literary importance, and pretensions of these ambitious aliens. Some of these complaints may possibly be just enough; but as it is only a hundred and twenty years since Moses Mendelssohn had to get a written permission to reside in Berlin, the separative Jewish mind, naturally unyielding, and naturally embittered by centuries of estrangement, is not likely to be softened by hard words. An attempt to compete with them in financing has recently brought the Union Générale Bank and its abettors to ruin, and the Congress held in Dresden last September leads us to doubt whether the evil qualities of the Jews will be charmed away by the loss of employment and emolument with which the anti-Semitic movement in Germany threatens them. The deliberations of this so-called Congress were far from creditable to its presidents, and its resolutions were peculiar. Governments were requested, for example, 'to take the initiative in defending German individuality, in cherishing the spirit of Christianity (*sic*) in political and municipal life, in preventing the immigration of Jews, and in obliging the Jews 'to pay a poll tax, or defence money, instead of military service.'

Contrast this programme with the following passage in the works of Moses Mendelssohn:—'Social converse by degrees 'promotes affability, and from the exchange of sentiments are 'matured all those moral virtues which kindle the heart to 'friendship, the soul to intrepidity, and fire the mind with the 'love of truth.' The land of *Geist* has little credit in this movement, unless it be in the fact that the crusade has been written in ink and not in blood. In German cities personal

violence at least has not been used towards Israelites whose offences, if 'Sulpicius' may be quoted, consist in their extreme riches, patent success, nasal pronunciation of German, and palpable assumption that they are in character and tendencies not one with the Teutonic race. 'Nathan der Weise,' the work in which Lessing immortalised the wisdom and virtue of Moses Mendelssohn, used to be a favourite as well as a standard German classic, but it seems to be out of date with readers who have also forgotten their emotion at the death of Berthold Auerbach, when that occurred last winter in Cannes. 'Sulpicius' goes on to complain that Jewish youths 'have hardly an ideal: their mind is all too early turned to material aims and thoughts: what a fine task for the *not-Jews* to give an ideal to Jewish youth!' Perhaps next year this 'task' may become one of the aims of the Anti-Semitic Conference. If it does not, evidently the ideal Teutonic mind is divided on the Jewish Question.

But of the persecutions in Russia what shall we say? Are they also a protest in favour of the ideal? In Western and Southern Russia a furious agitation has arisen, and one towards which the attitude of the Government has been as ambiguous as that of the Popes of the Middle Ages. Riots and murders (which, when they occurred in Bulgaria, received the appropriate name of 'atrocities') are in Russia described under the refined title of 'effervescences.' The date and place of these riots were generally arranged beforehand, and in many cases the rioters have remained unpunished. No restitution has been made to the victims, the homes of so many ruined families are not to be restored to them, and in the village of Liebenthal (near Odessa) a fine of fifty roubles was imposed upon anyone who gave a night's lodging to a Jew. A Jewish deputation, headed by Baron Ginsberg, waited on the Tzar to complain of these barbarities, and Count Kutaïssow was sent south to inquire into the recent events. The result was the arrest of 1,000 persons; but no restitution has as yet been made to the Jews, though the *Zemstvo* has held lengthy deliberations, and issued the Report which lies on our table.

To understand some of the points discussed in it, it is necessary to remind the reader that the Hebrews do not enjoy equal rights in Russia, whether they are bred in the country, or happen to reside in it. They are permitted to reside in only twenty-eight of its provinces, though they generally manage to insinuate themselves into the other districts of the Empire. The regulation affecting residence results in the overcrowding of

Jews in some places. For example, two-thirds of the population of Elizabethsgrad are Jews; in Odessa they are 5 per cent.; and in Russian Poland they have recently become very numerous, because the Government has encouraged them to take the place and buy in the lands of the proscribed and exterminated Poles. In Kherson they possess one-eighth of the soil, but they are in reality the owners of a much larger proportion, because the estates of the local nobility are so heavily mortgaged as virtually to belong to the Jewish money-lenders. Mr. Tengoborsky's book on the Products of Russia, so far from dwelling on the 'Jewish Questions,' does not contain the word *Jew*; but the luminous and exhaustive pages of that standard work were compiled before some of the causes came into effect which have recently given the Jews a marked increase of influence in Russia. Russia's extremity has been the Jew's opportunity. We have just referred, for example, to the last Polish revolution, and to its social consequences; nor ought the ruinous outlay of the Crimean War to be forgotten. Then came the emancipation of the serfs, that great measure of humanity towards the *moujik*, which, as it put a stop to forced labour on the estates of the nobles, threw so much of the land out of cultivation. The newly-freed *moujik* drank twice for once that he drank before; only the Jew did not get tipsy, though at the inn and in the *harandas* he sold the brandy which did all the mischief. Such peasants at best would only produce enough to keep themselves, not enough to develop or to enrich their country, so that, after three years of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, the cereal produce of Russia diminished by one-thirteenth. Then the Jew came forward, ready to lend money, to sell seed-corn, to buy standing crops, to hire labour, and to have the wheat reaped and forwarded to the markets of Odessa and of Taganrog. Schevabacker's pamphlet is written by a Jew to prove to the Government how essential the Jews are to Russian commerce, and he asks the Government to remember how English traders have been driven, by the Jews, out of Central Asia and the ports of the Black Sea. The late war in the Balkan peninsula, like that in the Crimea, caused, by its immense loss of men and money; a recurrence to the pockets of Jewish contractors. That campaign and the huge standing army created, at the beginning of the present reign, an amount of discontent which is dangerous to the son of a murdered Tzar, while the settlements which took place at the close of the campaign were unsatisfactory to the personal ambition of General Ignatieff. It has been stated on what we believe to be good

authority that, had there been no General Ignatieff, there would have been little or no Jew-baiting in Russia. The storm was already threatening them from Germany, when a subsidy was demanded from them as the price of their safety in the Russias. The Jews, more stiff-necked than was Abarbanel when he offered Ferdinand and Isabella 30,000 ducats to be allowed to remain in Spain, refused to give the millions demanded of them. General Abeldinsky (brother-in-law to the Princess Dolgorowky) was governor when a rescript well fitted to enrage the populace against the Jews was sent down to Warsaw. As combustible materials are never lacking there, the governor was anxious to maintain peace in his time; he therefore refused to read the rescript, or to allow it to be published. The Russian Minister was, however, sufficiently powerful to carry this point, and 'effervescences' of the usual deplorable pattern began in the kingdom and in Lithuania. To use the popular expression, the 'red cock crowed' in every district; whole towns, like that of Warta, were burned to the ground; and a lasting disgrace now attaches itself to the reign of a Tzar who, when he ascended the throne, probably thought of nothing less than of becoming the exterminator of his Hebrew subjects.

The calamity which has fallen upon them is not the less unparalleled, even in the annals of Jewish suffering. The part which the Government has played in this disgraceful movement will never be thoroughly known; but Ignatieff is fallen from favour; the public opinion of the world has exercised some pressure on the side of order; a few of the offenders have been punished, and the decoration of three Orthodox priests, who did their best to stop rioting, is a step in the right direction. So is the new crusade against public-houses. Those provisions of the new Act which prevent the multiplication of dram-shops are admirable; but when the law goes on to stipulate that brandy is to be sold at such a price that the retailer derives no profit from it, it is plain that a benevolent autocracy, while it continues to *manufacture* the brandy, intends to keep the Jew's purse empty, as well as the peasant's head sober.

Materials for the elucidation of the Jewish Question have been collected in Odessa by nine experts. Justices of the peace, *starosts*, and village notables were interrogated, and the result now lies on our table in the shape of a Report, which, aspiring to be more than a mouthpiece of the grievances of the peasantry, defines the position of the Israelites, their numbers, their trades, and, above all, their relations with the rural popu-

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lations. 'Out of 1,947 Jews who are males, 75 till the soil, and 233 are artisans, 108 are in the corn trade, 287 keep stores and taverns, 77 are brokers or agents, 14 are usurers, and 972 have *no fixed occupation whatever*.' If nothing in this Report is exaggerated, something at least is here set down in malice, for there also lie on our table at this moment the schedules of a proposed emigration of the Jews '*en masse*' from Odessa. Out of 111 heads of families, whose names, ages, occupations, addresses, and tale of children are all filled in for the use of the emigration agents, we find that *four-fifths* of these persons are pedlars, fruit hawkers, shoemakers, hat-makers, copper smelters, carpenters, reapers, street musicians, and cigar-makers or vendors, while the remaining fifth comprises an apothecary, a genuine peasant, and a peasant from the Roumanian colonics. The rest are represented as *arbeiter*, that is to say, as persons gaining their living by doing any work that offers in the city and port of Odessa, and it is hardly fair to describe them all as persons 'of no fixed occupation whatever, who hang about the rich Jews, those capitalists, who have the monopolies of corn and wool. There are 250 dram-shops in the district, of which 145 are kept by the Jews; but through mortgages, simulated sales, and other tricks,' the Jews are the real owners of that traffic in brandy 'which so deeply demoralises the Russian peasantry.' This observation has a moral sound, but it is only fair to remind the reader that in former days the right of distilling corn and prune brandy was, in many parts of Poland, a monopoly, leased by the nobles to the Jewish *arrendators*, and that the manufacture of brandy is at this moment one of the chief sources of Imperial revenue in Russia. 'It follows from these figures,' says the Report, 'that out of 1,947 Jews, 1,559 have ill-defined professions—do not produce anything, but subsist and grow rich at the expense of the peasantry.'

Though the figures in this case are wilfully misleading, there is at the same time a good deal of truth in the arguments used by M. Basily. We only think him unfair when he forgets that one of the problems of our age is the distribution of what is produced among consumers, and that in this industry at least the Jews really excel. He expects them to be all at once consumers, distributors, and producers, because his country cries out for a number of industrious tillers of the soil. Russia, though rich in her vast internal resources, is always poor as regards the supply of her wants. Her productive forces lie, so to speak, in reserve, and, in spite of her rich black soil, the supply of corn is, in some of her provinces,

inadequate even to the local demand. It is no doubt, then, very provoking to find the Jews so averse to husbandry. Colonies have been granted to them on the same favourable conditions as the Empress Catharine first granted to her German colonists, but the two experiments have had very dissimilar results. Where the Germans have flourished, the Jews have failed altogether. On the other hand great numbers of them have been compelled by the military conscriptions of Nicholas to acquire a handicraft during their service in the regiments. These experiences must have been distasteful to them, the more so because their co-religionists often refuse to consort with men who for years have associated with Christians and eaten *trefe* food. Yet, even with this risk in the background, the Russian and Polish Jews will prefer any handicraft to tilling the soil.* The failure of the Jewish emigrants in America is but another proof of their dislike to husbandry, which seems so invincible that we shall be curious to know whether Count Schouvaloff's experiments (in the Government of Kieff) turn out to his satisfaction. At this moment 200 Jews are working on his estate, where they earn 60 kopecks a day (eighteenpence).

This dislike to agriculture seems to lack explanation. Is the reason to be found in the pathetic words of the Scotch song, 'This is no my ain land;' or in the fact that the Babylonish Talmud substitutes commerce rather than the old federative and agricultural life of Palestine? Does it spring from the restlessness engendered by alien habits? To our thinking it ought simply to be ascribed to long-continued training in one direction—in the mysteries of money-making, money-changing, and money-lending. The Jews have lived by their wits for centuries, and according to all the laws of evolution the traders have evolved themselves into traders! The *moujik*, on the other hand, observing that the Hebrew neither toils, nor spins, nor gathers into barns, is convinced that 'commerce means other people's money.' To ill-will then, rather than to fanaticism, must their Jew-baiting be ascribed.

'Religious feeling,' says M. Basily, 'is less developed in our southern land than in Great Russia, or even in Little Russia, where that feeling gains strength by the remembrance of the old persecutions of the Orthodox by the Catholic Poles. Our peasants and townsfolk are accustomed to live on good terms with the Tartars, with Catholics and Protestants, and with the Raskolnics. They live also with the

* They like to say that, of their greatest Rabbis, Hillel cut wood, Jochanan was a shoemaker, and Isaac was a blacksmith.

Caraité Jews, those simple people who, obedient to the old Mosaic Law but not to the Talmud, are not associated under that *Kaghal* which really dictates to Judaism. The *Kaghal* exists in Russia *status in statu*; that is to say, a community of individuals united by a common interest, a compact community, having the same wants and the same aims. This union has been the growth of centuries. Israelites are all trained in one direction to help each other, to act together, to rely on their own exertions, and on this organisation for defence: such is their aim, and hence the indestructible association of the *Kaghal*.'

It is necessary for the elucidation of the curious matter of the '*Kaghal*' to say that this is eminently a case in which one tale is good until another is told. By Baron Ginsberg's deputation, by all respectable Jews in Russia, and by all Jews, good, bad, and indifferent, out of Russia, the very existence of the thing is denied.* None the less do the officials and the peasantry of Eastern Europe complain of a Tribal Union which exists, and of a clandestine manipulation of the press which has led to the belief that Jews can buy immunity for their misdeeds. Mistrust of the Hebrew race is increased by an association which is held to combine the peculiarities of freemasonry, trades-unionism, and boycotting. The truth is, the association, though nominally a religious one, is the growth of injustice under the historical conditions which have endured for centuries, while narrow and superstitious notions of religion continue to make the power of the Rabbis very great among the *Chassidim*, or straiter sect.

M. Basily's Report admits that the so-called *Kaghal* presses heavily on the poorer Jews themselves. It dictates every social and religious question to its members; it collects funds, pays newspapers, levies fines, drives men forth on pilgrimages from which they are ordered never to return, and it punishes, by excommunication, those who offend against its rules. A man who lies under the *cherem* (or great curse) finds that no one will buy his corn, his boots, his combs, his newspapers, his pig's bristles, his goose-feathers, his brandy, or his philtres; no one will visit him or eat with him, no one will mend his door or his window; his very tomb will be silent, for the snow and the autumn rains will fall on a nameless grave. A threat of the old Law was that 'his name shall be blotted out,' and the *Chassidim* of Eastern Europe give, to one who has died under the curse, a head-stone on which is to be found neither the

* Braffmann, a renegade Jew, wrote a pamphlet on the *Kaghal* (Odessa, 1863), but this book, like its translation (Paris, 1872), has been bought in, and it is no longer possible to procure a copy of either.

insignia of his tribe nor the name of the man who in death, as in life, 'was left terribly alone.' This war of all against one is an audacious attempt on the part of a community to arrogate to itself the functions of the State, and as such it ought to be dealt with in Russia as it is in Austria. It is there a punishable offence to use the *cherem* as a means of extortion and annoyance; therefore, in this matter of the *cherem*, as in that of the dram-shops, and of the houses of bad fame (both so largely in the hands of the Jews), as well as in that of the rate of usury, the Russian Government has the solution of all these so-called 'Jewish Questions' in its own hands. Such questions are simply matters of domestic legislation, affairs for the Minister of the Interior and for the Police Section.

The next grievance against the Jews is that they object to registration. They certainly do avoid, when they can, having their births, deaths, marriages, removals registered; neither are they always anxious to enrol themselves under the heads of their occupations, since 'usurer,' 'brothel keeper,' and 'informer' do not look much better on the leaf of a register than they do on a head-stone. Like the *Raskolnic*, the Jews have also a religious prejudice against being numbered. Yet here again the Austrian Government has disposed of the difficulty, and every Austrian Jew is now not only registered, but is obliged to have a surname to which he answers: hence the mass of names like 'Morgenstern' and 'Abendstern,' which have come to replace the 'Chaims,' 'Itzigs,' and 'Yankels,' that used to prevail among the Hebrews.

The last and heaviest item in the list of Jewish sins is the matter of usury. To the old Law commercial avocations were unknown: the idea of *capital* had not been seized by the patriarchs, whose wealth lay chiefly in flocks and herds; and usury, when it first appeared, was absolutely condemned. Long before the Christian era the Jews, however, having learned the methods of the Syrian traders, became traders themselves, and from the hour that they ceased to possess a country, they have thrown themselves with passion into the traffic in money. By their superior intelligence, sobriety, perspicacity, and mutual support, they have now obtained the monetary control of the world. The Report from Odessa complains that they have benefited too much by the loans which can be effected by the State banks. 'Though the amount of taxes paid by the Jews is small, they take to themselves the right of borrowing millions. With their millions, they monopolise the trade in grain, buy the standing corn, command local labour, in short, plunge into a whole series of usurious experiments.'

It is rather difficult to see how the banks are to be prevented from lending money to Jews so long as they command the very best securities, but there can be no doubt as to the fact that the Jews lend more than they borrow. They may do the one occasionally, but the other is their great *raison d'être*; and as eight-tenths of an ignorant peasantry and nine-tenths of a bankrupt aristocracy are in debt to them, it will be difficult to prevent the Russians hating usurers who, whether they be Jewish agents in Podolia, or Hindoo money-lenders in the Deccan, or 'gombeens' in Galway, are as a class all alike rapacious and successful. These usurers might be less essential if the taxation of the Russian peasantry were less excessive; but as in the *gubernaja* of Novgorod the imports exceed the rental by 565,100 roubles, the *moujik* must borrow, and the blame of his misery cannot be entirely charged upon the Jews.

As far as the grain trade is concerned, a calculation shows that last year not more than one-fifth of the harvest produce of Russia had been garnered, or brought to the Russian seaports. The reason of this, says the 'Internationale Getreide-Zeitung,'

'is that the Jews, since the disturbances, have ceased to deal with the Russian population; will lend the farmers and landlords no more money, will buy no more grain of them, and will not use their carrying and mercantile machinery for shipping grain. The consequence is that considerable quantities of corn rot in the fields and are eaten by the mice. Messrs. Ignace Ephrussi and Co., the well-known bankers of Odessa, and the most important house in South Russia, have dissolved a business established since 1834. The withdrawal of capital, activity, and intelligence from the Empire will seriously affect the grain-markets of Europe, and must be in the first place ruinous to Odessa, which, after complaining of the Jews and their bargains, is left to regret the ruin which the outraged Hebrews are able to bring upon it.'

Every country has the Jews that it deserves to have; and if the Russian and Polish Jew may be conceded to be an unpleasant specimen of his race, he has at least a rather more intellectual life than the peasant whom he cheats. Nor are the Russian Jews likely to improve in their present medium. Till they have equal rights they will continue to hold together in that aggressive fashion which Mr. Goldwin Smith calls *tribalism*. And what notions of equity are they likely to learn in districts where the lands of Polish nobles, put up to forced sale by the Government, can be bought in by themselves at a nominal price? What sense of justice is cultivated by imperial judges who receive bribes and expect gifts? Why

should the Russian Jew go softly when capital hardly exists but in his hands, when society, such as it is, is held together by Jewish loans; when the country, half peopled, and quarter civilised, is crippled by an overgrown and unproductive army?*

But it is intolerable, retorts the Russian Jew-baiter, that the Semitic brain should assert any superiority over the Slavonic one. This brings us to the extraordinary measures recommended in some of the Governments. We will not pause to speak of M. Chegarym's pamphlet on 'The Annihilation of the Jews;' its amazing title speaks for itself; and we will pass rather to the recommendations sent in from Kherson and Pereyczlar. Jews are not to be allowed to enter any schools of the higher education; Jews are not to teach in any school; Jews are not to have Christian servants; Jewesses are not to wear silk or satin; and Jews are not to dispense medicines. The last restriction reminds us of a mediæval squib which attributes to Jussuf, Prince of the Jews of Constantinople, the following advice to the persecuted Jews of Spain:—

'Of what you say concerning the King of Spain wishing to make you Christians, do so, since you cannot do otherwise. As to the order to plunder you of your goods, make your sons merchants, and plunder them of theirs. They destroy, you say, your synagogues: make your sons clergymen, that they may profane their religion and their churches. If they afflict you with other vexations, strive to get State employment for your children, in order to avenge yourselves. For what you say of taking away your lives, make your sons *apothecaries and physicians, and take away theirs.*' †

Whether General Ignatieff ever heard this story or not we know not, but it is hard to believe that he and his friends had no fanatical or covetous motives, or that the 'effervescences' were not got up to order. Grant that the Russian and Polish Jews have a thousand disagreeable qualities, the Galician Jews are not so very unlike them as to explain away these two facts, viz., that Russian Jews are baited, robbed, and murdered (1880) in Odessa; while in Galicia, during the revolt of the peasants against the landowners, not one hair of one Jew's head was touched by insurgents bent upon a rough and ready revenge for old and oppressive abuses. M. Basily ought to have thought of this modern instance before writing

* Peace footing: 839,075 men, and 94,625 horses. War: 2,149,300 men, and 257,300 horses.

† Amador de los Rios quotes this forged letter from the MS. in the Library of Madrid. It is also copied into a curious MSS. history of the nobility of Provence which exists in the Library of Grasse.

that 'these riots, as measures of popular justice, had no admixture of cupidity.' The Jews themselves value the property destroyed in Odessa at 1,187,881 roubles; Consul-General Stanley puts it under 3,000*l.*; and, whether we adopt the maximum or the minimum, the facts remain that property has been destroyed, and that, as a result of the 'effervescences' of the last two years, one hundred thousand miserable families of the Hebrews have been driven from their homes; no restitution has been offered to them; and no money has been forwarded to the Mansion House Fund. Well might the Lord Mayor say of these creatures, 'who had escaped from Russia mostly with their lives and the scant rags that cover them, that their distress and destitution are unspeakable.' Lord Shaftesbury says that 'since the age of Titus nothing so hideous has been seen;' and Victor Hugo 'laments the monstrous phenomenon of persecution which has risen before the eyes of Christian Europe.'

But whither are the Jewish emigrants to turn?

Germany cries out against Jewish immigrants; the exiles have been eminently unsuccessful in the United States; while Hungary exclaims that, having already far more Hebrews than she knows what to do with, she cannot and she will not have a hundred thousand more Jews quartered upon her.

The Jewish population of Hungary is about 500,000, and, thanks to this fact, and to strong agitation on the part of those ultra-*Liberals* who would fain upset M. Tisza's Government, and at all times prefer fishing in troubled waters, *effervescences* have also arisen in Hungary. The Jewish Question, of which Hommel says that 'it is the most burning one of our decade,' there promises many complications, and the disease of persecution has already exhibited the familiar premonitory symptom. A Hungarian delegate at the Dresden Conference rose up to tell a monstrous tale; and a Hungarian press correspondent, belonging to the anti-Semitic party, promulgates as authentic the murder of a young Christian girl, called Esther Solomozy.

'After the most diligent search her body could not be recovered. It appears to be a fact that large sums of money were offered to the girl's mother by the Jews to induce her to represent her daughter as being always of a roving disposition, and possessed of such a mania for wandering that she was likely to have strayed away to some relations at a distance. It is a further fact that the two Jewish boys whose statements about Esther first led to the belief in her murder, have never retracted their assertions, or even contradicted themselves. The magistrate who conducted the inquiry, wishing to trap one of them, said, "Oh! but Esther is alive, for she has come home." The

boy replied gravely, "That cannot be, or else we are not alive." To baffle him further, the magistrate added, "Well, I am going to summon her now." The reply was, "As miracles do not happen nowadays, there is no resurrection possible for the girl whose throat we saw cut." The inhabitants of the district of Tisza-Eszlar are in a state of excitement, and *this story cannot fail to add a dark page to the history of fanaticism.*

We are quite convinced that it will do so, though not in the sense in which the Hungarian writer intended it; for, when the newspapers announced, a few weeks later, that the body of Esther had been found in the Theiss, the discovery of her uninjured corpse was most unwelcome to the agitators. They hastened to declare, first, that it never had been found; next, that, having been found and buried, it ought to be dug up for a fresh examination; thirdly, that the editor of the 'Freie Presse' was a Jew; and, finally, that the whole influence of the house of Rothschild had been used in Vienna to hush up the tragedy. This extraordinary accusation—that of sacrificing a young Christian child, or maiden, at Easter—is quite familiar to the Jews. They have got a specific name for it, as if for the plague or the cholera, and they expect its reappearance from time to time, while they are painfully aware that it is ever, like the stormy petrel, the herald of a new persecution. In 1080, the Jews were all banished from France, and their wealth *confiscated*, on account of the sacrifice of a boy at their Passover. In 1432 they were said to have pricked St. Wernher of Bacharach to death—indeed it is noteworthy that the greater number of these imputed crimes happened in that fifteenth century which was so fatal to the Jews all over Europe. In 1442, three Israelites were reported to have murdered a child at Trent, and all the Jews were seized, tortured, and *robbed*. In 1443, the Jews of Milan, when accused of the same crime, had to *pay* 20,000 florins; and in 1490, Juan di Passamento was added to the list of Spanish saints because of his supposed sacrifice at Guardia. The same things happened in England. For attempting to crucify a child at Norwich, they were *fined* 20,000 marks (A.D. 1226). They crucified a child at Lincoln, and, after a mockery of a trial (A.D. 1255), eighteen Jews were hanged, and little St. Hugh was canonised. For the crucifixion of a child at Northampton, fifty were hanged; and a few years later (A.D. 1287) the Jews were sent out of England, where they did not reappear till they received permission from Cromwell to settle in London, and to build a Spanish synagogue there.

All this is horrid enough, but, urges the Hungarian agi-

tator, 'this particular murder *must* be true, for the Jews 'cut Esther's throat two days before Easter, just as the Jews 'of Damascus did to the Père Thomas.' Thomas the Capucin and his servant disappeared in February 1839. A Jewish barber and seven aged Jewish merchants were fastened on as his sacrificial murderers, tormented, and induced to make something which the French Consul treated as a confession. They afterwards stoutly denied everything that they had admitted, and the Austrian Consul, M. Merlato, tried to soothe the popular excitement, but advice such as his is seldom listened to. A general rising on the part of the Syrian Christians took place, and though Sir Moses Montefiore, always generous and patriotic, went to Cairo, to obtain redress from headquarters for his co-religionists, the populace is to this day convinced that the Père Thomas fell a sacrifice to Talmudic rites at the Paschal feast. In Roumania, in Moldavia, in Russia, and in Poland, the same belief still obtains, and a Russian writer says that 'as Easter approaches the terror of 'the peasantry is quite unfeigned.' So we imagine is their fear of ghosts, and their belief in the *rossalka*; just so unfeigned is the Highlander's credence that such and such a lake has its *helve* or its 'water-horse;' and still more nervous is the Roman vine-dresser about the *evil-eye*, or the Limousin peasant about the *were-wolf*. Time was when that mysterious wolf had his thousands of victims, and when learned bishops composedly sent to the stake wretched women who on one day in the week became wolves! Yet the French peasant of to-day is not encouraged to fear the *were-wolf*, and has never with his bodily eyes beheld the animal he dreads, so he has less excuse for fearing it than the Russian peasant has for anticipating the possibility of a murder which has a religious or sacrificial object. To him are well known both the crimes of the *Self-mutilators*, and of the *Stranniké* (who think it right to take the lives of heretics), and he is aware of the baffled efforts of the police to deal with the *Bezpopotzi* of Yaroslav, who murder new-born infants. Such incidents explain how an ignorant peasantry will drink in any tale of horrors, were it ten times as lugubrious as that of Esther, the maid of Tisza-Eszlar. But Esther will have her victims, as she already has her adherents. The riots in Presburg may be said to be dedicated to her memory, and, to lay the disturbance which has been raised by her name, the troops have had to be called out in the region of the Theiss. The Russian press is delighted, because there is now another Christian country which can divide with Holy Russia the disgrace of Jew-baiting; but, in spite of its sombre

and self-gratulatory prognostications, there is every reason to hope that a firm and enlightened government will render any continuance of this unprincipled agitation impossible within the limits of the Austrian Empire.

Various schemes were started last year for housing the exiled Jews. Their emigration to America proved a miserable failure, and Mr. Laurence Oliphant's scheme for planting them along the brook Jabbok was utterly chimerical. English Protestants looked with greater favour on the fund collected by Lady Strangford and the Earl of Shaftesbury for the colonisation of North Syria by the Jews. But this idea does not meet with a hearty response from the Jews themselves: they do not cordially wish to be *taken* back to Palestine or its borders; though, on the other hand, it must be said that the Jews of Bucharest have combined to form colonies at Lydda, and factories at Jaffa, which promise well for the future of their trade along the Levant. The Mansion House Fund has had a great and a deserved success. With such a chairman for its executive committee as Sir Julian Goldsmid, it has been able to do wonders. Not the faintest suspicion of proselytising has attached to that noble expression of English sympathy, and it has deserved the praise of a very practical people for the very practical nature of the work it accomplished through the trying summer of 1882. Paris has been the scene of an immigration at the expense of the house of Rothschild which is worthy of being commemorated wherever the words patriotism and charity are known. Five thousand persons were brought by Baron Rothschild to the outlying quarters of Clignancourt, Mont Parnasse, and the like. New houses had been painted and papered for them, and food and bedding sent down to meet the exiles. Each one of them received 1s. 3d. a day until some means were discovered to render each individual independent. These 5,000 persons make a large deficit, even in the purse of a Rothschild, and still the Jewish Question looms darkly on the horizon, unanswered as regards the local habitation of many thousands of Hebrews. In England there are hearts and brains which in the face of the Jewish difficulty are elaborating a large measure for their relief. But we fear they have little to hope for from the scheme advocated by M. Cazalet in connexion with the project for the Euphrates Valley Railway, as backed by the universal panacea of an English protectorate.

In the present state of the Egyptian question it would be premature for us to speculate how many decades must elapse before an emigration such as M. Cazalet sketches can be

resolved on, not to say carried out in Syria; and it will be more to the purpose, before bringing this paper to a close, to inquire how the Jews regard the question of a return to Palestine.

Without being obliged to believe the cynical story of the Jew, who said that he and his were *pas assez bêtes* to return to Jerusalem, it will suffice to say that the Jewish mind is not at this moment turned towards a reoccupation of the old historic boundaries. Three classes of minds object to it. The first consists of the large-thinking persons who would not limit the brilliant prospects of the spiritual future of the Jewish race within a geographical boundary. They believe that the Jerusalem of the latter-day promises is *not* a local habitation, just as there are Christians who feel that the mere restoration of the Israelites to Palestine would be no true fulfilment of prophecy; the good things of the Land of Promise having been but types of Jehovah's love to His people, now so much more clearly declared in the person and mission of Christ. A very opposite class are the ultra-orthodox, who feel that it must be impious to buy land, or to have land bought for them, in the country which they expect to receive again directly from the hand of God. Practical thinkers, again, recognise that the country of Palestine is too poor and too small to afford nourishment to over 6,000,000 Hebrews; perhaps even to afford standing room for them all, were they to be suddenly swept back within its limits. They are also aware that under Turkish officials their lives and fortunes would be very insecure.

As matters stand at present, the Jews who do inhabit their own land are poor, dirty, and unthriving; yet it is none the less true, that an odd change of manners and temper comes over even the poorest Jew as soon as he treads again the streets of that City of David, to breathe the air of which is wisdom, while its soil is happiness to the living, and to the buried dead insures a share in the first resurrection. Prince Lubomirsky, once an extensive landowner, and owner of Christian and Jewish *souls* (to use the proper Russian term), met in Jerusalem an old tenant of his own who would not so much as recognise his former lord.

“How, then, do you not recognise me? I am the Prince of Doubno.” He turned roughly aside. “Oh! I recognise you well enough, but I wish to be let alone,” and as he murmured a word which surely was “Raca!” he brushed his sleeve, and disappeared into a side street.

“Much scandalised, and rather vexed, I narrated my adventure at my hotel, where I found that it surprised no one but myself. I was

informed that the Jews, feeling themselves to be here on their own ground, hate us all, and particularly dislike the Russians. I determined to inform myself with regard to Yankel. I had always had easy relations with him at Doubno. If he came up to the castle while I was at dinner, I used to give him a glass of wine, and then he would drink my health, after kissing my sleeve. Yankel is now an elder in Jerusalem, rich, benevolent, and well thought of in the City, where, being *Cohen*, he reads prayers. I used all my influence to have a visit from him at my hotel. At last Yankel came. As I entered he rose up. He no longer kissed my sleeve; it was rather for me timidly to offer my hand. He took it with visible repugnance. "You seem to have a grudge against me; what have I done to you?" "Why have you come to Jerusalem?" "I have come as a pilgrim: to us as well as to you it is a Holy City." He shook his head. "Are you happy in Jerusalem?" "Certainly; the City is holy and beautiful; only people *will* come to it who have nothing to do here." "Jerusalem is *holy*, I grant you, but it is not beautiful." "If you don't like it, why do you come here to annoy those who come here to pray?" I now lost my temper. "Why, my friend Yankel, even though you do live in the Holy City, you might as well be civil to me, if it were only for the sake of all you cheated me of in ——" "I cheated you? ha! ha! and now what do you propose—that I should give you my friendship in return for your contempt?" He rose and went to the door, and added, "You see that it was no use to disturb *me*." I had certainly found a different man in Jerusalem from the one I had left at Doubno.'

The Jews are the least proselytising people in the world. They consider the truth, or rather the knowledge of it, to be a national perquisite, and by no means intended as either glad tidings or great joy for all nations. Their sermons exhort to deeds of kindness and to almsgiving, but never to any endeavour to disseminate the doctrines to which men owe their moral dignity and their spiritual life. Proselytes from Judaism are also rare. Isaac Disraeli, even after he had had his own son baptized, seemed to take a sort of grim pleasure in chronicling, in his 'Genius of Judaism,' the small success of the London Mission. A good many conversions have been effected lately in Alexandria, and the last Russian return puts the number of converts at 398, which is however but a small proportion out of the 10,571 souls reported to have recently joined the Orthodox Church. All conversions in countries where legal disabilities exist must be viewed with suspicion, whether they are obtained by benevolent persons among the indigent and unthriving, or have been adopted from prudential motives by the place-hunting class. Genuine converts to dogmatic Christianity—such as Neander, the late Dr. Wolff, the

Père Ravignan, Dr. Paulus Cassel, Dr. Edersheim, and Adolph Saphir—are as rare as they are interesting.

The Jewish race exhibits a peculiar power of amalgamation, without real fusion or union—witness the existence of several thousands, who, near the ancient Thessalonica, conform outwardly to Mahometanism, without really abjuring their national creed, and without allowing intermarriages with the Turks. In all countries they catch something of the prevailing spirit of the age—of that *Zeitgeist* which is the unseen compeller of all our minds, and against which even Hebrew tenacity itself is not proof. For example, the liberal and philosophical Deism of the French synagogues threatens to make Rabbinism a thing of the past in Paris. In Germany we note such a drifting into indifference alike to the Mosaic Law and to the Christianity professed around them, that a large portion of its modern infidelity is now carried on Jewish shoulders. In England there is still a large and influential orthodox party, and in the City, where the Jews keep together in large numbers, one might fancy oneself transported into a very strange, as well as very ancient, world of thought. Of this party the 'Jewish Chronicle' is the organ, and over it the Adlers have for many years held a sort of patriarchal sway. This region of manners is, however, being slowly invaded by the Reformed Jews. Here we find tribal fidelity with an enlarged mental horizon. Some of the Reformed Jews are exceedingly faithful in matters of food and ritual, others again are more lax in these respects. In declining the authority of the Talmud, their position approaches that of the old sect of the Caraïtes, but they have none of the naïveté of interpretation of those so-called 'Protestant' dissenters, for they deny the *verbal* inspiration of the *Thorah*, or Law, and in their synagogues use a slightly modified liturgy. Many of the most intellectual and influential Jews belong to this reformed party, and from them come subscriptions, not only to all our great national charities, but to an institution which, like Girton College, embodies all the progress and all the aspirations of the nineteenth century for the higher education of women.

The most advanced class of Jewish thinkers has for its spokesman Mr. Claude Montefiore. Renouncing the differences (and it is a large order) which exist between distinctive, historic Judaism and that Theism which has for its central truths the spirituality and unity of God, it is difficult for us to realise that they do not also drop much of their distinctive tribalism. No greater contrast to the narrow Talmudism of

the Chassidim sect can be offered than by this extreme breadth of view, as tolerated in England and America. Absolute liberty of personal convictions, and that corresponding sense of personal responsibility in matters of faith (which Protestants value so highly), are claimed by such teachers as Mr. Claude Montefiore. He disclaims, on the other hand, any wish to make converts. His position he assumes to be a purely Jewish one, yet in the present state of religious thought in England we think it not impossible that he may find recruits come to him from the party that, abjuring distinctive, historic Christianity, lean to the side of Theism. Needless to say that the Jews who follow him connect the Messianic prophecies no longer with a personal Messiah (an important scion of the famed House of David the son of Jesse), but limit their aspirations to a general promise of the cessation of strife. They believe that peace upon earth and good will among men is to be gained through the progressive advancement of mankind.

These diversities of opinion are all more interesting to the Jews themselves than to their Christian neighbours, till we come to the large and always increasing class of those who acquiesce in, but do not profess, Christianity. Women of this school will carry about the 'Pensées de Pascal' in their pocket, and yet have tribal feelings none the less strong because of their studies. Men of this class will frequent Christian places of worship, and there is even an instance of a synagogue having been placed at the disposal of a Christian congregation whose own church had been burnt down in one of the fires so common in the United States. While questioning severely the genealogies and the quotations with which the Gospel of St. Matthew abounds, and while rejecting the testimony of the synoptic gospels, Jews of this learned, liberal, and intellectual type will read with pleasure the Fourth Gospel. It is perhaps the Essenian colouring which they detect in what St. Clement called 'the spiritual Gospel,' that so attracts them; while its Neo-Platonic tinge certainly harmonises with much that they have already received. In the 'Logos' they can recognise the 'Tikkun' (the Idea) of the Kabbala, and they can see in 'the light that lighteneth every man,' that Name of Names of which their own Talmud said that 'He was first in thought, 'oldest in operation, and older than the Creation of God.' Parents of this way of thinking, 'stars of the evening twilight 'of their race,' preserve perhaps such a lingering tenderness for Judaism that they never bring themselves to renounce it; but they none the less choose Christian nurses, schools, and tutors for their children. Where the orthodox father and

mother will stipulate that the name of Christ is never to be pronounced in their children's hearing, the Jew who halts between two opinions will, on the contrary, have the Catechism taught in his nursery. A contingent, therefore, from the next generation will conform to the religion of the country where they happen to be naturalised. This is an arrangement which in many cases springs from motives of self-interest only, as, for example, where, in Paris, a Jewish girl, if she does but profess Catholicism, can command the most splendid alliance in France. But, on the other hand, no one who reads Abraham Mendelssohn's letter to his daughter Fanny, on her confirmation, can doubt for a moment but that other and better influences are at work :—

'We, your mother and I, were born and brought up by our parents as Jews. Without being obliged to change the form of our religion, we have been able to follow the Divine instinct in us, and in our consciences. We have educated you all in the Christian faith, because it is the creed of most civilised people. It contains nothing that can lead you away from what is good, but much that guides to love, obedience, tolerance, and resignation. It would do so, even if it offered nothing but the example of its Founder, understood by so few, and followed by still fewer.'

A peculiar colouring has been thrown on this wise and beautiful page by the glare of burning homesteads on the plains of Eastern Europe. Jew-baiting, as it exists at this moment, is not only a monstrous injustice, but it is an outrage on decency, a darkening of the fair face of Christendom, and as such it cannot fail to retard the progress which as Christians and as citizens we most desire. The conversion of the Jews is not to be the work of a few paid or unpaid missionaries, but must be the result of the words and deeds of the whole Christian world. Equality before the law, charity, and good will are solvents which nothing can resist. By their influence the celebrated 'Jewish Question,' which has cropped up at intervals ever since the time of the Exodus, has been solved, or rather has solved itself, in England and in America. Wherever Jewish disabilities are unknown tribal narrowness has disappeared, and Judaism, both as regards matters of faith and social duties, has been left to develop itself healthily, and on its own lines. If we note with pleasure that many Jewish parents are attracted to Christianity, we may hope that common *Jewry* (as the negation of faith in Christ) will daily give place to that noble Judaism which is a step to the knowledge of Him. We may also do well in the present state of religious conflict in England to receive with gratitude the support

afforded by Judaism to the Supernatural. The Supernatural is not only an integral part of the sacred narrative, but was the key-note of the Hebrew revelation and polity. Without a belief in the providential rule of the world, not only are all creeds but empty forms, but our own struggle for the True and Just is as beating the air. The Hebrew Scriptures, especially the Psalter, declare with the most earnest insistence the care of the Almighty, not only for the type, but for the single life, and for all the needs of the human soul. Their testimony ought never to be more valued than in this age of negation, and we can make common cause with Jewish thinkers in their heart-felt recognition of the unity and the attributes of God, even while we rejoice that we ourselves are allowed to behold those mysterious attributes bathed in more golden hues; in 'the light that shone when Hope was born.'

ART. II.—1. *Françoise de Rimini dans la Légende et dans l'Histoire.* Avec vignettes et desseins inédits d'Ingres et d'Ary Scheffer. Par CHARLES YRIARTE. 12mo. Paris: 1883.

2. *Un Condottiere au XV^e Siècle: Rimini.* Etudes sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesta d'après les Papiers d'Etat des Archives d'Italie. Par CHARLES YRIARTE. Imp. 8vo. Paris: 1882.

3. *Florence.* By CHARLES YRIARTE. Folio volume, with numerous illustrations. Paris and London: 1883.

4. *Les Médailleurs de la Renaissance.* Par ALOISS HEISS. Folio. Paris: 1880-82. Trois cahiers.

THESE three books, published by M. Charles Yriarte, differ greatly in size: for the first of them is a succinct sketch of the tragical history of a woman immortalised in a few lines of a great poet; the second is a monograph of the splendour and the crimes of one of the petty courts of mediæval Italy; in the third, the author and his artists have portrayed all the glories of Florence, with a profusion of illustration of the highest excellence. We shall have occasion to speak more at length of the beauty and utility of the magnificent work of M. Aloiss Heiss in a later part of this article; he has done for the medallists of Italy what those ingenious artists did for the heroes and statesmen of their own age. However we may lament the decline of French literature, in the arts of typography and ornament France is, by her taste

and execution, at the head of all nations. For the artistic workmanship of these volumes is French, although one of them has been successfully reprinted in London.* Not indeed that the interest of the people of this country in the memorials of Italian art and history has ever declined. The publications of the Arundel Society have preserved and perpetuated many of the finest works of Italian artists, which Italy herself would have allowed to perish. Mr. Dennistoun's 'Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino,' Mr. Charles Perkins' admirable volumes on the Tuscan and other sculptors of Italy, and the excellent translation of Messrs. Woltman and Woerman's history of Italian painting, edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, have all been published in England within the last twenty years. These are classical works of the highest merit, and are illustrated with great elegance and taste. But M. Yriarte's volume on Florentine art has still higher pretensions, and, as a specimen of decorative typography, cannot easily be surpassed. The other works, also proceeding from his pen, display still greater originality and more accurate powers of historical research.

Although these publications differ in size and scope, they are one in intention. They all attest the skill and study which M. Yriarte brings to bear not only on the bright pages of Italian art, but on the darkest passages of Italian history. His narratives are extremely interesting and instructive; and although the ground has been traversed before by a multitude of writers, from Sismondi and Ginguen  to Mr. Dennistoun and Gino Capponi, not to mention the older Italian historians, M. Yriarte's gleanings sometimes yield a more abundant crop than their harvests. In Italy, as well as in other countries, the study of archives is a recent science. They are the true sources of history, and nowhere are they more abundant or more curious than in the Italian peninsula. There they have never been absorbed by a common centre. Every municipality, every petty court, almost every noble family, had its records, in great part preserved, and till recently undisturbed. They afford a boundless and attractive field of romantic investigation, for Italy from the thirteenth to the seventeenth

* It deserves a passing remark that one of the most splendid illustrated works which have appeared of late in this country—

'Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe;'

it comes from Dublin, being a description by Mr. Seymour of the restoration of Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin, by the late Mr. Street, at the expense of Mr. Henry Roe. It does credit to the architect, the printers, and, we must add, the binder.

century was a theatre on which the most exciting dramas of human life were enacted. All the passions of mankind were let loose with savage ferocity; yet by a strange contrast these acts of fury, perfidy, and violence were sometimes ennobled, or palliated, by love and valour, and the men who committed them were no strangers to the arts in their highest perfection, to the charms of poetry, and to the passion for knowledge. Mr. Browning, in 'The Ring and the Book,' has given us an elaborate and lifelike picture of one of these tragical passages carried to the foot of the papal throne. We ourselves published not long ago, from the notarial records existing at Rome, the true history of the Cenci, differing in many particulars from the legend accepted by poets, yet not less wild and cruel. M. Yriarte has collected from the *Archivio Notariale* of Rimini, Pesaro, and San Arcangelo, towns of no great mark in history, the materials of a dozen romances. In justice to the modern explorers of mediæval Italy, it must be said that the researches of the Italian archivists have greatly facilitated this work; but M. Yriarte has the merit of giving them a fresh and attractive form accessible to the world, and his own personal enquiries have not been without fruit.

We propose to follow him through some of these devious tracks, which have been overgrown for ages by the occurrence of more important events, and we shall begin by appropriating his narrative of the guilt and the fate of Francesca di Rimini, known to all mankind as the very type of love and grief in one of the finest passages in the 'Inferno' of Dante, and represented in our own times by several of the choicest works of great artists—by Ingres, by Ary Scheffer, and by our own Westmacott. Yet, familiar as the subject is to readers of many generations, we doubt if one person in a thousand could relate, as M. Yriarte has done, the particular incidents of Francesca's history, or even say with precision who she was and why she suffered. These details are not only interesting in themselves, but they cast light on the obscure expressions of the poet. The ineffable pity which Dante has thrown into those lines—unsurpassed, we think, in the whole sphere of poetry—has effaced the stain of frailty and of sin from that 'half-told tale of guilty love, so passionated, so full of tears.' The love of Paolo and Francesca, eternal as their punishment, penetrates and illuminates even the dark circles of hell. The sympathy of the purest minds is won for her who loved so much and was *not* forgiven, till Francesca is absolved by the compassion she inspires. Yet the story is a dark one.

Francesca was the daughter of Guido di Lamberto di Polenta, lord of Ravenna, who was styled *il Minore* to distinguish him from Guido *il Vecchio*, a veteran of the same family. Polenta is an old castle or stronghold near Bertinoro in the territory of Ravenna, from which the family took its name, and in the thirteenth century Guido filled the offices of Consul, Rector, and eventually Podestà of Ravenna. He came of a turbulent, ambitious, and valiant race, strongly attached to the party of the Guelphs and the Pope. The favour of Gregory and the courage he showed at the battle of Trentola in 1275 placed him at the head of the little state. It was in the same year, and apparently soon after that battle, that Guido gave his daughter in marriage to a son of Malatesta da Verucchio of Rimini, who had aided him in his successful effort to subdue the factions of Ravenna and establish his own power there. This point is, however, contested by some of the Italian antiquaries, who assert that the Malatesta family had been at war with Guido, and that the marriage was agreed upon as one of the conditions of peace. Litta, in his genealogy of the Polenta family, adopts the former opinion, and holds that the hand of Francesca was the price of the alliance. However this may be, it is certain that in 1275 the two houses were united, and indeed a second marriage took place between a brother of Francesca and Madalena, a sister of her husband.

Giovanni Malatesta, surnamed the *Sciancato*, who became the husband of Francesca di Polenta, was the eldest son of Malatesta da Verucchio by his wife Concordia. This personage was the lord of Rimini, and his family (as we shall afterwards have occasion to show) founded a dynasty there, which survived for two or three centuries with the title of Vicars of the Church, for the cities of Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, and Fossombrone. Giovanni, the son, was, as his nickname denotes, a cripple, one leg being shorter than the other. But this infirmity did not preclude him from the martial exercises of his race; he was continually in arms; a man fierce, unscrupulous, and active in the war of factions; who won his way by courage and audacity to be the Podestà of Forlì, Faenza, and Pesaro, cities of the Romagna. Such was the warrior who came to the assistance of Guido da Polenta in 1275, and obtained the hand of his daughter as his reward. ‘*Essa era bella ol-tremisura,*’ says Litta; ‘*brutto, zoppicante, di rozzi costumi il marito.*’

But the marriage was brought about by a trick. Francesca had never seen her intended bridegroom. The betrothal was

made by proxy, and the representative of the Sciancato on that occasion was his younger brother Paolo—Paolo il Bello—one of the handsomest of the youth of Italy, who inspired Francesca with an ardent passion at first sight, under the belief that he was her destined husband. To this there was an insurmountable obstacle, since Paolo was already married, having been united in 1269 to Orabile Beatrice, the daughter and heiress of the Conde di Chiaggiolo. How far this was known to Francesca does not appear, but the deception practised on her was not discovered until it was too late to avert it. This explains the allusion in Dante to her love for

‘la bella persona

Che mi fu tolta, e ‘l modo ancor m’offende.’ *

Francesca lived with her husband ten years, for she was married in 1275, and the catastrophe which ended her life occurred in 1285. She bore him a daughter, who was named Concordia, after his own mother. But the passion she had conceived for Paolo, her brother-in-law, was not banished from her heart. Their near connexion favoured their intimacy, though some faint doubt has been thrown over the nature of it. Boccaccio, who has left us the best account of the transaction, says: ‘Whether she ever became his mistress I cannot affirm and have never heard; it may be so, but I am inclined to think it is a fiction which Dante based on the possibility of the fact, rather than on positive knowledge.’ However this may be, the circumstances were such as to rouse the jealous suspicions of Giovanni, who was familiarly called Gianciotto.

Gianciotto Malatesta was at that very time Podestà of the town of Pesaro, a fact which has recently been proved by a singular discovery. In 1856 an inscription graven upon a single stone was found in the fortress of Pesaro in the fol-

* Some of the codices of Dante read *mondo* instead of *modo* in this line, and Dr. Barlow in his ingenious notes on Dante (published in 1864) favours this version of the text. But we think wrongly: the word *modo* clearly refers to the means by which her marriage was brought about and she was deprived of her lover. But Dr. Barlow’s zeal on behalf of Francesca carries him too far. He regards her as ‘one of Love’s martyrs, who died not from any premeditated criminality of their own, but by a combination of circumstances opposed to their union’ (p. 108); and who ‘by imprudence brought their lives into danger and lost them through love’ (p. 113). When the facts of the case are examined, we think it impossible to doubt that Francesca had formed an adulterous connexion with her brother-in-law, and that Dante intended so to represent it.

lowing terms: 'ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO CCLXXXV., IN-
' DICTIONE XIII. TEMPORIBUS DOMINI HONORII PAPÆ
' IIIL., ESISTENTE POTESTATE JOHANNE, NATO MAGNIFICI
' VIRI DOMINI MALATESTÆ.'

A Podestà could not take his wife with him to the seat of his authority; Francesca therefore remained at Rimini, whilst her husband was at Pesaro. That stone, bearing the very date of the murder, tells the story. During one of his absences at Pesaro the lovers frequently met. They were denounced by a confidential servant. Gianciotto returned secretly to Rimini, where he found Paolo in his wife's apartment, the door being closed. He endeavoured to force it, but hearing his cries Paolo made his escape through a side entrance, and told Francesca to open to her husband. Unluckily for the fugitive, his cloak caught upon an iron hook fastened to the passage. Gianciotto rushed sword in hand upon his brother. Francesca flung herself between them, and received in her breast the deadly blow aimed at her lover. Upon this, Gianciotto, frantic with grief, struck his brother and killed him also. Hence the deadly significance of the verse—

' *Cuina attende chi 'n vita ci spense.*'

An incestuous crime, or what was supposed to be so, was avenged by a fratricidal murder. In the opinion of the times and of the place, the punishment appeared to have exceeded the offence; for on the morrow the lovers were buried in the same grave amidst the lamentations of the city.

Such is the story as related by Boccaccio about a hundred years after the event had taken place, but he had known persons who remembered the particulars, not likely to be soon forgotten, and there is no reason to suppose that he altered the facts of the narrative. M. Yriarte has traced them with infinite research through the Italian chronicles of the fifteenth century, some of which are still in manuscript in the Gambalunga library at Rimini. On one point especially he has thrown light of some interest. What was the book, read by the lovers, which touched them so nearly, and was then unfortunately thrown aside?

' Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.'

They were reading it, we are told, 'senza alcun sospetto,'

' Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.'

It was the 'Romance of Sir Lancelot, Knight of the Round Table,' in which Sir Galehad plays a very sinister part, and here, in the language of the old French writer, is the very

passage or 'punto' which cost both Queen Guinevere and Francesca di Rimini so dear: 'De quoi me ferai-je prier? fait elle: plus le veuil-je que vous. Lors tous trois se retirent plus à part, et font semblant de conseiller. La Reine voit que le chevalier n'en ose plus faire, si le prend par le menton et le baise devant Galéhaut assez longuement.' On both occasions it would seem that Sir Galehad (as we call him) had much to answer for.

Dante himself had a much nearer connexion than Boccaccio with the actors in this tragedy and their families, for he was himself twenty years old when it occurred. He had friends at Pesaro, at Forli, and at Ravenna. In 1282 Paolo Malatesta had been Captain of the People and Guardian of the Commons in Florence, where Dante had probably seen him. The fifth canto of the *Inferno* was written at Rome in the year 1300, only fifteen years after the catastrophe, Dante being at that time ambassador of Florence at the jubilee ordered by Boniface VIII.; and at a later period of his life, when, driven into exile, he was compelled to seek a refuge from the persecution of an ungrateful country, he found that refuge in the very house in which Francesca was born, at the Court of Guido Novello da Polenta in Ravenna, who was the grandson of Guido il Minore, the father of the unfortunate lady whose melancholy history he had told in immortal verse seventeen years before to the hearts and tongues of all Italy. Dante remained at Ravenna under the protection of Guido da Polenta from 1317 until his death on September 14, 1321. The Lord of Ravenna caused him to be buried in the church of San Pietro Maggiore (afterwards San Francesco) with all the honours due to the great poet of Italy. He was borne to the grave by the noblest citizens of Ravenna, and in the next century Cardinal Bembo raised the monument which still adorns his tomb. It is remarkable that the great Ghibelline poet should have found an asylum at the Court of a family so entirely Guelph as the Polentas. But Dante's own family, the Alighieri, had been Guelph: he himself fought on the Guelph side at Campaldino, and his Ghibelline opinions were adopted later, when he wrote the treatise '*De Monarchiâ.*' Such are the endless contradictions of party politics in Italy.

We are indebted to M. Yriarte for collecting and combining these remarkable circumstances, proving that Dante had, at several periods of his life, relations which gave him a personal interest in the family of Francesca di Rimini, and an exact knowledge of her history. It deserves to be remembered that the most striking episodes in the '*Divina Commedia,*' and

those which most attract the attention of readers who care not to embrace the whole of that majestic poem, relate to persons and events as well known to Dante as the last Irish murder is to us. They are the crimes and romances of his own time. Ugolino, Pia de' Tolommei, and Francesca di Rimini were realities to those for whom he wrote, and the grief and horror he has thrown over their fate were living in the sympathy of his own generation. The tragedy of Ugolino in the *Torre della fame* occurred in 1286 or soon afterwards. Guido da Montefeltro, the progenitor of the Dukes of Urbino, whom Dante apostrophises in the twenty-seventh canto of the 'Inferno,' was a Ghibelline like himself. He had been the leader of the Ghibelline forces of Pisa. In 1282 he had been trapped and destroyed a French company at Forlì. But Dante placed him under the tail of Minos in never-ending bale, because he apostatised in 1296, when, having more of the fox than the lion in his nature, he aided and abetted Boniface VIII. in his persecution of the two Cardinals Colonna, who had fled to Palestrina to escape the papal vengeance. These were all contemporary events, to which the political passions of the time gave life and colour.

Before we proceed to the later history of the Malatestas, there is yet another episode in the annals of the race which rivals that of Francesca in melancholy interest, and has also been commemorated by a great poet. Parisina—the Parisina of Lord Byron's poem—was also a daughter of the house of Malatesta, but of the Cesena branch, and she must be ranked with Francesca in the calendar of guilty love. She was the Phædra of Italy, and perished with her Hippolytus on the block. But poetry has awarded to the frailty of these women an unequal punishment. Whilst the sin of Francesca is almost effaced from memory by the pathos of Dante's episode, Lord Byron was pleased to say :

' Parisina's fate lies hid
Like dust beneath the coffin-lid,'

and her name is blasted to all succeeding time by his genius.

Parisina Malatesta was married to Nicholas III., Marquis of Ferrara, on February 27, 1418. Seven years afterwards, on May 21, 1425, she was convicted of adultery with Hugo, one of the twenty-two natural children of her husband, and decapitated with him and their confidant Aldovrandini Rangoni. The chronicle of the Minor Brothers of St. Francis records their sepulture: ' Omnes sepulti sunt in cimiterio prope campanile hora secunda noctis intrante die Martis ; mortui sunt

‘supradieti in Castro Leonis in Turri Marchesana in fundo ‘turre ubi decapitati sunt.’ There exists in the British Museum a rectangular plaque in bronze by an unknown artist, representing a young man of singular beauty in a tunic and barretta cap, and in front of him a woman in profile, with the legend ‘HU: EST: PAR: MAL: TA,’ evidently designed to represent Hugo d’Este and Parisina Malatesta.* M. Heiss (who has reproduced the work) doubts the authenticity of these portraits, and thinks the medallion is of a somewhat later date; but we have ourselves examined it with some care, and we arrive at the conclusion that it must have been cast not long after the catastrophe. The inscription is added by the graver. The existence of such a record of a fatal passion and a sanguinary vengeance is extremely singular, and may not have been executed until after the death of Nicolas III. which took place in 1441. The tragic doom of the house did not end here. Parisina had given birth to twin daughters, Ginevra and Lucia, two years after her marriage. Of these Ginevra was married in 1434 to the great condottiere Sigismond Pandolfo Malatesta, her mother’s kinsman, and was by him put to death, if the tradition is to be believed, on September 4, 1440. We shall presently have occasion to revert more fully to this remarkable personage.

For we must now pass to a wider field and to a later age. Throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Italy was torn by the dissensions of the turbulent democracies of her chief cities, and the still more sanguinary contests of her territorial nobles, most of whom had collected mercenary bands of ruthless soldiers to their standards, and who passed their lives in a perpetual warfare of ambition, perfidy, and plunder. The fall of the Hohenstaufen and the death of Conradin in 1268 gave a mortal blow to the claims of the House of Suabia over Italy. The attempts of the Ghibelline party to restore the Imperial power, by which they hoped to give peace and union to the country, and to limit the power of the Popes, were utterly vain, although the genius of Dante and Petrarch pleaded their cause. The names of Guelph and Ghibelline long remained, but the great contest of Imperial and Papal power was already over.† Parties

* It is No. 43 in the Italian medals exhibited in the King’s Library.

† Muratori says: ‘Quel secolo, è vero, abbondò anch’ esso di molte ‘guerre, ma nulla si operò sotto nome e pretesto delle fazioni suddette.’ Mr. Hallam disputes this; but, in truth, though the names of Guelph and Ghibelline remained and much of the old party spirit, the original character of these parties was extinct.

had degenerated into factions, like those of the Bianchi and the Neri in Florence; and the broad field of political warfare was narrowed to domestic broils and family feuds, carried on with as much bitterness and as many crimes as the conflict of great States. Lord Macaulay remarked in the well-known article on 'Machiavelli,' published in 1827 in this Journal, that 'in the most flourishing parts of Italy the feudal nobles 'were reduced to comparative insignificance; that they sank 'into the mass of burghers; and were not so much petty 'princes as eminent citizens;'* and he seems to argue that the Italian cities owed their power and independence to their own military strength. We cannot share this view, which confounds two distinct historical periods. With far more truth, Mr. Symonds has called the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Italy the Age of the Free Burghs, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Age of the Despots. In those years the Italian cities looked for protection to the feudal chiefs, who in their turn enlisted mercenary bands to fight for their clients. The whole history of the fifteenth century shows that these hired protectors were the curse of Italy, and that they were hired because the citizens would not fight their own battles. Indeed, Lord Macaulay himself points out a few pages later (p. 270) that the introduction of the mercenary warriors of the Peninsula led to the destruction of patriotism and demoralised the nation. Of these *condottieri*, as the leaders of these bands were called, Sigismond Pandolfo Malatesta, the Lord of Rimini, was a most signal and conspicuous type and representative.

In no part of Italy were these contests fought out with greater ferocity than by the petty sovereigns of the Romagna. When Guido da Montefeltro bellowed forth to Dante his stern question,

'Dimmi se i Romagnuoli han pace o guerra,'

the poet replied in lines which describe with picturesque accuracy the state of the province:

'Romagna tua non è, e non fu mai,
Senza guerra ne' cuor de' suoi tiranni;
Ma palese nessuna or ven lasciai.
Ravenna sta, com' è stata molt' anni:
L' aquila da Polenta la si cova,
Sì che Cervia ricuopre co' suoi vanni.
La terra che fe già la lunga prova,
E di Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio,

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xlv. p. 264.

Sotto le branche verdi si ritrova.
 E'l Mastin vecchio e 'l nuovo da Verucchio,
 Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo,
 Là, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.'

These lines bring us into the heart of our subject. About one half of the Romagna was divided into twenty-two independent states, each belonging to a different family or to branches of the same family, and all at war with each other. The eagle was the badge of the Polentas of Ravenna, the family of Francesca; and Cervi was sheltered by its wings. At Forlì Guido Montefeltro had massacred a French company. Its ensign was a green lion. The old mastiff of Verucchio was the patriarch of the Malatestas, who with his third son, known as Malatestino del Occhio, were extending their abhorred dominion over the country, and establishing the power of the remarkable family to whom these pages are devoted.

The one-eyed Malatesta (*del Occhio*), who reigned in Rimini from 1312 to 1317, was the author of another abominable crime recorded by the Anonimo Riminese. He sent for two gentlemen of the Ghibelline party, Guido del Casero, Dottore, and Angeletto da Carignano, from Fano, having invited them to an interview at Cattolica, and caused them to be murdered on their way back and thrown into the sea. Dante, who naturally sympathises with these victims, records the fact in the 28th canto of the 'Inferno':—

'Never 'tween Cyprus and Majorca's shore
 Did Neptune witness crime so deep in dye
 From pirate horde or Argive host of yore,
 That traitorous, *who sees with but one eye*,
 And holds the country, one were well agreed
 Himself had never seen, who standeth by,
 Shall summon them for conference, then speed
 Their matters so, that to Foscara's breeze
 Nor vow nor prayer for convoy shall they need.

(*Inferno*, xxviii. 32. Dayman's translation.)

The passage is a difficult one, but it proves that this part of the poem was written after 1312.

Old Malatesta da Verucchio, who lived for a hundred years, from 1212 to 1312,* was the greatest Guelph chieftain of Romagna, and the founder of the house of Rimini. His will still exists in the Gambalunghiana of that city. He was the father of four sons. Of the two eldest, Giovanni and Paolo,

* The longevity of the Malatestas is remarkable. The grandson of 'Il Vecchio' lived to 1385, and his great-grandson to 1429, a period of 217 years for four generations.

we have already spoken, for Paolo was the lover of Francesca, slain by his brother, and Giovanni, the Sciancato, died in 1304 before his father. The third son, alluded to above, survived his father only five years, and his fourth brother, Pandolfo, succeeded to the lordship of Rimini. It was the custom of the Malatesta family to divide their fiefs; hence distinct branches sprang up in Pesaro, in Cesena, and elsewhere. But this system of partition did not exclude quarrels and wars between the cousins, each striving to regain possession of more than his own share. Pandolfo Malatesta caused his nephew, the Count Uberto di Chiaggiolo, to be assassinated at a banquet in 1324, because he suspected him of an intention to avenge the murder of his father Paolo, and to claim his inheritance, as the heir of an elder brother. M. Yriarte has traced these separate lines with great skill, but we must follow the principal fortunes of the family, passing over two or three generations.

Carlo Malatesta, who lived from 1364 to 1429, deserves, however, a passing notice. His early years were spent as a *condottiere*, making war at the head of a band of marauders, to gain a livelihood by rapine and plunder. He was not without courage as a soldier; he had measured swords with that famous captain, Braccio di Montone, in an attempt on Perugia; and he was taken prisoner in 1416 at the battle of San Egidio with three thousand of his troops. This battle of San Egidio has an interest for us, because we possess in the National Gallery of London a remarkable picture, attributed to Paolo Uccello, which bears, and we believe has always borne, that name. This fine work was one of four battle-pieces executed for the Bartolini family at Gualfondo. They were sold in 1844 to the Giraldis, and this picture was purchased for the National Gallery in 1857 at their sale. Another of them formed part of the Campana collection, and is now in the Louvre. M. Yriarte is of opinion that the date of the picture is not far remote from the date of the battle, but he points out that no trace is to be found in it of any heraldic bearing, coat of arms, or badge, belonging to the Malatesta family, so easily to be recognised by their heraldic elephants and their shield, chequy gules and or with its three bends argent.* This throws some doubt on the

* The shield of the Malatestas is thus described and represented by Litta: 'Uno scudo bandato di sei pezzi, tre dei quali scaccati d'oro e di rosso, e gli altri d'argento, circondato da bordura indentata d'oro e di nero, fu l'antico stemma dei Malatesta.'—Litta, 'Malatestei,' Tavola I. Sigismond Pandolfo assumed for his crest two gilt horns with the motto:

'Porto le corna come ciascun lo vede,
'E tal le porta che non se lo crede,'

subject of the battle and the knights engaged in it; but the picture is undoubtedly one of great historic interest, as a representation of Italian warfare in the fifteenth century. These encounters were generally bloodless, as the object of the *condottieri* was not to kill one another, but to plunder the land.

Carlo Malatesta had, however, other and better qualities than those of a soldier. He was the first prince of his family who showed that love of art and of letters, that generous hospitality, and that spirit of order in the government of his patrimony, which made the small states of Rimini illustrious in Italy. He caused his palace, the Gattolo of Rimini, to be painted in fresco very early in the fifteenth century, and amongst the young artists whom he attracted to his court was Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, who soon afterwards became the illustrious sculptor of the gates of the Baptistery at Florence. The competition for the Baptistery gates was opened at Florence in 1401, and Ghiberti, then only twenty-two years of age, left Rimini to take part in it. Carlo Malatesta founded at Rimini the first Italian academy of letters; he himself excelled in copying manuscripts; he was a man of piety; at the Council of Constance he contended for the interests of the Papacy; Pope Martin IV. gave him his niece in marriage; Pope Eugenius IV. sent him the Golden Rose. Under his government the little town of Rimini rose to considerable wealth and importance. Its revenue was 44,000 crowns of gold; the guild of the 'Umiliati,' a semi-religious community, had introduced the art of weaving fine woollens; its fruits, its wine, and its fisheries were celebrated all over Italy, and the population rose in the enjoyment of peace. These brilliant intervals in the turbid life of Italy and the dark annals of the Malatestas explain the influence which that country acquired in the reviving civilisation of Europe, and the interest which her records still inspire in succeeding generations.*

and in later life he invariably quartered his own cipher with that of Isotta.

The Elephant was the badge of the family with the strange motto, '*Elephas Indicus pulices non timet.*' The heraldic Elephant was considered an emblem of strength, justice, and clemency. It was supposed that the bones of one of Hannibal's elephants had been found at Forlì Pass, near Fossombrone, which belonged to the Malatestas. They were probably fossil remains.

* The articles on the Malatesta family in the '*Biographie Universelle*' are by M. de Sismondi. Those which relate to the Malatestas of the fourteenth century are excellent, especially that on Carlo Mala-

In 1429, Carlo Malatesta was succeeded by his nephew, a natural son of his brother Pandolfo, who was then about twelve years of age. To this extraordinary personage, Sigismond Malatesta, whose career and whose genius have few parallels in history, the work of M. Yriarte is chiefly devoted. He was the impersonation of the talents and powers, but also of the passions and vices, of a formidable race. He combined all the ferocity of a *condottiere*, unbridled lust, unblushing perfidy, a stern contempt of human life, with a refined taste in art, a liberal patronage of letters, and at last a devoted attachment to a remarkable woman. He might be described as the best and the worst of the princes of Italy, in an age of splendour and of crime—a strange compound of lofty aspirations and atrocious actions. Nature had endowed him with a character of singular energy. At the age of thirteen, on the first sign of a rebellion, he flung himself on horseback, rallied his troops, and crushed his enemies. At fifteen, on the field of Lungarino, he defeated the Duke of Urbino in battle. In person he was tall, thin, an aquiline nose, a penetrating eye, his thick hair matted beneath his helmet over his forehead. The portraits of these princes of the Romagna are preserved to us in the incomparable medals of Matteo da Pastis and Pisano, who carried his art to a degree of perfection in the fifteenth century, and in Rimini, which has never since been equalled. That bronze brings Sigismond Malatesta before us.*

testa; but the notice of Sigismond Pandolfo is incomplete and in some respects inaccurate.

* These medals are due to the artists who worked in bronze, and even in gold and silver, in Florence and in the Romagna in the fifteenth century, and who were amongst the most accomplished craftsmen of that age. It is enough to say that Ghiberti and Donatello were at the head of them; but the works of Matteo da Pastis and Vittore Pisano are scarcely less remarkable. Vast numbers of these medals have perished. Philippe de Commynes relates that when the French, under Charles VIII., took possession of the palace of Pietro de' Medici in Florence, and plundered it, they found three or four thousand medals there, many of them of gold and silver. These, of course, were melted down; hence the rarity of these works. The South Kensington Museum possesses one of the finest collections of Italian medals and bronzes existing out of Italy, and the descriptive catalogue of them by Mr. Drury Fortnum, published in 1876, is a work of great interest and value. The introduction is a complete history of this branch of plastic art—bronze sculpture. Mr. Keary's 'Guide to the Italian Medals in the King's Library' is also a useful contribution to the history of this interesting branch of the arts. The chief authority on the subject is Dr. Friedländer's 'Italienische Schaumünzen,' recently published at Berlin, a work of great historical

His personal courage caused him to be adored by his soldiers; he shared their perils and privations; he was the

merit, though not equal to its French rival M. Heiss in point of photographic execution.

Our readers in London will find in this collection and in the British Museum authentic and contemporary memorials of the personages to which these pages relate. We subjoin a list of the Malatestas who are to be seen there. No works are more perfect than those struck off at Rimini in 1446 by these great artists, unless, indeed, we except the two splendid plaques of the 'Labours of Hercules' by Sperandio, which have recently been added to the South Kensington Museum:—

1. (No. 511.)—Pandolfo Malatesta (1370–1427). Father of Sigismond. Rough execution.
2. (No. 4577.)—Malatesta Novello (1418–1463). Brother of Sigismond. By Pisano.
3. (No. 1435.)—Sigismond Pandolfo Malatesta.
4. (No. 608.)—Sigismond Malatesta. Gilt bronze. Very fine work of Pisano. The 'Rocca Malatesta' on the reverse.
5. (No. 601.)—Sigismond Malatesta.
6. (No. 671.)—Sigismond Malatesta. By Matteo da Pastis. Reverse, a figure holding a broken column—an emblem of Force, to commemorate the taking of Gradara in his war against Sforza.
7. (No. 670.)—Isotta da Rimini. Pendant to the last. Fine work of Pisano. The Elephant of the Malatestas on reverse.
8. (No. 4504.)—Isotta da Rimini. Very fine work of Matteo da Pastis. Elephant on the reverse.

Many of these medals are engraved in M. Yriarte's work. But the book now in course of publication in Paris by M. Aloiss Heiss, which we have placed at the head of this article, is a marvellous reproduction of these portraits in metal, by far the most striking images of remarkable men which the earlier half of the fifteenth century has left us, for the art of portrait painting had hardly reached a high degree of perfection at that time. The period at which medals of the first excellence were produced was short. They were *cast*, not struck. The art of die-sinking was not invented till about 1500. That, of course, entirely changed the process and the character of the work, and the results became more mechanical. But these medals of Vittore Pisano, Amadeo da Milano, Marescotti, Sperandio, Mastai, and Francesco Laurana are really instinct with life. They bring before us the House of Anjou and the House of Aragon, our own Queen Margaret (the daughter of René) and Louis XI., the Sforzas, the Estes, the Medicis, and, last not least, the Malatestas. Pisano's medal of Sigismond is even more powerful in expression than that of Mastai da Pastis. They must both have been executed at Rimini about 1446. Few, if any, of these medals are unique, though they are scarce; but specimens of them exist in different collections. M. Aloiss Heiss does not appear to be acquainted with those existing in this country. He even affirms that no authentic portrait of Isotta by Pisano can be said to exist. We may refer him with some confidence to No. 670 at South Kensington.

fearless champion of his band. In the midst of a siege or the construction of a fortress, he corresponded with Lorenzo de' Medici about the decoration of a chapel. His court was magnificent, his patronage of the arts profuse; Æneas Sylvius, who was his mortal enemy, wrote of him that 'he knew all antiquity, was well acquainted with philosophy, and seemed 'born to accomplish whatever he undertook.' In daring, in impiety, in intellectual culture, he surpassed the standard of human nature. He wrote poetry and he spoke with singular eloquence. At Rome, Poggio Bracciolini and Platina were his friends. At Florence he cultivated Piero della Francesca the painter, and Donatello the sculptor; and above all he discovered the nascent genius of architecture in Alberti.

It was at Rimini that Cæsar, having passed the Rubicon, harangued his soldiers before he marched on Rome. Fired by emulation and the enthusiastic love of antiquity which had just broken through the dark ages of Italy, Sigismond Malatesta raised a monument in the market-place to commemorate the event. It bore the inscription: 'C. CÆSAR. DICT. RUBICONE SUPERATO CIVILI BEL. COMMILIT. SUOS HIC IN FORO AR. ADLOCUT.'

Had his political career been less turbulent and his private life less criminal, this petty sovereign of a small domain on the shore of the Adriatic would have rivalled the glory of the Medicis. In some respects he was behind his age, in others above it. But he was a man of immeasurable vanity and pride, which impelled him to attempt enterprises and actions sometimes sublime, sometimes ridiculous. It was his lofty ambition to raise a temple to God in gratitude for his victories, where, amongst the tombs of his own ancestors, he designed to collect the honoured remains of the poets, philosophers, and artists of his age. We shall see by what efforts he sought to realise it. But his temple was a heathen pantheon; it was the type of the modern paganism of Italy; and Rome at last accused him of heresy and burnt him in effigy, as 'the prince of traitors and oath-breakers, the enemy of God and man.'

Yet Sigismond Malatesta had begun his career in the service of the Popes. He held a part of his dominions as a fief of the Church. As a *condottiere* his troops were at the service of the highest bidder, and the Pope retained them. In the capacity of Captain-General of the pontifical forces, though only twenty years of age, he fought and conquered the Duke of Milan; he treated with Venice; he carried on a relentless warfare against the Counts of Urbino, the ancient rivals of his

house. These exploits and the uncertain fortunes of war turned his attention to the defence of his own capital, and he proceeded to construct on the 'Rocca Malatestina' the most perfect fortress which had been erected since the introduction of artillery. He also passed for the improver, if not the inventor, of the shell or bomb as an instrument of war.*

M. Yriarte relates with considerable vivacity the contests in which Sigismond was continually engaged with Alphonso of Aragon, with the Montefeltros, with Sforza Duke of Milan, and subsequently with the Pope, for these wars were carried on with frequent changes of side and a total want of good faith. We think, however, that M. Yriarte has been led by the enthusiastic interest he has taken in his hero, somewhat to overrate the political and military importance of Sigismond. Machiavelli speaks of him in the sixth book of his Florentine history as a brave captain, and he proved himself an able commander of the Pope's forces, whilst he was in the service of Rome. But he was not at any time one of the directing powers of Italian politics, like the Duke of Milan, the Pope, or the Republics of Florence and Venice; and his military exploits were those of a *condottiere* rather than of a great general. Even in this capacity he must be ranked below Colleone, Gattamelata, and Piccinino, to the latter of whom he was more than once opposed. On the other hand, Mr. Dennistoun, who may be pardoned for a natural partiality to his own subject, the Dukes of Urbino, has drawn the character of the Malatestas, and especially of Sigismond Pandolfo, in the darkest colours, relying too exclusively on the Commentaries of Æneas Sylvius, who was the mortal enemy of the Malatestas, and on the laudatory verses of Giovanni Sanzi, Raphael's father, who was the laureate of Urbino. The details of these military operations and petty conflicts are wearisome, even when related by Machiavelli, and we shall confine ourselves to one or two of the leading incidents in Sigismond's career.

In 1453 Constantinople fell into the power of the Turks, an event which struck terror through Christendom, and especially through Italy. Æneas Sylvius, who succeeded to the Papacy under the title of Pius II. in 1458, proposed to con-

* In the treatise 'De Re Militari' of Robert Vultario, the author says: 'Inventum est quoque machinæ hujusce tuum Sigismunde Pan-
'dulse quæ pilæ æneæ tormentarii pulveris plenæ cum fungi aridi
'fomite urentis emittuntur.' It seems, however, that his addition to the art of war consisted rather in the substitution of bronze shells or bombs for wooden ones.

voke a council of the Italian princes at Mantua, at which Malatesta was present; but his adversaries were never more active. The Pope was his enemy. The Duke of Urbino and the Duke of Milan arraigned him in regular form before the tribunal of the Vatican. The Fiscal of the Church accused him of 'rapine, arson, carnage, rape, adultery, incest, parricide, sacrilege, felony, and heresy,' though we suspect that these were only the redundant legal terms of a pontifical indictment. The more serious charge was that Malatesta had contributed to bring the Angevin princes into Italy, and not only to bring them but to open the ports of Italy to the Grand Turk himself, in the hope that this terrible invasion would at least deliver himself from the enemies who were banded against him.* The cause was tried before the Cardinal *San Pietro in Vincoli* (afterwards Pope Julius II.) in 1460, who declared Sigismond a heretic and condemned him to be burnt—a sentence which, in the absence of the delinquent, who happened to be one of the most powerful men-at-arms in Italy, was not likely to be literally executed. It was executed, however, in front of the Basilica of St. Peter's, with great pomp, upon an effigy of the victim, most skilfully constructed by Paolo Romano, the sculptor, a very perfect work of art, strictly resembling the living original, which was consigned to the flames.†

The contest between Federigo da Montefeltro of Urbino and Sigismond Pandolfo of Rimini raged with almost incessant fury for twenty-four years, and with the peculiar acrimony of quarrels between neighbours and kinsmen. Their dominions were conterminous, which, indeed, led to a perpetual struggle for ascendancy. Their families had been united by no less than four intermarriages within a few years. But the Counts of Urbino had always been Ghibelline, the Lords of Rimini Guelph. Even the exchange of occasional courtesies could ill disguise their deep-seated hatred. In the end the house of Urbino prevailed over the house of Rimini. At the battle of the Cesano, fought within a short distance of Sinigaglia on August 12, 1462, the Papal troops led by

* A note of Duke Sforza exists in the archives of Milan in these terms:—'Il Signor Sigismondo perseverando nelli suoi usati costumi di cercare cose nuove, ha via dimandato uno suo che dovesse andare ad trovare il gran Turcho ad confortarli la venuta sua in Italia.' This fact is due to M. Yriarte's researches.

† The Pope himself tells us in his Commentaries that this 'imago Sigismondi' was so like that 'vera magis persona quam imago videretur.'

Federigo da Montefeltro gained a decisive victory over the superior forces of the Malatestas, and Sigismond was reduced to the last extremity by the combined forces of the Pope, the house of Urbino, and his other enemies. Having been defeated at this battle, he fell back on Fano, where he was besieged, but in a few months Fano, which had belonged to the Malatestas for a hundred and fifty years, was lost. The proud chieftain was driven back to the very gates of Rimini. Venice, Milan, and Florence interceded in his favour, for they witnessed with some apprehension the triumph of the Papal armies. But the Pope was inexorable. He required a public and absolute submission of the *condottiere* before the College of Cardinals, and a renunciation of all the dominions of the Malatestas, except Rimini itself and the castle of Cerigiolo. On this condition only Sigismond obtained the remission of his sentence. By dint of skill and valour this sovereign of a small principality had fought the whole of Italy; he had defied and sometimes conquered the Vatican, the house of Sforza, and the house of Aragon. But the struggle was too unequal. Nothing remained to him but his paternal city and his sword.

He hastened, therefore, to place his military talents at the service of Venice. Venice alone of the Italian States pursued a settled policy, and she placed her armies under the command of the ablest *condottiere* of the day. Sigismond Malatesta succeeded Carmagnola, Gattamelata, and Collcone in that capacity, although those names are more familiar to us than his own, and perhaps deservedly more distinguished; but like them he had reason to complain of the jealousy and distrust of the great Republic which employed him. In March 1464 he embarked for the Morea at the head of the Venetian forces, and for two years carried on a desultory warfare against the Turks in that country. It was the last struggle of Greece against the Mussulman conquest. Sigismond besieged Sparta (Nisitra) and encamped at Mantinea, but his success was inconsiderable. He returned to Rimini in April 1466, bringing with him in his own galley the remains of Gemistius Pletho, the Platonic philosopher, to be interred in a sarcophagus which was to be placed in the great temple of the glories of Italy. Meanwhile Paul II. had succeeded Pius II. in the pontificate,* and by one of those changes which occurred with inconceivable rapidity in Italian politics, Sigismond was received at Rome with the highest honours; the Golden Rose

* Between 1447 and 1513 there were no less than ten Popes, which renders it difficult to bear them in the memory.

was conferred upon him; and he marched as a hero who had fought against the infidels through the city in which he had, but a few years before, been degraded and burnt in effigy. These were idle honours; and at one moment his irritation broke forth with such fury, that he entered the sacred presence armed with a poignard to kill the Pontiff; then by a sudden revulsion of feeling he fell on his knees and begged the papal benediction. Paul II. thought it prudent to temporise with so impressionable a being. The terms of agreement with Sigismond were renewed, although he could then bring but sixty-four lances into the field. In June 1468, the Vatican itself was entrusted to his guard. But the end was rapidly approaching. The germs of an illness he had contracted in the Morea proved mortal. He returned to Rimini to die amongst his own people, and on October 7, at the age of fifty-one, he expired.

We pass, however, not unwillingly, from these inglorious contests and ever-shifting intrigues of Italian policy, to the two subjects to which M. Yriarte has devoted the most interesting chapters of his work. Amidst all his perils, triumphs, and reverses, Sigismond Malatesta adhered inflexibly to two objects: the one was to erect in Rimini the great temple of the Malatestas, which still remains one of the architectural marvels of Italy; the other was to record his passionate attachment to the remarkable woman, Isotta di Rimini, who was the pole-star of his agitated life. These objects were not unconnected, for the cipher of Isotta, blended with his own, occurs in every part of the edifice, and the symbolical ornaments with which it is profusely adorned were designed to represent by mythological allusions the virtues and the talents he ascribed to her in his own rude poetry.

Sigismond had formed at an early age, for he was in all things singularly precocious, the design of converting the old church of San Francesco at Rimini into the gorgeous temple and mausoleum of his race. It was the age of the revival of architecture in the grandest form of classical art known to the modern world. Brunelleschi, who belonged to the preceding generation, had already realised some of his grand conceptions; and after Brunelleschi, though scarcely second to him, Leo Battista Alberti ranked among the architects of Italy. Sigismond had the good fortune to obtain his services for the temple of the Malatestas. The illustrious family of the Alberti, whom Machiavelli describes as more like princes than private persons, had been proscribed and banished from Florence at the close of the fourteenth century by the perse-

cution of the Albizzi. Seventy members of that house died in exile. They were scattered over the world. The Duc de Luynes in France still bears the name of '*Albert de Luynes*,' from his Italian descent; and the accomplished nobleman whose death we had occasion to deplore not long ago, was the worthy representative of the taste and munificence of his Italian ancestors. Alberti, the architect, was born in 1404, at a time when a price was set by the Republic on the assassination of his family. It was not till 1434 that Cosmo de' Medici restored their fortunes. In this interval the young Alberti had completed his education at Bologna and in Rome, and had become in letters, in science, and in art, one of the most remarkable men in Italy. In later years he was one of the favoured friends of Lorenzo de' Medici in the gardens of the Florentine Academy. He was, after Brunelleschi and before Michael Angelo, the father of the revival of classical architecture in Italy, and the temple of the Malatestas was his masterpiece.

On the last day of October, 1446, Sigismond Malatesta laid the corner-stone of this extraordinary edifice. It was not his intention to destroy the old church of San Francesco, but to build a nobler temple over it. The interior, therefore, still retains the pointed arch of the thirteenth century; but a complete external wall of marble enclosed the older church, which had in all other respects the form of a Roman basilica. The aisles were divided into chapels, four on each side, separated by archivolts of elaborate classical and heraldic ornament. The lower part of the façade was completed, and Alberti borrowed his design from the beautiful Arch of Augustus, which still marks the termination of the Flaminian Way at Rimini. On one of the columns at the angle of the façade are engraved in Greek the following lines:—

'SIGISMOND PANDOLFO MALATESTA, son of Pandolfo, having come safely out of the many and great dangers that threatened him in the wars of Italy, in which he took part with equal valour and success, made a vow amidst these conflicts, to erect a temple to Almighty God in the city of Rimini. He built it with generous munificence, and left behind him a renowned and holy memory.'

Whether this inscription was placed there by himself, does not appear; but certainly no other living man would have ascribed a 'holy memory' to the founder of this church, who was, according to the old chronicles, '*effusus in vitia, libidinisque contaminatissimus*.' The edifice itself, in spite of the incontestable beauty of the work, was absolutely devoid of the character of a Christian sanctuary. Pius II. said of it, 'He

‘built at Rimini a noble temple in honour of St. Francis, but he filled it so full of heathen ornaments, that it seemed not so much a temple of Christian men, as of unbelievers, adorers of devils.’

We had occasion to remark a short time ago, in reviewing some of the Italian poets of our own time, that the spirit of paganism has never been extinguished in Italy, and it seems to break out with fresh fervour at each revival of culture and of taste. The temple of Rimini is the most complete type and monument of this classical tradition. It is absolutely devoid of any Christian character, and in place of the symbols of the faith it substitutes a mythological pantheon, interlaced with the badges of the Malatestas and the cipher of Sigismond’s mistress. Henry II. of France placed the emblems of Diane de Poitiers on the walls of the Louvre; but Sigismond Malatesta made a similar decoration the chief ornament of his church. There seems in fact to have been scarcely a trace of religious feeling in his mind; though, by one of the strange caprices of his nature, he had a model of the skull of one of his ancestors executed in marble, in order that he might say one of the penitential psalms before it every day. This singular memorial exists to this day, and is now in the possession of the Marquis Campori at Modena.

Notwithstanding the respect and admiration they professed for antiquity, the remains of ancient Greece and Italy suffered as much from the restorers and revivers of classical art as they had done from the Goths and Vandals. ‘Quod non fecerant Barbari, fecerunt Barberini,’ is a well-known Roman adage; and Sigismond Malatesta was equally rapacious. He borrowed the huge foundations of the ancient port of Rimini for his church. He plundered Ravenna of columns and tablets; he brought back from his campaign in the Morea whatever he could lay hands on. It was the madness of the age. Rome itself was ravaged by the Popes; in one year 2,500 wagon-loads of stone were carried off from the Coliseum and the Forum.

Mr. Charles Perkins has devoted a chapter of his great work to the Allegorical Sculptors of Tuscany, and no doubt a taste for allegorical figures is to be traced in the works of the earliest artists, such as Andrea Pisano and Orcagna. But their figures were symbolical of the Christian virtues. Thus the tomb of St. Peter Martyr by Balduccio is supported by statues of Hope, Prudence, Justice, Obedience, Charity, Faith, and Temperance, all of a purely religious character. A century later this sentiment had passed away. The chapels of the

temple of Rimini are also replete with allegorical figures, but they represent the Seven Planets with their appropriate divinities, the signs of the Zodiac, Force, Prudence, Science, Music, Astronomy, and even Grammar. Not a Christian emblem is to be found there; and above them all, even in the person of St. Michael crushing the Dragon, we recognise the lineaments of Isotta, and the *Poliorcetes semper invictus* of Rimini, Sigismond Malatesta himself, appears on the bas-reliefs in the triumphal car as a pagan divinity.

The explanation of this strange mythological assemblage appears to be, that in a poem composed by Sigismond in early life in honour of Isotta, before she had yielded to his passion, he invoked all the heathen gods and goddesses, the planets, the zodiac, the heroes of antiquity, all living things, down to the very beasts of the field, to plead his cause, to win her favour, and reward his love. These verses were popular, and were considered beautiful. They were the themes which Matteo da Pastis and Duccio translated into sculpture.

M. Yriarte has been at some pains to discover the authors of these singular productions, and not altogether without success. In point of execution they are graceful and even exquisite. They belong to the finest period of Italian art, and many of them were from the hand of no less an artist than Duccio, one of the ablest pupils of the school of Donatello. Some of them were perhaps by the hand of Donatello himself, as may be inferred from their striking resemblance to the groups of children executed by him for the pulpit at Prato and elsewhere, for the works of Donatello are of two distinct types, the one stern, ascetic, and fervent with devotion, the other classical, gay, and beautiful, with the rounded forms of infancy. But there is a confusion between the names of Donatello himself and an artist who was his pupil, Simone Ferrucci called Simone Donatello. The works at Rimini belong more probably to the pupil than to the master. Mr. Perkins does not appear to be aware of the considerable part taken by Agostino di Duccio in the decoration of the temple of Rimini, but M. Yriarte traces his work there beyond all question. The marble sarcophagus of the ancestors of the Malatestas, which is one of the finest monuments in the edifice, with the triumphs of the *Antenati* in bas-relief, is undoubtedly by his hand. Mr. Perkins erroneously attributes it to Benedetto da Maiano, but he was only eight years old in 1450, and a letter has been found addressed to Sigismond in 1454 concluding in these words: ‘*Alla sepoltura non manca senon uno pocho al coperchio, et commo M^o. Agostino retorna da Cesena,*

‘ subito glie la farò fornire.’ Many of these decorations are, however, by different masters and of inferior excellence. The worst are probably by Bernardo Ciuffagni, who is mentioned by Vasari as having made a marble monument for Sigismond in this church. The bas-reliefs are cut in soft stone, and, like the earliest terra-cottas of Luca della Robbia, they are relieved upon a blue ground. But artistic beauty cannot reconcile us to the want of feeling and gross anomaly of a Diana on the altar of a chapel of the Holy Sacrament. We have shown the part taken by Alberti in the architectural plan of the edifice: but Alberti did not remain long in Rimini; he returned to Rome to direct the great works of the Papal Government. Matteo da Pastis, better known as the medallist, was permanently attached to the Court of Rimini in several capacities, and there is no doubt that he was the man who carried out the designs of Alberti, more especially in the internal decoration of the temple. Indeed, his device may be traced in some parts of it.

The glorification of the Malatestas and of Isotta was not, however, the sole object of the founder of this temple. He conceived the design of uniting within its walls or vaults the tombs of the most illustrious men of Italy. The remains of Gemistius Pletho, which he had himself brought back from Greece, were solemnly interred there, and near him were laid the men of letters and the artists whom the patronage of Sigismond had attracted to Rimini. It cannot be said that these eminent persons live in their works; but for their tombs the names of the poet Basinio, the advocate Giusto de’ Conti, the military writer Valturio, and the physician Traffichetti would be forgotten. To all of these a pompous monument was allowed, with an inscription duly recording the munificence of their patron.

Isotta da Rimini herself was buried in a mural sarcophagus erected to her in the Chapel of the Archangel Michael, which bore the inscription:

‘ D. ISOTTÆ ARIMINENSIS SACRUM. M.D.CCCCL.’

As everything about this building bears marks of an extreme singularity, it must be observed that not only was Isotta alive in 1450, for she survived Sigismond himself; but at that time she was known only as his mistress, and his second wife Policena Sforza was actually alive. This tomb is the work of Ciuffagni, and is one of the worst things in the church. Isotta was, however, eventually interred in it, for it was opened in 1756, and her remains were found there. Mr. Perkins pub-

lished in the Appendix to 'Tuscan Sculptors' (vol. ii. p. 200) the report of the commissary who made this investigation.

Who, then, was this remarkable woman, this 'deified concubine,' as she has been termed, to whom a temple and a tomb were erected by an adoring lover in her lifetime, although that lover was chiefly known to his countrymen and to history by acts of violence and crime? It is probable that many of the English readers of these pages are better acquainted with her face than with her history.

In the XIIIth Room of the National Gallery in London (No. 585), the attention of the visitor is arrested by a portrait in profile of a peculiar character. It is hard, dry, and unlovely. The hair is drawn back or shaven, not only from the forehead, but half across the head, and retained behind by a velvet cap braided with pearls and twisted with a veil. The nose is long, the cheeks thin, the neck stiff, the eye sinister. Yet this is, we doubt not, an exact resemblance of Isotta da Rimini, by the hand of Piero della Francesca; for it is identical with the numerous medals of the same person executed between 1446 and 1450 by Matteo da Pastis, which present the same features.* It was not, then, by her beauty that this lady retained an abiding influence over a man of violent passions (which indeed he freely indulged), attached to no principle and to no other person. She probably owed more to her talents, her temper, her literary accomplishments, and her political tact than to her beauty, though all these gifts were celebrated with equal enthusiasm by the poets and chroniclers of the Court of Rimini. Porcellio of Naples, Basinio of Parma, and Trebanio united

* M. Yriarte does not admit the authenticity of this portrait, but the engravings from it and from Matteo's medals in his own book refute his argument. They evidently represent the same person. So too the medals existing at South Kensington, to which reference has already been made, and which bear Isotta's name.

The history of the picture, as far as we know it, is this. It was originally in the possession of the Marchese Guicciardini at Florence, whence it passed into the Lombardi-Baldi collection. They were dealers in works of art; and from them this portrait was purchased, with several other works, by Sir Charles Eastlake in 1857, for the National Gallery.

There was in the collection of Bernardo Nani, a Venetian Senator, a bas-relief in marble bearing the inscription *D. Isottæ Ariminensi*; it is not known what has become of it; but an engraving from it exists which M. Yriarte has transferred to his pages. He pronounces it to be an authentic portrait of the lady by Agostino di Duccio; but the evidence appears to us to be much weaker than that derived from the contemporary medals.

their songs in the 'Isottæi'—a popular collection of poems in her honour, in which she rejects the love of Jupiter himself and replies—

'Sola Sigismundi dicar Isotta dei.'

Sigismond Malatesta had not been happy in his marriages, and no wonder, for he was one of the worst of husbands. At the age of seventeen, in 1434, he allied himself to Ginevra d'Este, a daughter of the Marquis of Ferrara and of the hapless Parisina, but within two years this lady died, not without suspicion of poison. He soon afterwards contracted a second marriage with Policena Sforza, a daughter of the Duke of Milan. She lived till 1450, when she is said to have been strangled by the hands of her husband. Such at least was the accredited version of her death, current in Italy, and adopted by Mr. Dennistoun from some of the later Italian chronicles. But we are not put in possession of any positive evidence of the fact, and in the later years of the life of Sigismond Malatesta every sort of crime was laid at his door. It is certain that neither the Marquis of Ferrara nor the Duke of Milan resented the deaths of their respective daughters, or brought any charge of foul play against their son-in-law, as they must have done if they had believed him to be guilty of so odious a crime. He did not marry Isotta till six years after the demise of Policena, so that this was not the cause of her death. Previously even to his first marriage Sigismond had been betrothed to a daughter of Carmagnola, the celebrated *condottiere* of Venice; but he repudiated her when her father was condemned and executed by the jealous Republic.

Isotta was a woman of good birth, the daughter of Francesco di Atti, who was of a noble family, enriched, as was not uncommon in Italy, by trade. The Palazzo del Cimiero at Rimini was his abode. Her mother died when she was young, but she early acquired a reputation as a musician, a poetess, and a lover of philosophy and history, which placed her on a level with the women of Italy most remarkable for their cultivated tastes and great acquirements. In spite of the flattery of the Court and the pedantry of the age, it is difficult to shake the evidence that she was a very accomplished person. M. Yriarte, however, questions it, and even maintains that she *could not write*, on the ground that she occasionally availed herself of a secretary, and he adds that although she was certainly a 'femme hors de ligne, elle était sans culture.' But it would require far more than the negative evidence of a copied letter to refute the direct assertions of all her contemporaries from the Pope downwards. However this may be,

she undoubtedly exercised a charm over all who knew her, and especially over Sigismond Malatesta. They were apparently of about the same age, and the tradition is that he fell in love with her in 1438, soon after his first marriage.

For some years his passion led to no consequences more serious than the poetical complaints of an aspiring lover. The Muse of Petrarch and the facile melody of the language lent a tongue to every swain in Italy, if that term be not misapplied to a fierce *condottiere* and an ambitious prince: and Sigismond, like all his contemporaries, broke forth in sonnets:

‘ O lume chiaro angelico e benegno,
In cui sola virtù mia mente spera,
Tu sei di mia salute alta e primera
Anchora che mentien mio debil legno :
Tu sei del viver mio fermo sostegno,
Turtura pura candida e sincera . . . ’

And so on: these verses are by his hand, unless indeed, as might be suspected, they were manufactured for public consumption. But they are the expression of a pure, tender, and youthful affection, though they end in somewhat warmer language. Some years later Isotta, who never married any one else, had yielded to his pursuit, to the great indignation of her family, which, however, was of short duration, and in spite of the existing marriage of Sigismond with Policena, she was proclaimed and acknowledged in 1446 as the mistress of the Prince of Rimini. Medals were struck in her honour; her name was sung throughout Italy; her brother was knighted soon afterwards with great dignity, the Duke of Urbino buckling on his spurs; and in the dissolute manners of that age, the connexion, so insulting to the legitimate wife, the daughter of Sforza, who had borne a son to her husband, does not seem to have caused surprise or incurred censure. Isotta also was the mother of several children, and she retained an undiminished influence over her lover, due probably to her remarkable tact, and to her toleration of his occasional excesses. But she had an object in view—to obtain, after the death of his wife, his hand in marriage. A letter from herself to Sigismond, dated December 20, 1454, is in existence in the ‘*Carte Malatestiane*,’ which is really of peculiar interest. It is in the following terms:—

‘ TO THE MAGNIFICENT SIGISMONDO PANDOLFO DE MALATESTIS,
MY VERY EXCELLENT LORD.

‘ My Lord,—I have received the letter in which your lordship swears to me that you love me more than ever. I am assured of it, and I

would believe it: I should be more sure of it yet if you would put an end to this thing which always makes me furious (*se possessei fine quella chossa che sempre me tiene arrabiata*). As for that which your lordship desires more than I do, I entreat you, even if you had not that desire, that for my sake, your lordship wishing to preserve my life and peace of mind, would also have that desire, and realise our true marriage as soon as possible.

‘As for the passage in which your lordship tells me not to answer your letter, as I am a person always on my guard and full of jealousy, I was positively informed that you have been guilty of infidelity to me with the daughter of Sr. G —, and moved by the two passions of my heart, I thought that the least I could permit myself was to show my resentment. For this cause your lordship found my letter somewhat curt. Your lordship also tells me that you will not write again: when I read that message, I said to myself that this alone was wanting to complete my discontent. I entreat your lordship, therefore, if you love me as much as you say you do, not to deprive me of your letters, which are the only comfort I have in your absence. Pray have pity on poor little me. Our Malatesta is well, and has received the pony (*rouzino*) with great joy. All our other boys and girls are well also. I commend myself a thousand times to your lordship.

‘Of your lordship,

‘His servant,

‘December 20.’

‘YSOTTA DA RIMINI.

With due allowance for the difference of manners, morals, and seasons, there is something very touching and womanlike in the simplicity of this letter. It was not, however, until 1456, two years after the date of this correspondence, and six after the death of his second wife, that Sigismond married Isotta, and fulfilled her hopes and desires. At that time the days of conquest, of glory, and of success in the life of the Malatesta were already past. He had quarrelled with the Republic of Sienna; Alfonso of Aragon had despatched Piccinino to invade his dominions; he intrigued with the House of Anjou, a fruitful source of calamities to Italy; the old hostility of the Montefeltros broke out again; Pius II., himself a Piccolomini and a Siennese citizen, had succeeded Calixtus III., and was his mortal enemy. In 1460 the proceedings to which we have already adverted were instituted against Malatesta at Rome. It was just before the crisis of his fate that Isotta, who had been the mistress of the triumphant *condottiere*, became the wife of a prince robbed of his dominions and threatened even in his life. She was then more devoted than ever to his cause, for it was that of her husband and her children; and she showed in those stormy times an amount of courage and sagacity equal to the occasion. During the expedition of Sigismond to the Morea he

left the Regency of Rimini to Isotta, under the protection of the Venetians, in whose service he had gone abroad. At that period, and upon his return, fresh troubles broke out between his elder son Robert and his children by Isotta. By his will, made in 1466, he bequeathed everything to the latter, under the guardianship of their mother, with the injunction to recover what they could of his possessions, and above all to complete the Temple of Rimini, already far advanced in construction. His own strength of body and mind was broken, and, as we have already seen, he died in 1468. But the energy of Isotta was equal to the task that devolved upon her as long as she survived. M. Yriarte compares it to that of Catherine de' Medici, but we hope without her perfidy and her crimes; indeed in this respect the reputation of Isotta was never assailed.

Of the thirteen children born to Sigismond Malatesta by different mothers, only one, the eldest, was legitimate, and he died in infancy. The taint of illegitimate birth was almost universal in the fifteenth century in the descendants of the dissolute princes of Italy; but it was supposed to be effaced by the facility with which the Vatican legitimatised their spurious children. One of the consequences of this domestic anarchy was the failure of regular succession, and the recurrence of abominable contests and crimes between the children of the same father. Thus Roberto il Magnifico, as he was termed, the son of Sigismond by Vannetta dei Toschi di Fano (born in 1442), succeeded in wresting the principality of Rimini from the children of Isotta, and Sallustio and Valerio, her sons, were both successively assassinated by order of their brother in 1470, within two years of their father's death. M. Yriarte has found in the Archives of Florence a curious letter from Roberto, in which he endeavours to throw on others the murder of his kinsmen, and to vindicate himself: but he attaches no credit to this crafty defence. Isotta herself sank under these repeated calamities. She was too formidable to be allowed to live, and she expired before the end of the same year, consumed, it was believed, by some secret poison which wasted her to a shadow.

M. Yriarte has traced in one of his concluding chapters the fortunes of the house of Malatesta to the end of their career. A few lines will suffice to complete the tale. In 1482 Roberto the Magnificent was succeeded by his son Pandolfo, or, as he was called, Pandolfocio, the last of his name, who was then a child of seven years of age. His uncles acted as his guardians for some years, not without the usual incidents of

conspiracies and crimes. But before the close of the century the French armies swept over Italy, and Cæsar Borgia, at the head of French and Spanish troops, invaded the cities of the Romagna. The lord of Rimini fled to his ancestral castle, but he soon afterwards ceded his territories, or what he had retained of them, to the Venetians, his only allies, in exchange for an estate near Padua. But the genius and energy of Julius II. soon wrested the little principality from the Queen of the Adriatic, and Rimini fell under the rule of a Papal Legate. Pandolfo made some vain attempts to recover his dominions, but the ruin of the House of Malatesta was consummated by Giovanni Sassatello, commanding the Papal forces in 1528. The dynasty of the Malatestas had lasted 250 years. The fugitive prince, last ruler of his race, took refuge at the Court of Ferrara, and was at last reduced literally to beg his bread from the reigning Duke. A pittance was given him upon condition he should ask for no more. He was even obliged to entreat his kinsman the Duke of Milan to lend him a garment to enable him to go to Rome, where in 1535 he died. The Pope, who had seized his dominions, ordered him a handsome funeral in the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere.

We know not whether our readers will have followed this romantic and dramatic history with as much interest as we have derived from it. To us this narrative of the fortunes of a single family, with its chiefs of indomitable spirit, of unbridled passions, and yet of singular accomplishments, interspersed with the episodes of Francesca, Parisina, and Isotta, appears to be singularly characteristic of the greatest age of mediæval Italy. It was an age of extraordinary force of character and will, and it was also the age which gave birth to those works of art which no other time or country has ever rivalled. Italy has never again asserted her supremacy in art, in letters, in politics, or in war. The genius of the fifteenth century perished in its own consuming fires; its vices and its crimes extinguished the light of day. No writer has thrown a more vivid radiance on these scenes of the past than the author of the works before us; and he has drawn with an impartial hand the splendour and the shade, the ennobling gifts and the unhappy contests of an Italian Court, and the convulsions of a nation under the baleful influence of a corrupt Church and a disunited people.

- ART. III.—1. *Volcanoes; What they are, and What they teach.* By JOHN W. JUDD, F.R.S. London: 1881.
2. *Vulkane und Erdbeben.* Von KARL FUCHS. Leipzig: 1875.
3. *Volcanic Energy: an attempt to develop its true Origin and Cosmical Relations.* By ROBERT MALLET, F.R.S. Philosophical Transactions, Vol. clxiii.; 1873.
4. *Volcanos.* By G. POULETT SCROPE, F.R.S. Second Edition. London: 1872.
5. *The Eruption of Vesuvius in 1872.* By Professor LUIGI PALMIERI. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by ROBERT MALLET, F.R.S. London: 1873.
6. *Santorin et ses Éruptions.* Par F. FOUQUÉ. Paris: 1879.
7. *Text-Book of Geology.* By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE. London: 1882.

THE separation of the dry land from the waters, ordained in the beginning, does not subsist without struggle. Hour by hour, moment by moment, an unceasing warfare of sea with soil is being waged under the sun and under the stars. All the untiring energies of ocean have for countless ages been directed towards the re-engulfment of the continents and islands raised by an adverse power from its bosom. And its eventual triumph appears at first sight assured. Every smiling wave that ripples on a sandy beach bears away its tiny grain of victory. The bluster of the billows as they thunder against the rocks of an iron-bound coast is no braggart's menace. Not one of the host delivers its buffet in vain, or retires, though shattered into ineffectual foam, without having fulfilled its destined task of destruction. Our own shores are fringed with the relics of sullen surrender. Abandoned outworks—like the 'Drongs' of Shetland, the 'Old Man of Hoy,' the Bell Rock, the Eddystone Rock, and the Fastnet flashing the first light from Europe along the American water-way—mark an ever-retiring line of defence; the cliff ramparts that front the Atlantic in seemingly imperturbable strength, are fretted into picturesque ruin at their summits and mined with resounding caverns at their base; while, on our eastern and southern coasts, whose more friable materials offer a lesser resistance to encroachment, tracts once populous and fertile have been converted into dangerous shoals, forests submerged, and flourishing towns not unknown to his-

tory—Ravensper, Auburn, Dunwich, even the Brighton of the time of Raleigh and Spenser—devoured by the aggressive waters.

Wherever sea meets shore, over the entire terraqueous globe, the same agencies are at work. Nor do they work alone. Sun, rain, frost, lend potent aid; the trickling of every rill, the flooding of every river helps to consume the solid substance forming the stage on which man 'plays his pranks before high heaven,' and to hasten the apparently inevitable consummation of its final disappearance beneath the level flood of a universal ocean. In a few millions of years—a mere dribble of geological time—it is certain, apart from the play of counteracting forces, that all records of terrestrial existence must be swamped in the mud and ooze of a shallow sea-bottom, and the diversified surface of our planet replaced by the unbroken monotony of a uniform liquid envelope, where the porpoise and the whale would lord it undisputed over the slimy remnant of a drowned-out animal creation.

The powers of devastation, however, have it not all their own way. The victory which they every instant win piecemeal is continually snatched from them. For we are the daily spectators of a 'theomachy' on a far grander scale than the puny 'battle of the gods' which, in elder days, foreshadowed the fate of Troy. On the side of the 'Earth-shaker' are enlisted Jove, the lord of the air; far-darting Apollo, the Rivers, Winds, and Nymphs of the fountains; but Gaia, the ancient Mother, sits still under their combined assaults, fearing nothing, for she bears within her an auxiliary who has never yet failed her in time of need. Her one ally in the great elemental contest is Vulcan, the unsightly impersonation of subterranean fire.

It is beyond question that a vast store of heat is contained in the interior of the earth. The progressive rise of temperature with increasing depth of descent is a fact equally familiar and formidable to those concerned in mining operations. An average of innumerable experiments gives a rate of increase of one degree Fahrenheit for every sixty-four feet of depth below the surface. If this rule were to hold good to all depths, it is evident that the heat of the interior parts of our globe would be of prodigious intensity. Before, in fact, we had penetrated one-twentieth part of the distance from surface to centre, what is called the 'effective temperature of the 'sun'—estimated at 18,000°—would be reached—a temperature at which every known substance would, under ordinary atmospheric pressure, be instantly volatilised. When, how-

ever, it is considered that the deepest boring in the world—that of Sprenberg, near Berlin—extends to a depth of only 4,172 feet, or little more than three-quarters of a mile, while the terrestrial radius measures, in round numbers, 4,000, it becomes apparent that the experimental data at our command are on far too minute a scale to warrant a conclusion so improbable. There is, on the contrary, some reason to believe that, even if the maximum of heat coincide with the centre of figure, that maximum is attained by continually diminishing, and at last almost insensible, increments; just as a ball rolled up an inclined plane reaches its greatest elevation with a constantly retarded velocity.

All then that we can be said to know with certainty is that in the unexplored profundities beneath our feet a very high temperature prevails. Now there are two ways, one direct, the other indirect, in which this hoarded heat can be supposed available for the elevation of tracts of the earth's surface. The actual *size* of our globe (not to be confounded with its *mass*) may be described as the result of a compromise between the repressive power of gravity and the expansive power of heat. Under the tremendous weight of the superincumbent strata, the heated materials of the interior are held down, as it were, by main force, like the genius in the 'Arabian Nights' under the seal of Solomon, in the narrow room allotted to them. The phenomenon known as 'creep' in coal mines, which is simply a swelling upwards of the floor in the excavated spaces, illustrates what would occur universally if the force of gravitation were suddenly diminished to any considerable extent. It is thus easy to see that if the existing equilibrium be locally disturbed, local changes of level will ensue to effect its restoration. Such local disturbances must be continually produced by the transport of material, through the agency of water, from one part of the earth's surface to another. An area of great denudation will be an area of relieved pressure, consequently (apart from perturbing causes) of elevation; while tracts loaded with sedimentary deposits will tend to sink until their increased weight is balanced by the elastic forces beneath. These slow vertical movements (which, it must be remembered, are on a scale absolutely insignificant as compared with the magnitude of the globe they affect), although not in the ordinary sense 'volcanic,' would be embraced by Humboldt's wide definition of vulcanism as 'the reaction of the interior of a planet upon its external surface.'

The tilting up of great mountain ranges, however, is accomplished in a manner wholly different from what we may call

the 'continental' mode of elevation. It is an ascertained principle in physics that the 'coefficient of contraction' of every solid substance increases with its temperature. That is to say, the hotter a body is, the more it will shrink in cooling through a given range of the thermometer. It results that the heated nucleus of the earth contracts disproportionately to its colder shell or crust; in fact, shrinks away from it, leaving it to follow by the compulsion of its own weight. Too ample for its new position, the crust, adapting itself as best it can to incongruous circumstances, wrinkles and folds like an ill-fitting coat over the wasted substance it is compelled to enfold. Hence corrugations, contortions, dislocations—legible records of the convulsive shocks of displacement and readjustment. But the most conspicuous effects of the process are displayed along certain great lines of the terrestrial surface, where, owing probably to some previously existing solution of continuity in the strata, the main force of pressure was at various epochs concentrated. Here the superfluous matter of the crust was ridged upwards by the powerful horizontal thrusts resulting from violent compression, and a chain of mountains with slow and painful birth-throes came into being.

Now, such a colossal disturbance must obviously be accompanied by secondary effects of a marked character. The axis of the new range might be defined as 'the line of neutralisation of contrary pressures.' But these contrary pressures must cause unequal tensions in the directions *from* which they act, giving rise to cracks and fissures, various in magnitude and extent, within the substance of the rocky shell of our planet. Such and similar 'lines of weakness' form the main seat of volcanic action.

The *active* volcanoes of the globe are reckoned by M. Fuchs* at 323. The estimate, however, leaves a considerable margin of uncertainty, due in part to blanks in our geographical information—in part to the frequently dubious nature of the objects enumerated. Volcanoes, seemingly extinct, are in many cases merely dormant; while others, historically active, may, in point of fact, have spent their fires and entered upon a period of henceforth inviolable repose. The day before the destruction of Pompeii, the crater of Vesuvius was a vine-clad amphitheatre, as innocuous in appearance as the Mont Dore or the royal hunting preserve of Astrone; not even a legend of ravage was connected with the mountain Tomboro, in the East Indian island of Sumbava, when it awoke, in the tre-

* Vulkane und Erdbeben, p. 42.

mendous paroxysm of 1815, from a slumber of perhaps thousands of years; Ceboruco, in Mexico, first revealed its true character by a violent eruption in 1870; even crater-lakes, like the Laachersee and the Lake of Bolsena, have been known, amid a singular contest for supremacy between fire and water, to revert to their ancient condition.

The distribution of volcanic vents is very unequal. The mainland of Europe possesses but one, the well-known ornament and terror of the Bay of Naples; while the Mediterranean islands count six, Etna, Stromboli, Vulcano (the sacred isle of Hephæstos, and, by right of its name, head of the whole tribe of fire-mountains), Santorin and Nisyros in the *Ægean*, and the submarine focus known as Ferdinandea, or Graham Island, in the channel between Sicily and Tunis. Of twenty-four believed to exist on the Asiatic continent, exactly one-half are contained in the peninsula of Kamschatka; Africa and its appertaining islands, so far as is yet known, exhibit twenty-seven; both Americas, eighty-two; the Pacific and Atlantic islands, an imposing total of 181, besides the great Antarctic volcanoes, Mounts Erebus and Terror, discovered by Ross—the former in full eruption—in 1841.

On a general view of volcanic configuration, a linear or—perhaps it would be more correct to say—a *stream-like* arrangement becomes at once apparent. These ‘safety-valves’ of the earth (as they have been termed) group themselves in the main along great sinuous bands, following the larger outlines of continental elevation. This relation is most perceptible where igneous energies are most active. The Pacific shores with their insular appurtenances, which form at the present time the grand scene for the display of those energies, are fringed with an almost uninterrupted belt of volcanoes and volcanic products. The great vertebral column of the American double continent is closely accompanied—from Mount St. Elias, in British Columbia, to Yanteles and Mediclana, in Patagonia—by a series of majestic cones, many of which discharge their fiery ejecta, even under the line, amid wastes of perpetual snow. The forty-eight volcanic summits (thirty-one certainly active) of the Aleutian Islands, lying in a curved line between the eminently volcanic peninsulas of Alaska and Kamschatka, form the igneous boundary of the Pacific on the north, and, perhaps, mark the primitive outline of a long submerged polar area. Through the Kurile Islands, Japan, the Philippines and Moluccas, the vast stream of subterranean activity flows south, sending a branch west by Java (where above a hundred volcanoes, many now extinct, are counted), Sumatra, the

Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and another east across the South Pacific as far as Easter Island and the Marquesas group.

On our side of the globe the connexion between lines of elevation and outbursts of internal fires is visible in the 'Puys' and craters of Auvergne and Sardinia, the lava-streams of Olot in Catalonia, the ruined or extinct cones of the Apennines, the scorched summits of Albania, the volcanoes of the Caucasus and Taurus. The linear arrangement, too, is at times unmistakeable. Thus, the conclusion seems irresistible that subterranean fissures, various in magnitude, now accompanying, in a long sweep of fracture or discontinuity, the rise of a great continent from the ocean-bed, now appearing as comparatively minute clefts due to local disturbance, form the chief determining causes of the position on our planet of volcanic vents. Examples of their mode of formation are, indeed, not unfrequently offered for our instruction during the progress of eruptions. On March 11, 1669, a great chasm, twelve miles in length, opened on the flank of Etna, along which twenty parasitic cones ranged themselves, one of which, the double hill known as the 'Monti Rossi,' stands conspicuous to this day. On December 8, 1861, the earth gaped behind Torre del Greco, and a train of eleven mouths opened on a line of 2,000 yards, enveloping the town in a dense cloud of ashes, and poisoning it with mephitic exhalations. Similar instances might be multiplied. It is impossible to doubt the strictly analogous origin of the alignment along a parallel of latitude of the great Mexican volcanoes; of the double series crowning the table-land of Quito; or of the chain of cones breaking through the granite of Auvergne.

Another striking peculiarity in the geographical distribution of volcanoes is, their almost universal vicinity to the sea. The most conspicuous exception to this rule is presented by the volcanic triplet of the Thian Shan mountains in Central Asia, which lie at a nearly equal distance (about 1,500 miles) from the shores of the Indian Ocean and the northern coast of Siberia. One of these, called Urumtsi, has sunk into the semi-extinct condition of a 'solfatara;' the most recent outbreak of Peschan is recorded in the Chinese annals of the seventh century A.D.; but the third, the cone of Turfan, still shows the activity of its fires by the nocturnal glow of its lurid cloud-column. The anomaly, however, of even their position is perhaps more apparent than real, since there is good ground for the conjecture that an 'Asiatic Mediterranean,' of

which a dwindled pool survives in Lake Lob,* once washed the base of the 'Celestial' mountains, and reflected, or fed the conflagrations of their volcanoes.

That volcanic activity is in some degree conditioned by marine proximity becomes evident on even a cursory inspection of the statistics of eruptions. Of 139 outbursts in separate localities recorded during the century and a quarter that elapsed between 1750 and 1875, ninety-eight were of insular, and nearly all the remainder of littoral origin.† Igneous energy seems, for some reason, to be sustained at a disadvantage in seats removed from the coast. The lively play of internal forces is checked, and long intermittence merges into extinction; as in the all but extinct volcanoes accompanying the inland trend of the Rocky Mountains. Yet here too, as indeed must be the case in all attempts at generalisation where causes are complex and obscure, we encounter notable exceptions. At a distance of eighty miles from the Pacific, the cone of Jorullo was, in 1759, thrown up to a height of 1,642 feet above the Mexican plateau; and one of the most continuously active volcanoes in the world is the great peak of Sangay (17,128 feet high), which rises on the eastern, or continental, slope of the Cordillera of Quito. During the degree-measurements of La Condamine in 1738-40, the far-seen splendour of its flame-pulses constituted an ever-ready fire-signal; for, according to Sebastian Wisse, who made the ascent in 1849, its eructations recur at the rate of no less than 267 an hour, or one in about every thirteen seconds.‡

On the whole, however, maritime relations are so general as to compel the inference of a causal connexion. What then, it may be asked, is the tie which obviously exists? A plausible answer is not difficult to find. Steam is undoubtedly a prime agent in volcanic explosions, and the vicinity of large bodies of water may thus readily be supposed a highly favourable condition for their production. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. The needful supplies of aqueous substance have other sources besides the inexhaustible, though not, as it would seem, always accessible, one of the ocean. Ehrenberg made the curious remark, that volcanic cinders, wherever found, contain a quantity of fresh-water infusoria: § and the chlorides resulting from the decomposition of sea water are either missing or scarce amongst the products of the

* Sir R. Temple on 'The Central Plateau of Asia,' Brit. Ass., 1882.

† Fuchs, 'Vulkane und Erdbeben,' p. 85.

‡ Humboldt, 'Cosmos,' vol. v. p. 264 (Otté's translation).

§ Dana, 'Manual of Geology,' 3rd ed. p. 745.

turbulently active Hawaiian craters, although these are situated on a rock rising from the very abysses of the Pacific. It has been observed, moreover, by Dr. Coan, the veteran and acute spectator at this extraordinary scene of volcanic display; that an access of igneous energy is frequently preceded by unusually heavy and continuous rains, showing the dependence of the steam-supply on atmospheric reinforcement. On the other hand, sea water undoubtedly finds its way to the subterranean caldrons of Vesuvius and other fire-mountains, the emanations from which contain abundantly, and in their due proportions, the various elements of ocean-brine. We thus see that the maritime situation of the overwhelming majority of volcanoes cannot be supposed to have been determined exclusively by the convenience of a plentiful store of water, since the availability of that store evidently depends upon the nature of the underlying strata, or other secondary circumstances. The link lies deeper.

‘I am inclined to believe,’ wrote Humboldt,* ‘that islands and coasts are only richer in volcanoes because the upheaval effected by internal elastic forces is accompanied by the depression of the bed of the adjacent sea, so that an area of elevation borders on an area of subsidence, and at the limit between these areas great and profound clefts and fissures are occasioned.’

A similar view was enunciated by Mr. Scrope, as early as 1825, in the first edition of his valuable work on Volcanoes, and received an accession of strength from the sagacious observations of the late Mr. Darwin. Its chief recommendation, however, lies in its agreement with many of the observed facts of nature, and in its harmony with those general laws which, we have seen reason to believe, govern the distribution of volcanic vents over the entire surface of the globe.

Volcanoes are defined by the celebrated American geologist, Mr. James Dwight Dana, as ‘conduits of fire, opening from ‘within or beneath the earth’s crust.’† They might further be described as mountains or hills, the materials of which are provided and disposed by the action of an internal force. The conical mass, which forms the bodily clothing of the fiery life within, is not of the essence of the phenomenon, but only a conspicuous accident of its development. It is in fact an external growth, like the shell of a whelk or an oyster, formed

* *Cosmos*, vol. v. p. 415 (Sabine’s translation); quoted by Scrope, ‘*Volcanoes*,’ p. 276, 2nd ed.

† *Manual of Geology*, p. 22, 3rd ed., 1880.

by successive coats of material secreted, as it were, by a vital process.

A volcano of no inconsiderable dimensions may be the product of a single eruption. During two days and nights following September 29, 1538, a hill, 440 feet high, still known as the Monte Nuovo, was formed on the shore near Lake Avernus, by the accumulation of *débris* ejected from a single orifice in the ground. By a like summary process, Jorullo attained four times that elevation; and the secondary cones, which diversify the surface and deform the outline of many volcanic peaks, own a precisely similar origin. On Etna alone they may be counted by hundreds, ranging through all sizes, from an eminence of 750 feet to the 'mouths,' in each of which, as in a larger kind of flower-pot, Mario Gemmellaro planted a young cypress.* The colonies of volcanic hills in the Rhenish district of the Eifel, and in the neighbourhood of Auckland (New Zealand), belong to the same class. But a volcano, in the larger sense, is the result and record of a prolonged series of explosions, each of which contributes its quota to the monument of their integrated efforts. On the quality of the building materials depend almost wholly the shape, and partially the size, of the edifice erected.

Volcanic products are everywhere, and have been at all stages of the earth's history, substantially the same. Apart from volatile substances, they may be briefly summed up as lava, or molten rock: for scorïæ, lapilli, ashes, pumice, bombs, are in reality the same material, variously modified in form, and in various stages of comminution. There are, however, many subordinate varieties of this common substance. All lavas are composed of silicates; that is, of combinations of silica—known as *quartz*, when it occurs pure in rock masses—with potash, lime, and other earthy bases, including a not inconsiderable quantity of iron oxide. But they differ in the proportions of these several substances present, what are called *acid* or trachytic lavas containing a much larger amount of silica than the *basic*, or basaltic, kind. To this diversity of chemical constitution corresponds a diversity in physical qualities. Trachytic lavas melt with difficulty and possess a singular tenacity, which causes them to draw out into filamentous threads like spun glass, and inclines them to accumulate into bosses or 'mamelons' round the extruding orifice. The basaltic class, on the contrary, when completely fused, spread far and wide in liquid sheets, which blacken as they cool into sea-like

* Von Waltershausen, 'Der Actna,' p. 248.

areas of unspeakable desolation. Moreover, lavas issue from the vent at different temperatures, and more or less perfectly melted. Above all, they contain varying quantities of water. It appears that, under conditions of great heat and pressure, aqueous matter greedily combines with glowing silicates, forming the whole mass into a condition technically described as one of 'aqueo-igneous fusion.' Such is the condition of all lavas, but in different degrees. Those which contain most water flow freely at their first exit, but lose their liquidity rapidly from the tumultuous escape of steam under diminished pressure. They are, for the same reason, of violently explosive quality. On the other hand, the more *igneous* and less *aqueous* kinds advance more equably, and probably travel further. It is thus seen that fire, water, and chemical composition have each its share in assigning the properties and determining the behaviour of the molten substance which forms, as it were, the aliment of the inner life, and provides the material of the outward presentment of volcanic mountains.

All volcanoes, then, are composed of fused rock variously aggregated and arranged. The mode of growth of the vast majority has been termed, from the analogy of the vegetable kingdom, *exogenous*; that is, they increase by the superposition of layers one outside the other. In some cases, the molten mass in its integrity, unaffected by the accidents of eruption, forms nearly homogeneous structures of 'lava,' distinctively so called. Free-flowing streams cover from the first a large extent of ground, and thus prepare a wide basis upon which successive outwellings build up a very blunt cone. Such is Mauna Loa, the great Hawaiian volcano, which, notwithstanding its imposing dimensions, has an average slope of not more than six to eight degrees. Yet, at this cautious rate of ascent, it attains an elevation above the sea of 13,760 feet. The foundations of this huge pile extend over an area about 180 miles in circumference, and it is estimated that a horizontal section, taken only 1,800 feet below the summit, would have a diameter of nearly twenty miles!* In 'composite cones,' on the other hand, lava-currents alternate with layers of the same material in a fragmentary state; while 'cinder-cones' are mere piles of lava-dust and rubble, flung upwards from the erupting mouth, and adjusting themselves round it in their fall according to the dictates of gravity.

A stupendous example of the *endogenous* mode of formation is presented by Chimborazo, the 'giant of the Columbian

* Dana, 'Manual of Geology,' p. 275.

'Andes.' This mighty dome, rising 12,415 feet above the high table-land of Quito (21,415 above the sea), is believed to be the product of the secular accumulation of very viscid lava round a central orifice. Instead of flowing *out from*, and over the growing mass, as in Etna, Mauna Loa, &c., the subterranean fountain continually forced its way *into* it, distending, bursting, and partially ruining the mountain-walls already formed, and as continually repairing their damaged masonry with plastic material fresh from the igneous reservoir. When, at length, their solidity became so great as to oppose a resistance exceeding the force of intrusion, the process ceased, and the edifice thus singularly constructed stood complete. To this class (which is, however, a restricted one)* belong also the Puy de Dôme and Grand Sarcouy in Auvergne, and the Chodi-Berg of Hungary, exposed sections of the two latter plainly exhibiting the bulb-like structure which would necessarily result from such a genetic process.† The eruption of Santorin in 1866-70 offered a curious example of the transformation of a volcanic 'endogen' into an 'exogen,' showing that the separation of the two classes is not so absolute as had been supposed. A trachytic mass was protruded from the sea-bottom, and developing a crater after it had reached the surface, continued its growth by the usual method of cinder-and-ash ejection. This hybrid volcano received the name of 'Giorgios,' and now forms part of the lava-island of Nea Kaiméni, in the Bay of Santorin.‡

Volcanic cinders are 'cooled fragments of lava-bubbles.'§ Escaping vapours carry with them vesicles of the tenacious matter which impedes their ascent, and these eventually break, and come down as irregular, air-blown fragments, like the dross of an iron-foundry. The greater part fall back into the vent, and are re-ejected in a more and more finely granulated form, until, by continued attrition, an impalpable dust is produced, which may be carried by the upper currents of the atmosphere to incredible distances. More than once, ashes from Vesuvius and Etna have descended at Constantinople. Icelandic volcanoes send across the seas to Norway the detritus of their

* Some of the lava-bosses cited as examples of 'protrusion' may originally, Mr. A. Geikie suggests ('Text-Book of Geology,' p. 255), have formed the solid cores of tuff-cones, subsequently removed by denudation.

† Judd, 'Volcanoes,' p. 161.

‡ Fouqué, 'Santorin et ses Eruptions,' pp. xv., 157.

§ Dana, 'Manual,' p. 728.

fiery streams; and on the summit of Chimborazo, Mr. Whymper found himself in the midst of a heavy shower from Cotopaxi, fifty miles distant, which happened at the time to be relieving itself, during one minor outburst, of some two millions of tons of pulverised lava. 'Professor Bonney,' Mr. Judd tells us, in the interesting, and in many respects excellent, little volume, the title of which appears at the head of this article, 'has examined this volcanic dust from Cotopaxi, and calculates 'that it would take from 4,000 to 25,000 particles to make up a 'grain in weight.'*

Now, it is obvious that both the quantity and quality of cinder-ejections will depend primarily upon the amount of vapour imprisoned within the seething mass rising in the crater; next upon the kind of resistance offered to its escape. The glassy, or 'acid' lavas, when perfectly fused, oppose its exit, so to speak, in detail. Minute bubbles rise in great quantity to the surface, and form a light but permanent froth, which the violence of the liberated steam disperses in all directions. Entire cones are sometimes composed of this apparently evanescent rock-foam, known in commerce as 'pumice,' of which the Campo Bianco in the Lipari Islands constitutes the recognised and inexhaustible source of supply. At times the sea is so thickly strewn with drifted pumice, that not only navigation is impeded, but the form of the coast is masked with a kind of false floor a couple of miles in width, of such solidity that a man may cross it dry-shod.†

Another singular product of vitreous lavas is called in Hawaii 'Pélé's Hair.' This silky, filamentous substance is described by Miss Gordon Cumming, in her latest book of travels,‡ as 'of a rich olive-green or yellowish-brown colour, and glossy, like the byssus of certain shells, but very brittle to handle.' It is said to be produced by the wind catching the fiery spray thrown up from the crater, but the extreme fineness of its texture seems rather to suggest the action of escaping vapours within the lava itself. This view is strengthened by the circumstance that a perfect counterfeit is fabricated at iron-works, by passing jets of steam through molten slag, when a material resembling vitreous cotton-wool, admirably adapted for packing fragile articles, results. The chief seat of its natural production is the great Hawaiian crater of Kilauea (personified as the fire-goddess Pélé), and it is found well adapted for nest-building by some inventive Hawaiian birds.

* *Volcanoes*, p. 69.† *Ibid.* p. 73.‡ *Fire-fountains*, vol. i. p. 161.

But most lavas issue from the vent in a very imperfect state of fusion. They chiefly consist, in fact, of a mass of crystals floated up from the great depths where they were undoubtedly formed, by a molten stream to which 'red-hot water' gives some of its mobility, and all its explosive force. The phrase 'incandescent mud' has thus been not inappropriately used to describe their condition.* To the outrushing vapours this porridge-like stuff offers a massive resistance, and suffers consequently a massive disruption. Large fragments are whirled thousands of feet into the air, at times assuming by rotation the globular form of 'bombs,' but usually the torn and dilapidated aspect of 'scoriæ.'

We are now in a position to watch with a tolerably clear understanding the development of a volcanic cone. The first and indispensable condition is the establishment of a channel of communication with the subterranean abysses. That done, the rest follows in due sequence. For material, there is the rising molten flood. For master-masons, there are the impetuous steam-blast and the orderly, inevitable power of gravity. By this twofold agency, layers of detritus, becoming finer and finer as the eruption progresses, accumulate with the utmost regularity round the ejecting aperture. Strata of cinders alternate with beds of lapilli, sand ('pozzolana'), and ashes, either dry, or formed into 'tufa' by the torrential rains which constantly accompany energetic volcanic processes. The composite mass (which may have any slope up to 35 degrees) is cemented and fortified with liquid lava, sometimes by overflow from above, sometimes by the lateral injection of dykes and veins when the pressure of the central column exceeds the supporting strength of the surrounding rubble-walls. The crater, a funnel-shaped depression inseparable from a normal volcano, results from the rolling back towards the vent of a portion of the ejected materials, the stratified beds of which accordingly have an inward as well as an outward dip, while the brim of the crater constitutes (so to speak) a *watershed* or dividing edge between the opposite flows of the descending igneous showers. A volcanic cone is thus invariably a truncated one.

To equable and prolonged activity from a single eruptive orifice, such lofty, symmetrical structures as Cotopaxi (19,600 feet), and Orizaba (17,370) owe their origin. The continual shifting of the point of exit (as in the case of Etna) mars regu-

* Revue Scientifique, 15 juillet, 1876.

larity of form, while paroxysmal outbursts frequently wreck in a few hours the work of unnumbered patient centuries.

'In the year 1772' (we quote from Mr. Judd's volume, p. 169) 'there occurred a volcanic eruption in the Island of Java, which is perhaps the most violent and terrible that has happened within the historical period. A lofty volcanic cone, called Papandayang, 9,000 feet high, burst into eruption, and, in a single night, 30,000,000,000 cubic feet of materials were thrown into the atmosphere, falling upon the country around the mountain, where no less than forty villages were buried. After the eruption the volcano was found to have been reduced in height from 9,000 to 5,000 feet, and to present a vast crater in its midst, which had been formed by the ejection of the enormous mass of materials. Many similar cases might be cited of the removal of a great part of a mountain-mass by a sudden paroxysmal outburst. In some cases, indeed, the whole mass of a mountain has been blown away during a terrific eruption, and the site of the mountain is now occupied by a lake. This is said to have been the case with the island of Timor, where an active volcano, which was visible from a distance of 300 miles at sea, has entirely disappeared.' *

The height of active volcanoes is, in fact, extremely variable. Half-a-dozen times, at least, since the beginning of our era, the great cone of Etna has been blown up, or has fallen in; during the great eruption of 1822, Vesuvius lost 800 feet of its modest elevation of 4,200; the Cerro del Altar, known in the Inca tongue as Capac Urcu ('king of mountains'), was universally reported by the natives to have stood higher than Chimborazo, until some time before the arrival of the Spaniards, when, after seven or eight years of agitation, it collapsed to the extent of above 4,000 feet, covering the whole plateau with its *débris*.† A similar operation gave rise to the great 'circus-craters,' which form the surviving remnants of numerous ancient volcanoes. Such is the huge gulf, almost six miles across and 5,000 feet deep, known as the 'Caldera' of Palma, in the Canaries; such the spacious lake-craters of Bracciano and Bolsena, on the western slope of the Apennines; such the ring-islands of St. Paul in the Indian Ocean, and Santorin in the Grecian Archipelago. Yet in these decapitated and eviscerated remains vitality often still lingers. After perhaps thousands of years of inactivity, the smouldering fires once more burst into conflagration. The

* The highest peak of the Himalayas should nearly double its height in order to be seen from such a distance, so that the statement must be understood to apply only to the light reflected from the volcano's summit.

† Humboldt, 'Cosmos,' vol. v. p. 240 (Otté's version).

vast circular ramparts from the midst of which rise the Peak of Teneriffe and the triple-mouthed cone of the Island of Bourbon (a very Cerberus amongst volcanoes) show this to have been their history; and a familiar example is furnished by the memorable Vesuvian eruption of the reign of Titus.

A tradition of its ancient fires survived in the name of the mountain,* and Pompeii was paved with its lavas. But it had been truncated, as the result of some prehistoric paroxysm, to the extent of a full third of its former height,† and appeared, in its long trance of exhaustion, as harmless as Helvellyn. When, after an abortive eruption, producing an earthquake of great violence sixteen years previously, half the old crater was, August 24, 79 A.D., suddenly, as if by the springing of a mine, hurled in fragments into the air. The crescent-shaped escarpment, called the 'Monte di Somma,' which girdles the modern cone on its northern side, is all that is left standing of the Vesuvius known to Strabo and Diodorus. Under the dust and *débris* of the remainder, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were overwhelmed and buried.

Such revivals are by no means hindered by the aqueous occupation of the wrecked craters. Indeed, volcanic phenomena (as we shall see more clearly further on) might be succinctly described as the result of an alliance between the ordinarily antagonistic energies of fire and water. The islets studding the Lake of Bolsena testify to renewed spasms of activity along the old channels. Three times since 1725, the surface of the great crater-lake of Quitoroa, in the Andes of Quito, has seemed to burst into flames from the working of the igneous forces beneath; and little more than three years ago, a lacustrine volcano broke out in the midst of the extensive sheet of Ilopango, in the Central American State of San Salvador. Docile to an ancient tradition, which asserted the sequence of earthquakes upon a rise of the lake, the Spaniards, during a hundred years, carefully dug trenches for the escape of the waters; and, during those hundred years, enjoyed an unbroken underground calm. But precautions savouring of credulity by degrees fell out of harmony with the modern scientific and rationalising spirit. They were accordingly neglected, and, we will not say the result, but the fact ensued, that on the

* Vesuvius is derived from *vas*, an Aryan root, signifying to shine, to burn, the same which appears in Vesta, the tutelary goddess of the hearth. Vaniček, 'Griechisch-Lateinisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch,' p. 945.

† Phillips, 'Vesuvius,' p. 179.

lake becoming exceptionally swollen with the heavy winter rains of 1879–80, earthquakes set in, and terminated with the rise above the surface of a volcanic cone in full eruption.* The furious ebullition of the adjacent waters, the rising torrents of steam, the fiery emergent islet, and the wide lacustrine surface strewn with the boiled remains of its fishy and molluscous inhabitants, must have formed a spectacle of fantastic commotion highly stimulating to the imagination. Lake Ilopango is stated to be of crateral origin, and it is not difficult to suppose that the attainment by its waters of a certain level may have brought them within reach of fissured or porous strata, through which they filtered down to the volcanic focus, and thus supplied the explosive energy needed for an outburst.

This leads us to say a few words on the curious subject of submarine eruptions. Strabo's division of islands into two classes, which we should now call 'oceanic' and 'continental,' and his conjecture that the former had all been violently ejected from the sea-depths,† remarkably anticipated the results of later and more extended enquiry. There are, in fact, very few exceptions to the rule that islands and insular groups which, by their position, seem to be unconnected with any large tract of land, are of volcanic formation. The 'atolls,' or coral-islands, with which the Pacific is thickly strewn, do not, in all probability, constitute an infringement of this generalisation; for they are confidently believed, since Mr. Darwin's acute researches, to be constructed upon subsiding igneous foundations. Instances of the rise of new islands are of perpetual occurrence. They are the outcome of identically the same processes which, operating subaërially, produce volcanic cones and craters. Permanent results, it is true, are with difficulty secured in the denser medium. Under the enormous pressure of some hundreds of feet or fathoms of water, lavas cannot part with their steam, and consequently long retain their fluidity. They thus tend to spread in sheets rather than accumulate in masses, and it is perhaps only the most viscid kinds—such as the trachytes of Ischia and Santorin—which are separately available for island-building. In numerous cases scoria-cones are thrown up during a submarine eruption; but their incoherent materials cannot long resist the action of the waves, and they emerge only to disappear. Graham Island rose in three weeks to a height of two hundred feet above the surface of the Mediterranean off Sicily, and had,

* See 'Nature,' June 10, 1880.

† Strabo, 'Geog.' lib. i. cap. i. 6.

on August 4, 1831, a circumference of three miles. The clamorous mode of its entry on the geographical stage attracted much attention, and no less than seven different names perpetuate the memory of its brief existence. It wasted with incredible rapidity. By the end of October, an inconsiderable heap of sand and cinders alone remained above water; and, long before the close of the year, its site was marked by a sunken reef. As, however, this sunken reef contains a nucleus of lava formed by the solidifying of the molten mass which rose in the throat of the volcano, it may yet form the basis of a permanent structure.

Abortive attempts at island-making commonly mark the activity of submarine volcanoes. One near San Miguel in the Azores thrusts, like a great sea-Chimæra, its fiery mouth from century to century above the surface, as it were to take a secular breath, one of these inhalations having lasted as much as three years. A still more evanescent insular apparition was formally taken possession of in 1811 in the name of the British crown, and called 'Sabrina,' after the discovering British ship. Fresh symptoms of disturbance, observed in the same spot in 1867, suggest that its volcanic history is still incomplete. A similar series of events is recorded to have taken place off the coast of Iceland; and, within the bosom of the half-submerged crater of Santorin, a whole group of permanent (because lava-formed or cemented) islets has been engendered during historic times.

We would now willingly set in motion before the mental eyes of our readers the machinery, the nature and disposition of which we have imperfectly attempted to sketch. But the enterprise is arduous, and we have no Muse to invoke, as had poets in difficulties up to comparatively recent times. A volcanic outburst is the most dramatic of natural phenomena; it exalts the imagination of the beholder, as if in sympathy with the unexpected manifestation of a prodigious and awful personality. Matter-of-fact language fails to convey the emotions which it excites, and hyperbole, like a rocket shot into the sky, serves for display rather than illumination. It would be easy to compile a record of devastation sufficient to convince the most stubborn understanding as to the formidable character of the phenomenon. But the dynamical idea is incommunicable by statical details, and an array of figures leaves as much to be desired on one side as a rhetorical description on the other. It is the intensity of the action—the amazing, furious energy of the living force at work—which constitutes the central fact of a great volcanic display; and this must be seen to be un-

derstood. We remember, however, that even Galileo, who, with all his joyous confidence in his own powers, was perfectly clear-sighted as to their relations towards nature, has left on record a memorable conviction in the phrase: *Il tentar l'essenza, l'ho per impossibile*. Laying aside, then, aspirations towards the unattainable, we will ask our readers to be content with a sober and concise narrative of the progress of events during what we may fairly call a typical eruption.

Seen from Naples during the winter of 1871-2, Vesuvius wore an aspect more festal than formidable. At intervals, a bright-red riband of fire depended, like a decoration, from its summit; while the volcanic character, already betrayed in the graceful inward curves of central subsidence, was accentuated by a vaporous crown occasionally flushed with the nocturnal glow of internal incandescence. The mountain was, however, considered to have entered on a phase of serious agitation; and a minor cone, thrown up just outside the northern edge of the great crater, served at once as the main channel and the visible sign of its renewed activity. High up among the lava-fields ominous sounds began to be heard by the end of January, resembling the distant bellow of an infuriated animal; hot, sulphurous steam issued from cracks and crevices, and the great crater threw some preliminary bombs. On March 25 (*with the full moon*, Signor Palmieri bids us observe) the volcano tried its powers in a formal eruption; but, as if finding them still inadequate to the great effort it had in contemplation, suspended its action, and relapsed into comparative tranquillity on the 29th. The lava-stream issuing from the small cone was, on the following night, crossed close to its source by the present writer without the slightest inconvenience. It was already 'dead,' that is, had ceased to receive reinforcements, and betrayed its recent ignition only through glowing fissures and the instant blazing of any inflammable substance thrust into them. A thick column of vapour rose, however, from the orifice, blood-red with the reflection from the fiery mass within; and every twenty or thirty seconds the central crater discharged, with a growl and a crash, a volley of red-hot stones, some a foot or more in diameter, which powdered with fire the black ashes of the surrounding plateau, and menaced inquisitive spectators with the utmost penalty of rashness. But the most memorable feature of that night's spectacle was the sudden and unexpected apparition of a lurid cloud suspended above the Atrio del Cavallo (the valley dividing the cone of Vesuvius from the precipices of Somma), showing that the mountain *had opened in that direction*. Such

was the fact, though little noted at the time. It constituted, however, a threat which was terribly and fatally executed.

A few days later predictions of a great eruption, to come off before April was ended, were circulated in Naples; but they could be traced to no authoritative source, and served only to lend a piquant flavour of coming excitement to the *dolce far niente* of the Chiaja. Punctually, however, with the next full moon—April 23—the agitation recommenced, and several rivulets of molten rock trickled down to the base of the cone. Then the mountain paused, as if to draw breath; and at nine o'clock in the evening of the 25th only the open mouths of the two craters were visible, like watch-fires on a hill, their flames alternately rising and falling in rhythmical pulsation of repose. Before dawn on the 26th, the full fury of the long-threatened eruption had broken loose; the large cone was cleft from summit to base, along the line of weakness previously laid bare; the small cone was blown into the air; and three great lava streams were already well on their way—one making for Torre del Greco, another for Resina, and the third directing its course towards Naples itself! The explosion, which occurred at half-past three A.M., unhappily involved in destruction a party of about sixty excursionists—University students, and others—who, disregarding the warnings received at the Observatory, had rashly ventured into the Atrio del Cavallo.

But awe and regret were alike absorbed in amazement at the stupendous spectacle presented by the volcano. Into a sky which, on the side of Naples, was as blue as April could make it, huge volumes of steam discharged themselves, and, ascending with extraordinary velocity to a height of at least sixteen thousand feet (such is the unimpeachable assertion of the photographic lens), hung poised below the zenith in solid-looking, flocculent masses of dazzling whiteness. A torrent of projectiles, furrowing the column of issuing vapours with livid and fiery gleams, outdid even the fierce haste of their uprush; while the entire background was rendered of an inky blackness by dense clouds of falling ashes and lapilli. 'We have an obligation to the wind,' a soldier remarked in passing; 'if it blew the other way, *Addio Napoli!*' This, however, was figurative; the danger to Naples was at no time extreme.

Meanwhile, the detonations were continual and tremendous. Their centre of propagation seemed to be everywhere. Every building reverberated with the ubiquitous bellow; every pane of glass rattled in its frame; every fibre of the body thrilled.

The effect on the nerves was described as that of a lion roaring in each corner of any room one happened to be in. The peculiar quality of the sound was, we may conclude, due to the profundity of its source. It is a mistake to suppose, as Mr. Judd does, that it originated at the mouth of the crater. The steam-blast of escaping vapours, and the musketry-rattle of falling stones, contributed, no doubt, to the chorus of clamour; but it was another and a deeper voice that formed the continued bass of the harmony. If proof were needed beyond that furnished by the ear, it is present in the fact that the intensity of the subterranean thunder had no immediate dependence upon the violence of the crateral action; it reached, on the contrary, a second maximum of terrific force after the eruption was virtually concluded. Its origin was then, in all probability, at the focus of volcanic disturbance some miles underground, and its mode of propagation not aërial but terrestrial. The extraordinary distances at which the *boati* of volcanoes are sometimes heard can only be explained by the circumstance that rocky matter transmits sound much more rapidly and perfectly than air. During the catastrophic outburst of Tomboro in 1815, when twenty-six individuals were left alive out of a population of twelve thousand, the explosions were heard at a distance of 1,000 miles, or as far as from London to Naples; and in Java, 300 miles off, they appeared so close at hand that the terrified inhabitants took to flight, believing that the alarming sounds, and the still more alarming ashes which darkened the air, proceeded from one of their own numerous volcanoes. On April 30, 1812, the heavy artillery of Morne Garou in St. Vincent shook an area of 48,000 square miles, and was hardly less impressive on the banks of the Apure, 628 miles distant, than on the Caribbean shore.* The ‘snores’ (*ronquidos*) of Sangay were, in 1842–3, heard as far along the Pacific as Aberdeen is from London; and the ‘roars’ (*bramidos*) of Consequina, in 1835, at a distance equal to that separating Etna from Hamburg.†

But to resume our narrative. The magnitude of the threatened calamity was quickly divined by the terror of the imperilled populations. No scientific bulletins were required to convince them of the extremity of their danger; they needed only to look and listen. All round the bay, from Naples to Torre del Greco, the road was encumbered with wagons, carts, trucks, asses, heaped with the household goods

* Humboldt, ‘Tableaux de la Nature,’ t. ii. p. 259.

† Cosmos, vol. v. p. 263.

and the household sorrows of 30,000 fugitives. Helpless families sat huddled together on the top of their scanty furniture: grandames happy in the tranquillity of decrepitude, young women weeping over their new-born infants, children awe-struck at the unaccustomed commotion; while the men trudged, with downcast looks, alongside, many of the poorer sort, who had failed to find other means of transport, acting as their own packhorses, and carrying patiently their beds on their backs.

‘Pellitur paternos

In sinu ferens deos

Et uxor et vir, sordidosque natos.’

From time to time the exodus was accompanied or encountered by a procession of bare-headed and bare-footed women following a crucifix held aloft by one of their number. Their long black hair was unloosed, and, falling like a mourning veil over their shoulders, gave them an air of weird and tragical desolation, and their upturned, impassioned faces told of their faith and the extremity of their need. The goal of these pilgrimages was the Ponte della Maddalena, where a statue represents San Gennaro in the act of staying the lava of 1767. Everywhere silence reigned; even the whine of the professional beggars ceased for that day; the people were still and resigned in the presence of imminent and irresistible ruin.

With the approach of night, the frightful vehemence of the convulsion became at once more extreme and more apparent. The lava-streams, distinguishable, while daylight lasted, only by the tortuous cloud-masses they engendered, now revealed themselves as rivers of fire, whose calamitous advance was marked by the vivid blaze of each tree or homestead encountered by them. Huge jets of glowing projectiles spouting upwards from the great crater to a height little short of a mile,* presented the aspect of a gigantic igneous fountain, rising and falling with the playful grace of a jet of limpid water. Down the flanks of the mountain rushed cataracts of incandescent matter, literally inundating the surrounding country. The cone itself seemed a shell crammed with explosives, and trembling on the verge of disruption. Its inflammatory condition was singularly betrayed by the appearance on its surface of innumerable flame-red spiracles, through which the ignited substance it was in travail of, oozed and

* 1,300 mètres, according to Palmieri's estimate, or about four-fifths of a mile; an elevation implying an initial velocity of 600 feet per second. ‘Eruption of Vesuvius,’ p. 91, note by Mallet.

flared. Every pore gaped, and, in Signor Palmieri's expressive phrase, *Vesuvius sweated fire*. Even the plain was undermined, as well as deluged with incandescence. A row of numerous small mouths opened immediately behind Portici along a line parallel to the shore; and the glow proceeding from these embryo volcanoes formed a notable trait in the sublime and fantastic splendours of the conflagration.

Nothing like it had been seen at Naples for fifty years. Even the *laudatores temporis acti* admitted that while the famous eruption of 1822 surpassed the present outburst in its displays of atmospheric electricity, in point of *boati* and show of nocturnal fires it could not compete with it. Above all, there was the prime distinction which, on the Scala dei Giganti, outweighed all minor differences; that whereas the lavas of '22 took the road of Torre del Greco, those of '72 were marching for Naples! As a matter of fact, twenty-four hours more of sustained violence would have brought the main stream to the Ponte della Maddalena. But before midnight on the 26th, the activity of the crater perceptibly relaxed, the lava, content with the devastation of the flourishing commune of San Sebastiano, paused, and the calamity ceased to enlarge its dimensions. There remained, however, the 'period of ashes,' to the lively Neapolitan temperament still more depressing than the 'igneous period' which had preceded. Perhaps, it seemed to be suggested, the light-hearted popular proverb averring that '*Napoli fà i peccati, e la Torre 'li paga*,' might at last have reached the term of its applicability, and a sharper penalty be about to be exacted than the vicarious punishments of Torre del Greco. Uneasiness grew into panic when the descent of the fine, acrid dust which recalled to excitable imaginations the dismal fate of Pompeii, was on the 29th accompanied by an alarming aggravation of the underground noises, reduced on the two previous days to a comparatively subdued rumbling. An earthquake was predicted and prepared for, some of the inhabitants of Santa Lucia bivouacking in the street; but only some slight tremors were felt, innocuous except to such sensitive structures as the tottering palaces of Pizzofalcone and Monte di Dio. A frigate was ordered to be in readiness for the removal of the king, in the event of a catastrophe; ships were provided for the escape of fugitives; and troops prepared for the suppression of possible insurrectionary movements. When the rain of ashes ceased, and the sun shone out on May 1, the streets of Naples were empty and the hotels deserted. Six thousand persons, native and foreign, had fled, amongst them, to his shame be

it spoken, Pulcinella, the modern representative of antique merriment. In contrast to such pusillanimity, Signor Palmieri maintained his post amid the most extreme peril, and was rewarded with immunity and a rich harvest of instruction. It remains to be seen whether volcanic fury will respect the audacity of modern science in the Vesuvian railway, as it has hitherto respected its enterprise and courage in the Vesuvian Observatory.

The entire bulk of lava emitted during the eruption of April 26, 1872, was estimated at 20,000,000 cubic mètres.* But three-fourths of this fiery flood passed harmlessly over ground already similarly occupied. The two streams which issued below, and as it were *tapped* the main crater, did little damage. One dropped into a ravine half a mile from Resina, and never re-emerged; the other deviated before reaching Torre del Greco. But amid the clamorous and ineffectual fury of the summit, the really formidable current flowed tranquilly and copiously from the base of the great fissure opened on March 30 in the Atrio del Cavallo. Tranquilly, we have said, at its exit, but far from tranquilly in its progress. Owing to the unusual amount of water contained in them, the lavas of '72 were of extraordinarily explosive quality. The phenomenon of *self-eruptive* lava is far from uncommon. The *hornitos* ('little ovens') strewing the 'Malpais' of Jorullo, the 'mammiiform hillocks' of the Galapagos, as well as similar products elsewhere, resulted from miniature and multiplied explosions within the substance of freshly discharged igneous matter; but they had perhaps never been observed to occur with such vehemence as in the torrent which filled the Fosso della Vetrana on April 26, 1872. Three times the incarcerated steam found an orifice from which it escaped so violently during fifteen or twenty minutes, that the column of projectiles carried upwards by it was visible from Naples, and caused the gravest fears for the safety of the Observatory.

But the same circumstance which agitated, also fortunately tended to check, the course of the steam. Lavas which depend for their mobility upon the presence of interstitial water never run far. The aqueous substance not only speedily liberates itself, but also carries with it an enormous quantity of heat. Its mode of procedure might be compared to the conduct of a factotum clerk who, not content with bringing affairs to a stand-still by his own untimely disappearance, completes the break-down of the business by robbing the till. Vesuvian

* Palmieri, 'Eruption of Vesuvius,' p. 98.

lavas usually contain a large proportion of refractory mineral matter, and leave the vent in a pasty or half-molten state. Compelled to give up at the same time their 'occluded' water and the heat needed for its evaporation, their power of movement is quickly paralysed. No Vesuvian stream has, in fact, travelled to a distance of more than six miles from its source, while lavas in a more perfect state of igneous fusion, as in Hawaii and Iceland, have been known to accomplish fifty and sixty. The pace is in proportion. The current of April 26 occupied at the height of its speed three hours in traversing the Fosso della Vetrana, 1,300 mètres in length; but torrents rush from the craters of Kilauea and Mauna Loa at rates of from five to seven miles an hour; and even more tremendous velocities are said to have been occasionally observed.*

The mode of progression of lavas is one of their most curious features. They cool rapidly on the surface and form a scori-form crust of such solidity, that a still-flowing current may frequently be crossed without danger. Their advance is thus necessarily accompanied by a continual breaking-up of the hardened rind as fresh liquid is poured in from the source. The flow is a process of distension, rupture, and surly propulsion sullenly obeyed. Stones, scorix, and dust tumble down and onwards, and a sort of rotatory movement or progression by unintermitted somersaults is effected.

'A stream of lava which I had the opportunity of observing on Etna in 1820,' writes Mr. Scrope, 'and which was advancing at the slow rate of about a yard an hour (the eruption which had produced it having ceased for nearly a year), had all the appearance of a huge heap of large cinders rolling over and over upon itself by the effect of slow propulsion from behind. The motion was accompanied by a crackling metallic noise, occasioned by the contraction of the crust as it solidified, and the friction and fall of the cindery slag-cakes against one another, and on the whole, suggested any other idea than that of fluidity. Yet within the crevices of this sluggish mass a dull red heat might still be seen by night, and a considerable quantity of vapours issued from them by day.'†

By the action of a similar cause were produced the 'clinker-fields' of Hawaii—'regions of the most horrid, chaotic desolation'—where the thick crust of lavas which had ceased to flow was broken up 'like ice on a pond' into 'cakes and blocks, 100 to 10,000 cubic feet in size, black and grey and bristled all over with jagged points and angles.'‡

* Dr. Coan told Miss Gordon Cumming that he had seen lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour! 'Fire-fountains,' vol. i. p. 192.

† Volcanoes, p. 71. ‡ Dana, 'Manual of Geology,' p. 732.

Our readers will now have no difficulty in picturing to themselves the appearance of the mass under which San Sebastiano lay buried. It seemed an igneous moraine, still smoking and fuming, but completely inert. On one side the parish church, with the fragment of a street, had been spared, and the spire of Massa, a thousand yards distant, marked the opposite margin of the rubble-flood of desolation. All between was not only submerged but disintegrated, annihilated. Above stood Vesuvius, not unscathed by the convulsion it had suffered. The upper part of the cone had been blown away and its rusty surface was strewn with a copious deposit of sea-salt, and scarred with whitish-grey lavas not yet darkened by oxidation; while the Fosso Grande appeared like the bed of a great glacier. Involuntarily, the aspect of the mountain, dilapidated, yet, so to speak, truculent, called up the image of some hoary reprobate suffering from his excesses, but not indisposed to renew them.*

There remains to be considered the question of causes—to the scientific apprehension, the question of questions. *Verè scire est per causas scire.* What explanation can be given of volcanic phenomena? What do they mean? Whence do they originate? There is no difficulty in finding a partially satisfactory reply. The occurrence already described of diminutive eruptions in flowing lava affords ocular proof that the explosive escape of steam from rocky matter in a state of partial fusion is the immediate cause of the agitation at volcanic vents, which occasionally attains such stupendous and sublime proportions. Its minor exhibitions are described in detail by Mr. Judd,† from personal observations conducted at the very mouth of the classic volcano of Stromboli, still, as for some three thousand years past, the beacon-light of Mediterranean navigators. In these rhythmical throbbings of volcanic vitality, as well as in its paroxysmal outbursts, the same agency is palpably at work. A volcano is the scene of the violent dissolution of a subterranean alliance between fire and water.

So far there is substantial agreement. Nor can the difficulties raised as to the access of water to igneous foci be regarded as valid. M. Daubrée's experiments prove that its slow filtration through porous materials continues even against a strong head of steam, and is aided by heat and pressure; so that it is not easy to set a limit to its penetrative power. But here we

* See 'Il Vesuvio in Eruzione,' *Rivista Europea*, 1° Agosto, 1875.

† 'Volcanoes,' pp. 7-21. ‡

are brought to a check. It is evident on the most cursory view that the 'steam-engine theory' accounts only for secondary phenomena, leaving the main problem untouched. It explains the *ebullition* of the molten substance in the crater of a volcano, but not its *presence* there. The crucial question is, How do we get our lava? What is the source of that vast Pyriphlegethon which appears to welter in the bowels of the earth, ready at any point to issue to the light in a torrent of fiery devastation? Old-fashioned geologists found no embarrassment in such a demand. Their reply was simple. An originally fluid, incandescent earth had acquired by cooling a solid rind of relatively insignificant thickness, while the interior retained its primitive liquidity. By the pressure of the crust oozeings of the central hot fluid were forced upwards at certain weak places, which, encountering water, issued explosively at the surface, and formed a volcano. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Even now, could the explanation only be propped up, by a few additional assumptions, into an attitude of plausible erectness, much thought and perplexity would be spared. But it labours, unfortunately, under the one capital fault of Orlando's steed—it is *defunct*.

On this, as on other occasions, geology has obtained in physical astronomy an energetic, but somewhat impracticable, ally. The system of checking the speculations of one science by the conclusions of another is admirable, but at times inconvenient. It is found on the whole, that theory runs better in single than in double harness. Under the stringent *régime* of mathematical enquiry, the commodious hypothesis of a mainly liquid globe has failed to secure standing-ground. As the result of his profound tidal investigations, Sir William Thomson finds that the earth is not only solid throughout, but possesses *at least* the rigidity of an equal bulk of steel. This at first sight startling inference has received important confirmation from the enquiries of Mr. G. H. Darwin, and must, provisionally at any rate, be accepted as true. The principle upon which it rests is not difficult of explanation. The oceanic tides result from the *difference* of plasticity between the body of the earth and its liquid envelope. If both equally suffered deformation under solar and lunar influences, there would be no tides in the ordinary sense—that is, there would be no variation in the depth of water at any given spot. The sea and its bottom would heave and subside together. For the same reason, any yielding, however slight, in the solid mass of the globe will by so much diminish the measurable tide of the ocean. Now, the comparison of observation with calculation

shows that such a yielding does take place, although to a very minute extent—so minute that, as we have said, a spheroid of steel would be more docile to the strain of unequal external attractions.

Confronted with this embarrassing deduction, enquirers have sought in various ways to meet the exigencies of the case. Solidification, it was said, had proceeded both from centre and surface, but had spared some conveniently situated reservoirs of more fusible material, forming so many distinct sources of volcanic supply. This ingenious device was the invention of Mr. W. Hopkins,* styled by Sir William Thomson, the ‘discoverer of the earth’s solidity,’ although the grounds on which he based that discovery are no longer regarded as valid. The subterranean-lake theory, however, was obviously forced by the enquirer on the facts, instead of being forced by the facts on the enquirer (as a true theory should be), and may now be regarded as obsolete.

Another and more promising view is that of the ‘potential liquidity’ of the interior of our globe. It is established by observation, that the fusing temperature of bodies which expand in the process is raised by pressure; that is to say, they want room to liquefy, and in the struggle of their molecules to procure it, some of the heat is consumed which would otherwise be employed in bringing about a change of state. These substances are, under such circumstances, *actually* solid, but *potentially* liquid. By many theorists this condition is, with some plausibility, believed to prevail in subterranean regions. At depths, it is said, where the temperature incites to fusion, the weight of the overlying strata compels solidity. The balance, however, is so nicely adjusted that the slightest local disturbance suffices to upset it; any diminution of pressure, such as would be produced by the shiftings and dislocations always more or less in progress in the rocky crust, causes instant liquefaction; and liquefaction, under favourable circumstances, results in eruption. But let us look at the matter a little more closely.

After careful and extended investigation, Mr. Mallet fixed thirty miles as the maximum depth of a seismic centre of disturbance; and two recorded earthquakes—those of Riobamba in 1797, and of Cachar in 1869—are believed to have been occasioned by shocks occurring at that distance from the surface. But there is no reason to suppose that eruptive foci

* ‘Researches in Physical Geology,’ Phil. Trans. 1839, 1840, and 1842.

are ever situated at so great a depth. The concussions usually accompanying eruptions are shown by actual measurement to proceed from points located nearly in the axis of the erupting cone, and 'not very many miles below the sea-level.'* It seems in fact probable that the majority of volcanoes draw their supplies from a source about four to eight miles deep; and we believe that twenty miles might be taken as the extreme limit of a reasonable estimate. But a *couche* of 'potential liquidity' would be met (if at all) at a depth of not less than between thirty and forty miles. Sir Humphry Davy found that a copper wire melted almost instantaneously when plunged into a stream of Vesuvian lava near its source. Now the fusing temperature of copper is (according to the most authoritative determination) 2,426° of Fahrenheit,† and the lava must have been considerably hotter; yet it had, without doubt, already parted with much heat. Concordant results are derived from the curious thermal effects observed at Torre del Greco in 1794, when flints were melted and silver sublimed by the potency of the igneous torrent. Again, Mr. Dana states ‡ that the temperature near the surface of the perennial lava-lake of Kilauea is 2,200°, and the 'brilliant spangling of 'white light' brought into view by the play of the ebullient jets in 1840 suggested far greater heat lower down. On the whole, we cannot put the temperature of lava, as it rises in a volcanic duct, lower than 3,000°. But to reach that degree of heat, even supposing the average rate of increase of one degree for every sixty-four feet to endure undiminished, a descent of 35½ miles would be needed; and under the tremendous pressure of, at least, 230,000 lbs. per square inch (the relief of a very small portion of which would, upon the hypothesis under consideration, produce fusion), the melting level would be lowered to a still further, but unknown extent. There are other objections to this view; but, we believe, the one just adverted to is sufficient to compel its rejection.

We have next to consider a scheme of volcanic action which stands on a totally different footing from those hitherto noticed—we mean that proposed by the late Mr. Robert Mallet, in the treatise cited at the head of this article. It is, in fact, the only extant theory on the subject which can properly be called scientific, because the only one based on experimental data and framed by careful reasonings. If not true, we had almost

* Mallet, 'Phil. Trans.' vol. clxiii. p. 215.

† Percy, 'Silver and Gold,' i. p. 6.

‡ Manual of Geology, p. 744.

said it deserves to be true—such is the fidelity with which it seeks to follow the wise economy visible in the ordered processes of nature. Yet, notwithstanding the powerful recommendations of simplicity and generality, grave difficulties stand in the way of its acceptance. A few words will suffice to set forth its bearings, and indicate its defects.

We have, in an early part of the present essay, explained how the furrows of the earth's surface arise from the violent compression of a rigid crust compelled by gravity to follow the more rapid contraction of a hotter nucleus.* Now it is obvious to anyone acquainted with even the rudiments of modern physics, that the inevitable grindings and wrenchings of the rock-masses attending this forcible readjustment must be productive of notable calorific effects; or, to put it otherwise, that the arrested motion of the falling crust will be transformed into intestinal heat amongst its particles. It is from this source that Mr. Mallet derives the heat-stores needed for volcanic phenomena.

The fact is a somewhat surprising one, that our earth, even in its present mature condition, annually loses heat enough (according to Sir William Thomson's generally accepted estimate) to melt 777 cubic miles of ice, or to raise an equal bulk of water from 69° Fahrenheit to the boiling point. This is so much energy finally dissipated into space, to be employed, we know not how, in the maintenance of the wide universal regimen, but certainly for terrestrial purposes no longer. Now, Mr. Mallet finds that a minute fraction—the $\frac{1}{1589}$ part—of the heat thus wasted would suffice to meet the yearly demands of vulcanicity upon the globe. We shall not attempt to follow him in his calculations.† Although laboriously founded on experiment, they necessarily extend to quantities and circumstances, of which too little is positively known to make it safe to accept, or practicable to refute, the conclusions drawn from them. Admitting, however (though even here some insecure assumptions are necessary), the sufficiency of the thermal supply produced by movements within the crust itself, there are two conditions to be satisfied before it can become effective; its evolution must be concentrated, and it must be sudden.

* By a strange oversight, Mr. Judd represents these effects as due to an excess of contraction in the *crust* instead of in the *nucleus*. 'Volcanoes,' p. 347.

† We have observed some unaccountable discrepancies in his figures; as, for instance, between the results stated at p. 211 of vol. clxiii. and at p. 205 of vol. clxv. of 'Philosophical Transactions.'

The heat developed in crushing a mass of rock (in a position accessible to observation) is not more than enough to fuse about one-tenth of itself; consequently, if the work be evenly distributed, the whole will be raised in temperature, but none will be melted. In practice, however, it will *not* be evenly distributed; the crushing will, for the most part, be confined to certain 'planes of weakness,' and there the temperature may well reach the lava-producing point. But there is another stipulation; the work must be done rapidly. For otherwise the same amount of heat will, it is true, be evolved; but it will be gradually evolved and gradually conducted away, its diffused effects remaining inconspicuous. Mr. Mallet avers that the materials of the crust will resist the strain put upon them until the limit of their elasticity is reached, and will then suddenly give way, with a 'velocity of resilience' so great in the case of hard granite, as to involve the crushing of a cubic mile in half a second.* The analogy, however, is obviously imperfect between the behaviour of rocks normally situated and that of stony matter, whose internal constitution is modified by the continual action of heat many times that of boiling water, and of the insistent pressure of some miles of overlying strata. There is, moreover, an objection of fact which we believe to be insuperable. If a sudden snap of the rock-masses be a necessary preliminary for the underground manufacture of lava, a volcanic eruption should invariably be preceded by an earthquake. This, however, is by no means the case; many very considerable outbursts take place in complete subterranean tranquillity.

But while compelled to reject the claim of this remarkable theory to meet all the exigencies of the situation, we readily admit that it constitutes a signal advance in telluric science. It is the first, and as yet the only attempt at a *quantitative* explanation of volcanic phenomena; and the comparison of quantities is, in material things, our only available test of truth. The cause which it invokes is a really existent one, producing effects henceforward impossible to be overlooked. They are certainly visible in the metamorphosis by heat undergone by extensive beds of strata, whose contorted formation bears witness to the mechanical origin of their crystalline structure. It offers, besides, an easy explanation of the igneous associations of mountain-ranges. For, just where the compression and grinding of the strata should tend to initiate volcanic action, there resulting lines of fracture would tend to perpetuate it; while the possibility is not excluded of a slow migration

* Mallet, 'Phil. Mag.' vol. l. (4th series), p. 11.

of the forces in operation, as new strains arise, and demand relief elsewhere. Volcanic products are, according to this view, merely superfluous matter summarily disposed of. Their ejection is, in the belief of its author, the 'function or final cause in the cosmos of vulcanicity. It is the means whereby a contracting solid crust gradually, and, though paroxysmally, on the whole harmlessly, adjusts itself to the dimensions of the nucleus shrinking away from beneath it; and were it not for this provision in the grand machine, or were the solid crust so rigid and constituted that its parts could not locally crush up, and the crushed matter be cleared out and thrown up to the surface, prodigious paroxysmal convulsions must result, with perhaps ages intervening between them, which would probably overturn the whole economy of the surface upon which the existence of organised life is now dependent.'*

It may now be practicable to define somewhat more clearly the limits of our knowledge on the subject of volcanic action. We fully agree with Mr. Mallet that 'to assign a rational cause for the high temperature at volcanic vents is to possess the key to the whole' of the phenomena; and that the heat thence emitted is 'locally produced,' as well as 'locally consumed.' Indeed, the extreme irregularities of underground temperature distinctly point to partial disturbances of a general law. But further we do not clearly see our way. The 'true cause' of such partial disturbances has yet to be found. The mechanical theory, although the most rational, the simplest, and the most consonant to general principles of any yet enounced, falls short, as just stated, of the complex requirements of the problem. Chemical theories have against them many known facts; and electrical theories amount to little more than an ingenuous confession of ignorance. Under these circumstances, we shall do wisely to admit their failure and await better knowledge.

The actual machinery of ejection presents comparatively few difficulties. Only grant them a subterranean reservoir of molten matter, and vulcanologists readily undertake to pump it up to the surface. Steam, however, is plainly only a secondary agent in this process. The explosive symptoms characteristic of its presence are far from being an indispensable adjunct even of extensive outflows. The lava-level in the 'pit-crater' of Kilauea, for instance, tranquilly and periodically rises until the strain on the sides of this vast fire-tank is relieved by discharge at the point of least resistance. In other

* Phil. Trans. vol. clxiii. p. 213.

cases, the emission of lava is out of all proportion to the escape of steam, increasing and continuing after the rush of vapours has abated or ceased.* And, looking back to the remote ages when the principal mountain-chains of the world were tilted upwards into their present positions, we find whole regions inundated with seas of Tertiary basalts which seem to have welled forth from the interior by a more persistent and less spasmodic mode of compulsion than we see at work in modern volcanoes. These so-called 'fissure-eruptions' are believed to have proceeded directly from chasms opened in the earth's crust, without the intervention of the cones and craters distinctively associated, by recent experience, with the action of volcanic forces. It is certain, at any rate, that what we may call the eruptive apparatus has left traces altogether insignificant compared with the wide-spreading igneous products of the great mountain-making epoch. The stupendous example of the 'massive' type of outflow presented by the Snake River plain in Idaho has been vividly described by Mr. Archibald Geikie, both in his 'Geological Sketches,' and in a newer and more important work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, and which we are glad to have an opportunity of heartily recommending. 'The extent of country,' he tells us,† 'which has been flooded with basalt in this and adjoining regions of Oregon and Washington . . . has been estimated to cover a larger area than France and Great Britain combined.' No layers of slag or scorix are anywhere observed; nor are cones visible whence this enormous flood of basalt could have flowed. Some small cinder-cones seen at one point were evidently formed during the later stages of volcanic action.‡

'In Europe, during Miocene times,' he continues,§ 'similar enormous outpourings of basalt covered many hundreds of square miles. The most important of these is that which occupies a large part of the north-east of Ireland, and, in disconnected areas, extends through the Inner Hebrides and the Farøe Islands into Iceland. Throughout that region the paucity of evidence of volcanic vents is truly remarkable. So extensive has been the denudation that the inner structure of the volcanic plateaux has been admirably revealed. The ground beneath and around the basalt-sheets has been rent into innumerable fissures, which have been filled by the rise of basalt into them. When we reflect that this system of dykes can be traced from the Orkney Islands

* Prestwich, Address before Brit. Ass. 1881, 'Nature,' vol. xxiv. p. 471.

† Textbook of Geology, p. 256.

‡ Ibid. pp. 257-8.

§ Ibid. p. 258.

southwards into Yorkshire, and across Britain from sea to sea, over a total area of probably not less than 100,000 square miles, we can in some measure appreciate the volume of the molten basalt which in Miocene times underlay large tracts of the site of the British Islands, rose up in so many thousands of fissures, and poured forth at the surface over so wide an area in the north-west.'

We may add that the Icelandic volcano of Askja furnished, in 1875, an instance of a mode of eruption closely analogous to that which is supposed to have produced the 'Deccan 'Traps' (6,000 feet deep, and at least 600,000 square miles in extent), the basalts of Abyssinia, Idaho, and the Giant's Causeway. While the crater emitted only ashes and pumice, lava, to the estimated amount of 36,000,000,000 cubic feet, issued from rifts opened by an earthquake in a tract of ground some twenty-five miles distant.*

We thus reach the conclusion that the molten rivers of the interior are forced upwards by some other agency besides that of steam. This unseen *vis à tergo* resides within the substance of the terrestrial shell. By the expansive force of the surrounding rock-masses, rendered more or less plastic by heat and pressure, a cavity containing lava will powerfully tend to close in and expel its liquid contents. Should fissures sufficiently profound and extensive be present, these may reach the surface; but such is not always the case. The 'plutonic' dykes and veins with which many formations are extensively injected, the vast 'intrusive sheets' of igneous rock which have forced their way, sometimes for great distances, between previously existing strata, and, we might perhaps add, the frequently recurring violence of earthquakes, bear striking witness to the prevalence and vigour of subterranean eruptions.

It appears no longer doubtful that volcanic phenomena are subject to a variety of complex influences both tidal and atmospheric. The fact has not only been verified by experience, but it might have been anticipated by reason. For any diminution of pressure (and here lies the grain of truth in the rejected hypothesis of 'potential liquidity') will always favour the rock-melting which constitutes the first preliminary of an eruption; and while tidal changes (or those dependent on the varying positions of sun and moon) affect the weight of the crust itself, atmospheric fluctuations involve a shifting of the weight *upon* it, both equally resulting in minute subtractions from or additions to the pressure on the deep layers

* W. G. Lock, 'Volcanic History of Iceland,' Geol. Mag., May, 1881, p. 277.

already from other causes hovering on the confines of fluidity. Now, it has not yet been found possible to measure the lunar (still less the solar) 'disturbance of gravity,' or the amount by which the earth's solid substance swells and subsides with the varying positions of her satellite; but it has been ascertained by the labours of the Messrs. Darwin that the difference of atmospheric pressure indicated by a barometrical rise of one inch causes a sinking by several inches of the area over which that rise extends. With this evidence before us as to the effect of meteorological changes on the elastic materials of our globe, we need no longer wonder to hear that Stromboli serves as a weather-glass to Mediterranean fishermen, or that it fumes more angrily and flashes more vividly with a sinking mercury. It is hardly necessary to add that a connexion has been sought to be made out between the 'sun-spot period' and the occurrence of volcanic eruptions.* Such attempts have become as familiar as, for the present, they must remain futile.

To conclude, there is scarcely risk of error in holding volcanic activity to be one effect of the slow refrigeration of our planet. With a slight modification, we may safely recur to Humboldt's formula, and define vulcanism as 'the reaction of the interior upon the exterior of a *cooling* globe.'† It is thus seen to be no isolated phenomenon, but one common, at

* Kluge, 'Ueber Synchronismus und Antagonismus von Eruptionen.'

† When Mr. James Nasmyth visited the crater of Vesuvius shortly after an eruption, he made the following remark, which confirms in a striking manner the theory of volcanic action we have been describing. His words are: 'There is no doubt that the great mass of materials which lay around me had been shot up from inconceivable depths beneath the solid crust of the earth. There still remains an enormous mass of molten material that has been shut up beneath that crust since the surface of the globe assumed its present condition. The mineral matter had converged towards its centre of gravity, and the arrestment of the momentum of the coalescing particles resulted in intense heat and the molten lava of the volcano. This seems to me the true origin of volcanic heat.' (*Nasmyth's Autobiography*, p. 264.) The same theory is illustrated in a still more striking manner by the results of volcanic action in the moon. Mr. Nasmyth has shown that the amazing irregularities on the surface of the moon, and the enormous craters visible there, are due to 'the cooling and shrinking of the once much hotter globe, followed by the forcible projection of fluid molten matter through cracks and vents, by which it makes its way to the surface.' (*Ibid.* p. 353.) We had occasion to discuss the subject before in reviewing Mr. Nasmyth's work on the Moon in 1874. All the details will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xli. p. 77.

some period of their development, to all the 'populace of 'heaven.' A curious reflection it is, and one calculated to give us an exalted idea of the magnificent unity of the plan upon which the universe is governed, that the expulsion of lava and ashes from a volcanic vent is, in all likelihood, a process of the same general character as the uprush of heated matter by which the photosphere, or shining surface of the sun, is formed. We might even go further, and plausibly conjecture that the bombs and lapilli of terrestrial volcanoes have celestial representatives in the cometary visitants of our system and the trains of meteorites following in their paths. No more probable origin, at least, has yet been assigned to them than that they are the volcanic products of distant suns, convulsed by early spasms of eruptive energy. For vulcanism runs through a long series of phases, and grows and decays, with the slow revolution of the æons, in each individual member of the cosmos. The time has perhaps been when our earth had its tornadoes of fire, its spots, its fierce outbreaks of hydrogen, then glowing, now cooled and calmed into a 'deep 'and dark blue' watery ocean. The time will perhaps come (should the present order of things endure so long) when the moon will be confronted with a stereotyped record of extinguished activities as legible and as desolate as her own.

ART. IV.—*Frédéric II et Marie-Thérèse, d'après des documents nouveaux.* 1740-1742. Par le Duc DE BROGLIE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1883.

THE Duke de Broglie has given us a book charming in itself, and most interesting from the new light which it throws on the obscure transactions it describes. These volumes are history, not satire; but as the words and the deeds of Frederic are compared and contrasted in them with an exactness never before attained, we learn to separate the true from the false, and to distinguish the Frederic of fact from the Frederic of fiction. As a Frenchman, the Duke de Broglie has naturally no bias in favour of the Prussian King; but he is equally free from bias in favour of the French Government. He examines and condemns, with equal rigour and severity, the mean, weak, short-sighted policy of Fleury and the hypocritical rapacity of Frederic. The story is a gloomy one; it is a record of folly, of wickedness, and of treachery, such as have seldom been equalled; it is worked out with close attention to accuracy in even minute details; and with a

rare and poetic feeling, it gives an enthralling interest to what has sometimes been considered a dull, and what Frederic's admirers would fain believe a forgotten, episode. It has indeed all the elements of the tragic and the sublime: it tells of kings and queens, of wars and deaths, of heroic resolve and patriotic enthusiasm, of villainy, perfidy, and crime.

The commencement of the story carries us back to the Pragmatic Sanction by which the Emperor Charles VI., in default of male heirs, assigned his dominions to his daughter Maria Theresa. These dominions were widely scattered, and held by various claims; they had been added to the Archduchy of Austria by happy marriages rather than by prosperous wars; they had never been consolidated or welded into one; the different people, speaking different languages, had no feeling of national unity, and might easily fall apart if left without the strong hand of a master. To a young girl such an inheritance was likely enough to prove a troublesome and even a dangerous one. It might perhaps have been secured if the emperor would have had her husband, the Duke of Lorraine, proclaimed king of the Romans; but this he would not do, keeping up even to the last—it has been supposed—a hope that he might still have a son. He preferred rather to trust to negotiation and to an agreement with France, whose consent was purchased with the long-coveted province of Lorraine; the duke receiving, as a nominal equivalent, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The Diet of the Empire had approved the Pragmatic Sanction, and all the Powers of Europe had guaranteed it. That sturdy old warrior, Prince Eugene, had, indeed, urged the emperor to trust the cause of his daughter to a powerful army rather than to promises or vows; 100,000 men, he had said, would be more to the purpose than 100,000 guarantees. Of this Charles was sufficiently sensible; but the exhausted state of his treasury and the jealousy of his ministers rendered it impossible for him to act as Eugene and his own judgment advised, and the army was reduced instead of increased. Still the guarantees, as far as they went, appeared to be genuine. If there was faith in man or in governments, the emperor might die happy; but he had no such faith, and his last days were disturbed by gloomy anticipations of the evil to come. Nor were these long in being realised. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, on October 20, 1740; and before the breath was well out of his body, all the continental subscribers to the guarantee were busy in the endeavour to subvert the Pragmatic Sanction, and to turn the death of the emperor to their own private advantage.

Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, was the first to speak out. Whilst waiving any claims he might have from his wife, a daughter of the late emperor's predecessor and elder brother, he had already hinted at pretensions going back to Ferdinand I., to whose will he appealed. A public reference to this will showed that the claim was invalid; but, notwithstanding this, he now reasserted it with significant persistence. Others were not slow to follow his example. Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had married an elder sister of the Electress of Bavaria, and, by virtue thereof, his claim was stronger than that of Charles Albert. The Duke of Savoy and the King of Spain had their own pretensions, and would not be ignored. Each might claim the whole of the inheritance which, but a few years before, they had guaranteed to Maria Theresa, but a common interest prompted them to moderation, and suggested that they should divide the spoil. The threatened coalition was most formidable, for the Austrian army had little real existence, the Austrian treasury was empty, and the Austrian people themselves were disaffected—in the country, by reason of a bad harvest and consequent scarcity; in Vienna, by an unwillingness that the glory and profit of being the imperial city should depart from among them. But neither were the opposing powers ready for immediate action, and the question whether they would be able to give effect to their claims seemed to depend very much on the view which France should take of the position.

France, equally with the other powers, had guaranteed the succession of Maria Theresa; and though she no doubt had certain remote genealogical claims, she had not put them forward. There was, apparently, nothing to tempt her to forfeit her pledge.* But through more than two centuries she had been accustomed to consider herself as the natural enemy of the house of Austria, and the present seemed to some of her ruling spirits to be an opportunity for trampling the enemy in the dust. Cardinal Fleury still held the reins of government, as he had done for seventeen years before. He himself was virtually the French guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, and all that he was now called on to do was to acknowledge his plighted word. But he was a very old man, and old age is unwilling to take any decided step. Yet, on January 26, only nine months before the emperor's death, he had written to him:—

'Your Majesty may be assured that the king will observe, with the most exact and inviolable fidelity, the engagements which he has made with you; and if I may be allowed to speak of myself at the same time, I venture to hope that my peaceful intentions are so well known

that you may readily believe I am very far from thinking of setting Europe in a flame.'

And more to the same effect. In October, however, when it was time to make good his promises, he was wanting in both courage and decision. He hesitated, he equivocated. He told the Austrian minister that to doubt his good faith was an insult, but that under the unusual circumstances it was necessary to discuss the question of etiquette, and to determine how an Austrian sovereign, not holding the Imperial dignity, and a woman, was to be addressed; on the following day he assured the Bavarian minister that there was no reason why the elector should not aspire to the imperial crown; that the king was free to support him; that the guarantee could not be understood as nullifying the just rights of any third party; and that the Bavarian claims should be considered. Thus paltering with his own conscience and the demands of the rivals, he became in the end the slave instead of the ruler of events.

Of all the continental powers, Prussia alone had neither genealogical nor matrimonial claim on the Austrian succession; and had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction without difficulty or diplomacy. Her king, too, was a young man of—it was said—romantic, nay, of chivalrous disposition, and bound to the house of Austria by the ties of friendship and gratitude. It is unnecessary here to repeat the often-told story of Frederic's education, and of the brutal treatment he received at the hands of his father. Suffice it to recall one incident of his youth. In August 1730 the crown prince, then eighteen years old, unable longer to endure the tyranny to which he was subjected, resolved to fly and seek refuge, possibly, in England with his uncle. The attempt was frustrated. Of two friends who were to fly with him, one made good his escape; the other was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment. The king considered this unequal to the crime, which he called high treason, and substituted for the sentence an edict ordering the offender to be beheaded, which order was duly obeyed. Prince Frederic, under the name of Colonel Fritz, was also brought before a court-martial, on a charge of desertion; and at the special instance of the king, enforced on the members of the court by the royal cane unflinchingly laid on, he was found guilty, and sentenced to death. The Princess Wilhelmina ventured to plead in her brother's behalf. With the foulest language the king threw himself on her, pommelled her over the face and head with his clenched fist, struck her to the ground by a blow on the temple, and was with difficulty

restrained from kicking and trampling on her prostrate body. It was known that the sentence of the court had been procured by the brutal violence of the king: the courtiers, having more regard for their own shoulders and ears than for the life of a boy, scarcely ventured to intercede: the foreign ministers were lukewarm; and the prince was rescued from an otherwise certain fate only by the remonstrances of the imperial ambassador, supported by a personal letter to the king from the emperor himself. He was pardoned, but permitted to remain in seclusion, destitute of the means to provide the necessities of life, still less the decencies of his rank. From this embarrassment, also, he was relieved by the emperor, who, for several years, secretly but regularly paid him such sums of money as rendered him independent of his father's sordid economy.

It is very well known that, during this time and for the greater part of the next ten years, the prince specially affected the society of musicians, philosophers, poets, and men of letters, professing the desire to rank as one of themselves; and that with such apparent zeal and earnestness, that there were many who believed that, when called to the throne, his chief merit and distinction would be as their patron, although there were not wanting those who suspected the sardonic humour, the seething ambition, and the unscrupulous rapacity which lay hid behind the mask of dissimulation, or who recognised the falseness of the assumed character even when they were unable to form any clear idea of what the reality might prove. The old king died on May 31, 1740; and Frederic so far gave the lie to expectation, that he did not at once unveil. The dissimulation which had been forced on him in boyhood and youth was become a second nature; he kept up and increased the army which his father had formed, but he also kept up the literary coterie which he had assembled round himself; and during the first months of his reign appeared equally anxious about the set of a soldier's belt or the rhythm of a French sentence.

His romantic visit to Strasbourg, a few months later, did not make things clearer. His intention may possibly have been to go on to Paris, and, under the obscure name of Count Dufour, see for himself the society of which he had read and heard. This, however, must be doubtful, and the escapade probably meant nothing more than the curiosity of a young man suddenly released from severe restraint; otherwise, we may suppose that he would have provided himself beforehand with proper passports and letters of introduction, and that

matters would have been arranged with more care to prevent recognition. As it was, he had not been many hours in Strasbourg before it was pretty generally known that Count Dufour was but another way of saying King of Prussia; and the Duke de Broglie suspects that his ancestor, the second Marshal de Broglie—who was then governor of the town, and to whose private papers he refers—may have been wanting in tact during the difficult interview which he had with the stranger.

‘Naturally,’ he says, ‘if the old governor was guilty of any awkwardness, he was either not conscious of it or he took care not to acknowledge it; so that it remains difficult to understand what it was that provoked the king’s ill-humour to such a degree that when, a year afterwards, the marshal had to concert measures with him relative to the operations of the campaign, the recollection of this incident proved a real difficulty.’

We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether Frederic’s distaste for the marshal really sprang from so childish a cause, or whether it was not rather a recollection of the ridiculous figure which the old man had made during the recent campaign in Italy, when he had to spring into his saddle, without boots or breeches, and ride for his life from the ill-mannered Germans; and, if there is any truth in Frederic’s story that the marshal entertained him with a long account of his name, his titles, and his distinctions, the king may well have thought him verging on his dotage.

It was a few days after this that, at Moyland, near Cleves, the young king met Voltaire for the first time. The conversation, which lasted well into the night, turned on philosophy, on the immortality of the soul, and incidentally on politics; and so led to Frederic’s asking Voltaire to write for him a manifesto to the Bishop of Liège, against whom he had a disputed claim, which it had been proposed to compromise for a million livres, and which he had determined to enforce in spite of, or perhaps even in consequence of, the emperor’s remonstrance. He had, in fact, written, very shortly after his accession, ‘I will presently go into the Cleves country and try what is to be done by gentle means; but if I meet with refusal I will do myself justice. The emperor is the old phantom of an idol which really had power long ago but has none now; just as he himself used to be a strong man, but is now worn by sickness and good for nothing.’ The peace of the empire was not, however, disturbed; for, convinced by the arguments of Voltaire, or by the soldiers of Frederic, the bishop paid the sum. But the very summary

proceeding which had been threatened gave rise to much uneasiness in diplomatic circles; and as the king, with an army already numbering some 80,000 men in the highest state of efficiency, was busily increasing it, the question could not but be asked as to the probable motive—for the succession to the Duchies of Juliers and Berg, which Frederic openly claimed, seemed altogether too small a matter to require such a formidable armament.

The public had not long to wait for an answer. Frederic was lying at Rheinsberg, sick of an intermittent fever, when, on October 26, he received news of the emperor's death. Contrary to the orders of his physician, he at once swallowed a dose of *quinquina* and sent off to Berlin for Count Podewils, the Secretary of State, and for Field-Marshal Schwerin. At the same time he wrote to Voltaire, 'I think that next June gunpowder and soldiers and trenches will be more talked about than actresses, ballets, and theatres.' That this was a correct forecast of the political weather, not only for next June but for the next three-and-twenty years, is now a familiar fact of history; and it was easy enough to make it, as the prophet was himself the disturbing influence. But the exact measure in which he was so has been strangely misstated by Frederic's agents in the first place, and afterwards by those who, admiring his genius, have been wilfully blind to his crimes; and of all who have sinned in this way, none—we say it to our shame—has been more guilty than an English writer who has been held up to public reverence as a great moral teacher.

Enough has been said of the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth having promoted ruffians, such as Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard, to be heroes of romance: that was, we think, a moral mistake and a literary error; but at least Mr. Ainsworth did not dwell on the crimes of his heroes as the praiseworthy incidents of their career; and, forgetting these, it may be allowable to admire the daring of the ride to York or the ingenuity of the escape from Newgate. In the same way we might be permitted to admire, in Frederic of Prussia, the courage which bore up against defeat or the military skill which led to victory; but these are not the characteristics which Mr. Carlyle chose to embellish with extravagant laudation. We are not now reviewing Mr. Carlyle's 'History of Frederic *'

* Mr. Carlyle generally calls his hero Friedrich, which is neither English nor accurate: the King of Prussia signed himself *Fédéric* in French, and *Friderich* in German; if he had known English, he might possibly have devised a third spelling.

'the Great,' and would willingly pass it by in silence; but it forces itself on our notice, and the author's great reputation gives it an importance to which, on its own merits, it is not entitled. As history, it is not to be trusted; and as morality, it is to be utterly condemned.' During his long life Mr. Carlyle waged a vigorous and oftentimes a righteous war against shams, against calling things by their wrong names; but when we find him holding Frederic up as an object for us to admire, and singling out unabashed falsehood as veracity, unblushing impudence as candour, or selfishness and greed as manliness and straightforwardness, we are compelled by his own teaching to enter a protest against the misuse of words and the misstatement of facts.

The incident in his hero's career which he has honoured with his warmest approval is his conduct immediately after the emperor's death, leading up to the war in Silesia. He refers to the justice of Frederic's claims, not, indeed, to discuss them—for not even Mr. Carlyle could pretend to understand them—but by asserting Frederic's belief in them.

'He speaks,' he says, 'when business requires it, of "those known rights" of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word; but it is cursorily and in the business way only; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading. A man, you would say, considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eye set on the practical merely. "Just Rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If "you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth "doing!"'

So, indeed, Frederic thought, without asking whether the rights were just or unjust, or, indeed, without mentioning the rights at all. That Mr. Carlyle, in his view of Frederic's conduct on this important occasion, was carried away by the hero-worship which had affected him, has always been sufficiently clear; but the extent of his error has perhaps never been put before the public in a connected form till now by the Duke de Broglie, who has used the MSS. of his own family and of the French Archives to illustrate and interpret the valuable papers lately published at Vienna and Berlin,* to which we are happily able to add some further elucidations from the diplomatic correspondence in our own Records.

While Frederic and his two ministers were arranging their plans at Rheinsberg, the diplomatic world at Berlin was specu-

* Arneht, '*Geschichte Maria Theresia's*,' 1863, &c. *Politische Correspondenz Friedrichs des Grossen*, 1879, &c.

lating as to the course the King of Prussia meant to take; and one opinion was, that plans were being formed 'to bring the Imperial crown into the House of Brandenburg;' but all that could be got out of the Prussian ministers, who had really no knowledge, was '*Gaudeant bene armati.*' The great stir among the troops suggested that the object might be to sustain the Prussian claims on the succession of Juliers and Berg; though, as early as November 5, Mr. Guy Dickens wrote, 'The ministers and generals here speak very much of late of some old pretensions of this House upon the principality of Jägerndorf in Silesia;' and on the 15th, 'The general opinion is that his Prussian majesty must have some designs upon Silesia.' It was not, however, till the 29th that he could say, 'The project of invading Silesia is now almost as good as avowed; several of the regiments ordered on this expedition are actually on their march, and we are told that if they meet with any opposition, this army shall be supported by another of 30,000 men.' But, as is well known, the truth was not declared till the very last moment. On December 6, Mr. Dickens described a long conversation which he had had with the king, who said plainly enough that it was not his intention to support the Pragmatic Sanction; he had not guaranteed it, and was not bound by any engagements which his father had made. When Dickens asked him what he was to write to his court, Frederic grew red in the face and said, 'You cannot yet have any instructions to ask me that; you have no right to enquire into my designs.' Afterwards, however, he affected to become more communicative, and said, 'He was for the Grand Duke of Tuscany's being made emperor, but he could never consent to his being declared King of Bohemia, and that it was against the Pragmatic Sanction; for if the queen, his consort, happened to die without issue, the second archduchess would be deprived of what belongs to her by right.' On which Mr. Dickens observes:—

'The King of Prussia contradicts himself: in the beginning of my audience, he declared he would not support the Pragmatic Sanction, and now he seems to plead for it; from which I can infer nothing else than that he meant to take possession of Bohemia as well as Silesia, under pretence of keeping those countries for the second archduchess, in case her elder sister should die without children.'

Eleven days later, on the 17th, Dickens wrote again that the king had hinted to him that England might find her own advantage on the side of Mecklenburg. 'I have been told,' he added, 'by a person of good authority that he was some time in suspense whether he should begin his conquests by

‘the latter or the former’—Mecklenburg or Silesia; and that it might be expected, if he remained in possession of the one, he would afterwards form the same pretension on the other. There does not, however, seem to have been any mention of Mecklenburg; and we know now from the ‘*Politische Correspondenz*’ that the question proposed by Frederic to his two counsellors, Podewils and Schwerin, was simply and almost in so many words, How best to take possession of Silesia? and that on October 29, they reported on three different plans of operation: 1. To offer to uphold Austria, defend her territory against all claimants, and to employ all his credit to get the Grand Duke of Tuscany elected emperor; in return for which, and for yielding to Austria his rights to the succession of Juliers and Berg, he was to be put in possession of Silesia. 2. If Austria should reject this proposal, to ally himself with Saxony and Bavaria, to sustain their pretensions, to yield his rights as to Juliers and Berg to France in favour of Bavaria, and so to be put in possession of Silesia. And either one or other of these, but more especially the first, they recommend: but as a third alternative, in case of Saxony invading Bohemia or Silesia, they give—to enter the country and hold it by force, ‘a measure for which some sort of justification can ‘surely be found;’ having occupied the country, he will be in an advantageous position to treat for its cession.

Frederic was not long in making up his mind to adopt this third course, without waiting for the pretence of a Saxon invasion: his troops were concentrated in the direction of Silesia, whilst detailed preparations were made for a winter camp; but, as we have seen, not so secretly as to prevent suspicion, which was transmitted to Vienna by the Austrian minister at Berlin. The queen refused to credit it: the ingenuous confidence and honest illusions of youth had not yet been destroyed by the cruel experience of human wickedness or the withering selfishness of politics: she believed in virtue, in honour, in nobility of soul; and was unwilling to doubt either the mellifluous protestations of Fleury, or the gratitude of a prince whose life her father had saved. The Austrian ministers, who had not the plea of youth and innocence, said, ‘There’s no cause for anxiety: he will be like his father, who went through ‘life with his musket at full cock, without ever firing it off.’ One only, Bartenstein, to whom knowledge and suspicion had come with grey hairs, took a more gloomy view of the situation: ‘No one knows,’ he said, ‘what this young man really ‘is; and I warned the late emperor of it when he insisted on ‘writing to his father to save his life.’

The Court of Vienna, however, resolved to send the Marquis de Botta d'Adorno as a special ambassador to Berlin, and he arrived there on December 3. The military preparations which he saw on his journey left little doubt in his mind, and the persistence with which Frederic avoided the subject was only an additional confirmation. He could obtain nothing more definite than that the king was sending Count Gotter on a special mission to Vienna. 'I trust,' he said, 'that the queen will carefully consider his message: she will see that my proposals are reasonable and my intentions are pure.' Botta was at once dissatisfied and alarmed; his feelings found expression in forcible language; but neither the general public nor the foreign ministers believed in the reality of his imprecations, or in his assertions that Austria would resist the invasion of her territory. The resistance, they said, would be a mere pretence, a farce; that Botta's mission was to arrange a close alliance with Frederic, who was to support the Grand Duke, and to receive some part of Silesia—even if it was thought better that he should appear to take it by force, so that it might not be said that Austria herself had given up the Pragmatic Sanction. The French ambassador, the Marquis de Valori, was much perturbed. 'What does it all mean?' he wrote: 'M. de Botta denies that there is any agreement between the Grand Duke and the King; he appears to be extremely indignant; if he is playing a comedy, he is doing it uncommonly well.' On the evening of December 10 Frederic threw off the mask. He sent for Botta, and revealed his immediate purpose, as to which we may let the Duke de Broglie speak.

'This was nothing less than the formal demand for the cession of Silesia, imperiously signified to Maria Theresa at the very moment of taking forcible possession of it, without any declaration of war and even without any previous warning. This perfidious action burst like a shell over astonished Europe. All contemporary documents bear witness to the intense indignation which it aroused in all who placed any value in morality and honour. Time, success, and glory have since then produced their ordinary effect, and the echo of that outcry of the public conscience has been much weakened on its way down to posterity. And, in these last days, there have even been found, outside of Germany, serious historians—such as the celebrated Englishman, Carlyle—to undertake the justification of this violent outrage. We may now, however, say that the archivists of Berlin have revived the impression which was becoming effaced. The character of the enterprise was already known to be sufficiently odious; but by their new revelation they have taught us how much, from the very first, it was aggravated by the cunning and hypocrisy which presided over its

secret elaboration. . . . Why Frederic made choice of Silesia rather than any other part of Maria Theresa's patrimony is explained by the simple fact that this province, lying contiguous to his own States, was most open to a sudden and surreptitious attack. As to the rights which have been spoken of as sufficient to justify him, I may, for several reasons, pass them by as undeserving of serious consideration; for, in the first place, this side of the question did not at any time occupy the attention of Frederic; and, in the second, if these rights ever existed, they had died out many years before. Droysen has attempted to show, by reference to numerous judicial and diplomatic writings, that some of the Duchies of Silesia formerly belonged to the Electors of Brandenburg, and were parted with by them only in exchange for another principality which had been promised but never ceded. Such an argument is nothing to the purpose. The latest of these transactions, true or false, dates back to 1660,* since which time Austria and Prussia had been at peace for eighty years, had signed more than one treaty of alliance, and even in the last war had fought side by side. If it is permitted to revive claims so long forgotten, what prince, what private individual even, as Macaulay has well remarked, could sleep in security? But, independently of that, let us be as candid as Frederic himself, and accept the avowal which he made to Voltaire, and which Voltaire alone prevented him from publishing. We must then admit that he had absolutely no right except that which he derived from having an army ready to act, and a treasury well filled, unless indeed we add, from the weakness and misfortune of Maria Theresa.'

This last point in the Duke de Broglie's argument may be strengthened by the consideration that, on marching into Silesia, Frederic issued a manifesto to the inhabitants, in which the rights that have been since so much talked of are not only not mentioned, but are not even hinted at. He said that in the dangerous discussions which must be expected to follow on the death of the emperor without a male heir, and which may probably be pushed to great lengths by those who think they have claims on the inheritance, the province of Silesia seems to form a sort of barrier to the Prussian dominions, and therefore, he continued,

'we have thought it our duty to take military possession of this

* In refusing to entertain the argument at all, the Duke de Broglie has, we may presume intentionally, understated his case. For, briefly, most stress has been laid on the claim to the Duchy of Jägerndorf, whose duke, at the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, was a collateral relation of the House of Brandenburg. In the early years of the war this prince was driven out by the emperor; the duchy was then held to have reverted to Bohemia; but, if the term confiscation is preferred, the confiscation took place about the year 1622, and was recognised by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648.

province in order to stop the advance of the fire of war which threatens our frontiers, and to shield ourselves from all danger on that side. Our purpose in taking this step is to prevent all ill consequences, and to preserve our subjects and States from the baneful effects of a general war, in accordance with the universally accepted principles of the right of nations, which authorise a just defence. . . . In doing this we have no design to do any injury to her Majesty the Queen of Hungary, between whose house and our own a very close union has always existed.'

And more to the same purpose, but not a word as to any rights or claims on the province. The Prussian soldiers crossed the frontier on December 16; but this manifesto, then issued, is dated December 1, and was published in French—presumably for the benefit of Europe at large—in the semi-official '*Journal de Berlin Politique*' of December 31. Not till three weeks later (January 21, 1741) did the same journal give, in French, an abstract of the claim which, it says, 'was printed here a few days ago;' and subsequent to this appeared an official pamphlet, in French,* stating the claims in full detail. But we know now by the direct evidence of the Prussian Archives,† that the question of right had absolutely no weight with Frederic in planning the aggression: 'That,' he wrote to Podewils, who had prickings of conscience, and reminded him that there were solemn treaties in the way, 'that is the business of the ministers, and yours more especially: it's time you were getting on with it, but secretly, for the orders to the troops are given.' The ministers had presumably not accomplished their crooked task when the invasion took place, so that their statement was not published for more than a month afterwards, when it was deemed advisable to endeavour, if possible, to tone down the scandal arising out of an operation which the Duke de Broglie curtly describes as of a kind more familiar to brigands than to diplomatists.

We are here able to give but a faint reflection of the argument and the evidence with which, through many pages, the Duke de Broglie lays bare the astounding falsehood and hypocrisy of the King of Prussia. Scarcely a word is recorded, whether spoken by himself at home or his ministers abroad, which does not tell with damning effect on the character of this man, of whom Mr. Carlyle did not scruple to

* '*Exposition fidèle des droits incontestables de la Maison Royale de Prusse et Électorale de Brandebourg sur plusieurs principautés, duchés et seigneuries de la Silésie*,' 4to, 92 pp.

† '*Politische Correspondenz*,' No. 141, vol. i. p. 91.

say 'In his way he is a Reality, he always means what he speaks, grounds his actions on what he recognises for the truth, and, in short, has nothing whatever of the hypocrite . . . a king who managed not to be a liar.' But indeed Mr. Carlyle's own judgment on his hero, read by the clear light of the '*Politische Correspondenz*,' is more severe than anything which the Duke de Broglie has written.

'He knew well,' he says, 'how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management, and sophistry to save any mortal, who does not stand on the truth of things, from sinking in the long run. Sinking to the very Mudgods, with all his diplomacies, possessions, achievements, and becoming an unnameable object, hidden deep in the Cesspools of the Universe.'

Notwithstanding his determination, rights or no rights, to invade Silesia, Frederic was anxious to find support amongst the powers of Europe. He vainly endeavoured to cajole Mr. Dickens, who earnestly implored him to consider 'the great reproach he would bring upon himself by such an open breach of his engagements, which he would never be able to colour with any pretence founded on the least shadow of reason or justice;' after hearing which, he turned to M. de Valori, and asked him if it was not the wish and the interest of France to take the Imperial crown away from the House of Austria and give it to the Elector of Bavaria; and if so, whether the king would not be glad to have his alliance. Valori replied doubtingly, that public rumour alleged that he had already engaged himself to the Grand Duke.

'He answered me,' wrote Valori on December 13, 'that it was far from being so. His vote was still for hire: but that if he did not find an opportunity of allying himself with the king, he would look for other friends who would support his views. That for himself he was perfectly indifferent as to who should be emperor, and that in the election he should be guided by his own interests or those of his allies. But he would repeat that his friendship was not to be despised, for he was in a position to second any aims the king might have, whilst his aggrandisement could not be prejudicial to France.'

This interview may be considered as the first definite approach of Prussia to France, and the beginning of that negotiation which, a few months later, ended in an alliance between the two countries. In dealing with it, therefore, the Duke de Broglie passes in review the several courses open to France to follow. She might have frankly anticipated the demand of the queen, and hastened to acknowledge and confirm the engagements into which she had entered by the treaty of 1738. This would have been chivalrous, but also, it may be

admitted, unusual, and was not obligatory. A second course would have been to have waited until called on; and when the queen invoked the aid of her allies, it would not have been altogether out of place, before undertaking the expense of a campaign, to stipulate for some compensation. This might have taken the form of part of the Austrian Netherlands, or of Luxemburg, which—as after events proved—Maria Theresa would gladly have given up, sooner than yield to the insolent aggression of Frederic, and which, at the same time, would have rounded off and markedly strengthened the French border.

‘France,’ he says, ‘had thus the choice between an act of almost ideal disinterestedness, and a fairly honourable, well-calculated policy. There was one other line of conduct possible—to break all her engagements without either provocation or pretext, and to throw herself blindly into the chances of a continental aggression on the very eve of a maritime war; and all for the sake of a Pretender without troops, such as the Elector of Bavaria, and in company of an ally without faith, such as the invader of Silesia. This had the curious merit of combining all that was wrong with all that was dangerous, and imprudence with disloyalty; and it was it which, after mature reflection, the French Government chose to adopt.’

The consideration which determined this course was mainly that of the hostility which, since the days of Francis I. and Charles V., had been traditional between the Houses of France and Austria. To all Frenchmen the glory and greatness of Richelieu or of Mazarin, of Condé, Turenne, and Villars, were based on the blows which they had struck against the Imperial house. From the general to the subaltern, from the ambassador to the lowest diplomatic agent, the whole service of the Crown had been trained from earliest youth to a policy hostile to Austria; and would have felt that their king was resisting the decrees of Providence and insulting the memory of his ancestors, if he neglected this chance to overwhelm the enemy of centuries. But, as a matter of fact, the traditional policy of France had, for the time being at least, lost its old meaning. When that policy was initiated, the Empire of Charles V. embraced what was practically the whole of continental Europe, except France. But in the course of years it had been disintegrated: limb after limb had been lopped from it by long wars or dynastic changes. With Spain, with Southern Italy, with Holland, with Alsace and Lorraine lost to it; with Hanover linked to England; with an armed and autocratic Prussia risen in the North, and with Russia coming each year into more prominent notice, and

showing more distinctly a desire and intention to be reckoned as one of the great powers of Europe, the dignity of the emperor was but the shadow of what it had been, and the aggressive force of the Empire had ceased to be a danger; with the accession of Maria Theresa it might be considered to have vanished altogether. A true statesman, had such a man been at the head of the French ministry, might well have thought the time come to modify the old ideas, and have considered whether the danger to France was not greater from a young and aggressive Prussia than from an old and conservative Austria. But Fleury, in his eighty-eighth year, wished for nothing more than peace—peace abroad if he could have it, but in any case peace at home—and the martial ardour of the enthusiastic spirits who surrounded the Court, and the ambition of the unchaste sisterhood who surrounded the king, carried him away on the flood of military enterprise. He would fain have resisted; but resistance had become impossible. Why should this old priest, it was everywhere asked, stop the course of glory and honour which opened to the king and to France? His senile rule, it was said, had already lasted too long. If his old age was deaf to the voice of events, means must be taken to make him hear. One cardinal had struck a mortal blow at Austria: this other cardinal would revive her, if he was permitted. Let him go. The king could easily find a successor: a man of action as well as of counsel; at once a general and a minister.

One name was in the mouths of all the agitators, that of Charles Louis Fouquet, Comte de Belle-Isle. This was the grandson of Fouquet the financier: he was now fifty-six years old; but the cloud which had darkened the fortunes of his family and kept him from the Court in his youth, had sheltered him from the bad effects of fashion and notoriety, and preserved him from the stamp of uniformity which was impressed on the great body of the French nobles. Instead of stepping at once into an assured and recognised position, he had his way to make both in the army and at Court, where, indeed, he was not received at all till after the death of Louis XIV. He had thus served in the army as a soldier rather than as a volunteer, and had won each grade by merit and brilliant conduct before the enemy. At Court he obtained influence by the seductive and caressing grace of his manner, which rendered him irresistible amongst the fair rulers of society. Meanwhile he was indefatigable in his endeavours to establish himself on the firm base of property: he had persuaded the Regency that his sole patrimony, the rocky island from which he derived

his title, was a necessary safeguard to the coasts of Brittany, and had ceded it to the State on advantageous terms: he had engaged, also, in certain army contracts, of a more or less doubtful character, but leading to very profitable results; and thus, at the present time, he was possessed of great wealth, a man of talent and originality, a Marshal of France and a universal favourite.

He had been quick to note the opportunity of breaking down the power of Austria; and for some years before the death of Charles VI., had maintained a close correspondence with the Elector of Bavaria, with whom, through his wife, he was distantly connected. When, therefore, the time came, Belle-Isle was at once the strongest advocate of the Bavarian claims, and the choice of the war party in France. Fleury would willingly have compromised matters, and have acknowledged Maria Theresa as Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, whilst he supported Charles Albert as a candidate for the Imperial crown; and, at the same time, have engaged both to keep the peace of Europe. But this was not the view of those around him; and Belle-Isle on the one hand, the King of Prussia on the other, had very different plans. Whether a frank and loyal recognition of Maria Theresa, in accordance with the guarantee, would have altogether stayed the hand of Prussia, may be perhaps doubtful: but it is certain that Frederic calculated on the support of either England or France, trusting that their impending hostility would compel them to take opposite sides.

We find nothing in the despatches between the English Government and the English ambassadors at Vienna or Berlin which leads us to suppose that—in the beginning, at any rate—England would have supported Frederic in his scheme of spoliation, though she would very probably not have made common cause with Austria and France against him. But Frederic very early understood that there was no probability of active opposition from France, and he depended on the helplessness of Hanover as a means of neutralising any measures which England might threaten. When, however, he saw that France was anxious for Charles Albert to be elected emperor, the way was open for further intrigue. He signified to the cardinal that his vote, as Elector of Brandenburg, was for hire; and the cardinal, pondering over the proposal, noted: ‘The king retains it, and, as an earnest, invites him to make a treaty of alliance.’ He had said, ‘It’s absurd to suppose that this can be settled without swords clashing:’ ‘Difficult, I allow,’ mused the cardinal. ‘It is

‘right for the young people to begin the dance,’ continued Frederic: ‘Yes,’ wrote Fleury, ‘that is true; but as the ball is chiefly on their account, we must take care that when they have had enough of it, they do not leave others to finish, and endure the reproaches of those who have to pay the piper.’ This curious conversation appears as a sketch for the instruction of M. de Valori, and took form in an official letter of January 5.

‘His Majesty,’ it runs, ‘very sincerely desires, for the sake of the prince’s interest, that his enterprise may succeed; and, for the sake of his reputation, that he should not delay justifying himself. Courts more suspicious than ours might hesitate to avow this . . . for the sending an ambassador of such high rank as Count Gotter to Vienna seems to indicate a double negotiation. It is publicly stated here that Count Gotter has offered to the Grand Duke to enter into all his views, without exception, if he would but agree to recognise the king’s rights in Silesia. But his Majesty puts no faith in these reports; he has perfect confidence in the King of Prussia, and gives a very decided proof of it in thus offering, at the present time, to ally himself with him.’

This was accompanied by a project of alliance, according to the terms of which the two sovereigns engaged themselves to act in unison, in order to place on the Imperial throne that prince who should be considered best fitted to maintain the liberties of the Empire: following on which, His very Christian Majesty would offer no opposition to the King of Prussia exercising his rights on Silesia; whilst on his part, the king would put no obstacle in the way of the House of Bavaria satisfying such claims as it had on the Austrian States. As yet, nothing was said about armed support: it was merely implied. For the present, the moral support was enough: it was, indeed, a great deal; for it gave an air of respectability to an adventure which justly lay under the ban of European diplomacy.

The intrusion of France into the domestic politics of Germany was certain to be resented by many of the German States, and still more by England, which, already at war with Spain, felt the attitude of France in relation to that power as offensive and hostile. The sending a large French fleet to the West Indies had given rise to speculations as to the orders under which it had sailed; and though it was not yet known that, in the early days of January, a casual encounter had taken place, whether by ‘mistake’ or ‘anticipation,’ it was well enough known that the fleet had gone out to lend moral, and not improbably physical, support to the Spaniards. The answer which

England might make to the unfriendly if not hostile demonstration was eagerly looked for. What England wished to do, what seemed to English politicians as a European interest, was to form a general coalition of German States against France; and, as the first step towards this, to patch up a peace between Prussia and Austria. To induce the one to offer terms which the other would accept, became the leading idea of the embassies at Berlin and Vienna: at this latter place especially, the English minister was virtually an agent for Frederic, working to obtain the concessions which he demanded; whilst at Berlin the king was courted by both France and England, on account of the very act of aggression which outraged the whole of Europe. From Versailles he received hints of a possible military assistance to finish his conquest, which London laboured to secure for him as the price of peace. It was with this knowledge that, on January 30, he wrote to his uncle George II. :—

‘I am happy to see that I have not been deceived in the trust which I have placed in your Majesty. . . . Having had no allies, I have not been able to open myself to anyone; but, seeing your Majesty’s good intentions, I look on you as being already my ally, and think that, for the future, I ought not to have anything hidden or secret from you. . . . Very far from wishing to trouble the peace of Europe, I want nothing except the recognition of my just and incontestable rights. . . . I place unbounded reliance on the friendship of your Majesty, and on the common interests of Protestant princes, which imperatively urge us to maintain the cause of those who are oppressed for their religion. The tyranny of the Government under which the Silesians have groaned is frightful, and the barbarity of the Catholics towards them is inexpressible. If these Protestants lose me, they have no longer any resource. If your Majesty wishes to secure for yourself an ally whose fidelity and firmness are inviolable, this is the time: our interests, our religion, our blood is the same; and it would be lamentable to see us opposed to each other: still more so would it be if I should be obliged to concur in the ambitious designs of France—which I have no intention of doing unless I am forced to it.’

It is, however, certain, that notwithstanding the very close and friendly negotiations which Frederic was carrying on with France, he would have preferred the alliance of England, not so much for his own sake, as because the popular feeling of Prussia was in favour of it. He thus wavered between the two in a perplexing manner, writing to Podewils such notes as, ‘The course we have to take is to agree with France, and ‘arrange matters with her, for England will never consent to ‘help us;’ or again, ‘Do all you can to keep France amused, ‘till we see if we cannot gain our end by means of mediation.’

Mr. Robinson was, in fact, hard at work trying to persuade the Court of Vienna to accept the proposal of Count Gotter to lend two million thalers (300,000*l.*), as a pledge for which a part of Silesia was to remain in the hands of Prussia, with the understanding that neither money nor pledge was to be returned; in this way, it was argued, the principle of the Pragmatic Sanction would be maintained; a precedent for dividing the heritage of Charles VI. would not be established.

Whilst this negotiation was going on at Vienna, Frederic himself, at Berlin, was feeling his way with Valori, anxious to obtain some distinct promise from Fleury. But Fleury, with eighty-seven years at his back, was not disposed to commit himself with undue haste; he had sent a vague project of a defensive alliance; Frederic wanted something more definite. Will the king, he asked, guarantee me the possession of Lower Silesia and Breslau? Valori, unable to say that he would, suggested that he ought to give the king some excuse for it, by a statement of his pretensions. 'Oh,' answered Frederic, 'my titles are good, very good. If I have not yet made them clear, it is that, pending a reply from Vienna, I have reserved the best arguments for the last.' On which Valori asked if those arguments were not the thirty 24-pounders and the fifteen mortars which were ready to set out. Frederic laughed, and said that in fact they were very persuasive ones. At another time he said, with quite a burst of confidence, 'Look here! let us give Bohemia to the Elector of Bavaria. He's such a fine fellow, and so fond of the House of France. But now, tell me honestly what you think of the intentions of your Government; doesn't it know that I am its natural ally in Germany?' And again when Valori had conveyed a wish, on the part of Belle-Isle, to have some definite understanding with the king before the meeting of the Diet, to which he was appointed ambassador, Frederic replied, 'Let him come here by all means. Besides the pleasure I shall have in making his acquaintance, it will be truly delicious to see a French general with a Prussian army in the heart of Silesia.' The continued mocking tone and ambiguous replies were too much for Valori, who had no turn for humour or raillery, especially when he was the object of it. Irritation quickened his apprehension, and he wrote to Belle-Isle on February 7, transmitting indeed the invitation, but adding:—

'The King of Prussia is not dealing with us in a straightforward manner. My opinion is that we should take the other side, so as not to be the dupe of a prince who carries on negotiations everywhere, and

thinks he is mighty clever in concluding none. . . . As I am speaking frankly, I do not hesitate to say that fickleness, presumption, and pride are the basis of this character.'

Even if Belle-Isle or Fleury was convinced, it was too late for any such change of policy ; and on February 22, Valori was instructed to give the King of Prussia all that he asked for ; a promise to support the Elector of Bavaria, or a guarantee of Lower Silesia, taking in exchange the already offered renunciation of his claims on Juliers and Berg. He was, however, specially ordered not to leave any written evidence in the hands of a prince who might, without uncharitableness, be supposed capable of making a bad use of it. The negotiations between France and Prussia were in this advanced state when Austria positively and disdainfully refused the terms which had been proposed by Gotter and supported by Robinson. The Grand Duke had indeed inclined towards accepting them ; but the queen would hear of nothing but the withdrawal of the Prussian troops from Silesia. She was reported to have said that she was willing to forget, if the King of Prussia would ask her pardon ; and Bartenstein—who had always been bitterly opposed to the English and strongly in favour of the French alliance—whom Robinson described as ' French mad '—laid it down as a first principle that the ' attempt to rectify ' the king without ruffling him was as much lost trouble as ' washing a Moor white.'

Undoubtedly, at this time, the Queen of Hungary and a powerful section of her ministers still entertained a firm confidence in the support of France. The undecided manner of Fleury was thus doubly fatal ; had he spoken out at once, and pledged himself and France to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction, it is, at least, possible that Frederic might not have acted the part he did ; or had he openly declared his intention of upholding the Elector of Bavaria, the queen would have seen the necessity of buying off Frederic. As it was, Prussia and Austria were both encouraged ; and the war which might never have occurred, or have been limited to the invasion of Silesia, was spread over all Europe, and indeed over all the known world. When too late, the letters from France gradually undeceived the Cabinet of Maria Theresa. ' The ' king,' Fleury wrote, ' is faithful to his promises ; but how ' can he sacrifice the rights of another ? ' The queen claimed the support of France as a right, a thing which she and her husband had bought and paid for by the cession of Lorraine. ' It is easy to believe,' replied the cardinal, ' that your dear ' husband felt some regret at parting with the heritage of his

‘fathers; but in any case, he is amply recompensed for it by the happiness of possessing your Majesty.’

By the time this was written, the war in Silesia had fairly begun, and the position of the Prussian army was critical. In front, the Austrians were advancing in force; in rear, the peasantry had formed armed bands which threatened the communications, and cut the throats of all stragglers; whilst on the flanks, the attitude of Saxony or of Poland was unsatisfactory, and might any day become dangerous. ‘Pandora’s box is opened,’ said Podewils; ‘all the ills of life are coming out of it at once.’

Frederic manfully bore up against the difficulties which crowded on him; but they acted as a sensible stimulus to the negotiations with France. ‘The king,’ he said to Valori on March 11, ‘can count on having in me a grateful ally. . . . As soon as I understand his intentions in favour of the Elector of Bavaria, it is only necessary to mark on the map with a pencil what he is to have. I will almost answer with my head that he shall have it.’ But at the same time he insisted on the alliance being kept secret. Valori agreed, and offered to quit the camp with the sullen air of a man discontented with his want of success. ‘Do so,’ cried Frederic, delighted; ‘do so, and take care that Brackel (the Russian minister) knows of it.’

For the fact was that though the French alliance brought with it an immense accession of material and political strength, it was, in some respects, a source of moral weakness. It might suit the governments of the different German States, at enmity with each other, to cultivate friendly relations with the government of France; but by the great German people, Prussians, or Bavarians, or Austrians, the French were utterly detested. Wherever the German tongue was spoken the sanguinary excesses in the Palatinate were held in bitter memory; and everyone who had been to Paris had some tale to tell of insult and contumely. The two causes worked towards the same result; and the one sentiment held in common by all Germans, of whatever State they were, was intense hatred of the French. The King of Prussia, who was, individually, quite above these vulgar feelings, and had his likes and dislikes, his loves and his hates, under the perfect control of political expedience, was nevertheless well aware of the wide-spread existence of this antipathy, and specially warned Valori that, in the minds of several of the German princes, the support of France would do the Elector of Bavaria more harm than good.

Having started a candidate, however, France was determined that he should win; and pending the meeting of the Diet, the Comte de Belle-Isle was instructed to push the canvass in all possible quarters. He entered on this office in the middle of March, and addressed himself, in the first instance, to the three electoral bishops of Trèves, Cologne, and Mayence. These had each their own opposing interests; but by intrigue, judicious flattery, and unscrupulous bribery, they were brought to make common cause against the House of Austria. The beginning was of good omen, and Belle-Isle passed on to Dresden.

Frederic Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was the one legitimate son of Frederic Augustus I., commonly distinguished as the Strong, whom the Duke de Broglie happily describes as 'Lutheran by birth, Catholic by ambition, and Mussulman by morals; beginning life as a hero of romance, and ending it as a pasha in his seraglio.' Neither in his virtues nor his vices did his son resemble him: a weak, amiable prince, and a constant, perhaps rather a submissive husband, his principal care was to ensure his peace in this world and his salvation in the next; and, to do this with as little trouble as possible, he had handed over the care of his kingdom to Count Brühl, a German Protestant, and the care of his soul to Father Guarini, an Italian Catholic. His wife, Maria Josepha, elder sister of the Electress of Bavaria, was first cousin of Maria Theresa, and might very well be considered to have, genealogically, a better title to the inheritance. He had at first been inclined to assert this claim; but indolence, and possibly some unusual sense of the meaning of an oath, had restrained him. What he would not do for himself he was not likely to do for the Elector of Bavaria, or his wife's younger sister; and his minister, Brühl, was horrified at the territorial aggrandisement of the King of Prussia; whilst his confessor, Guarini, was equally averse to the displacement of the true religion by this aggressive Protestant.

All the influences which bore on Augustus were thus in favour of Maria Theresa, as opposed to the ambition of Bavaria, Prussia, and France; with, indeed, one notable exception, which proved sufficient to turn his unstable character. This was the persuasion of his illegitimate brother Maurice, Count de Saxe, whom Mr. Carlyle delighted to present to his readers as the eldest of the 354 Royal Bastards; a Saxon by birth, but French by habit and profession, and a general in the French army; a man of superb physique and splendid intellect; and even when shattered in health by long-continued excesses,

still the rival, if not the superior, in military fame of the King of Prussia himself. Count de Saxe had no particular disposition in favour of Frederic; but his interest was essentially French, and his influence with his brother was thrown altogether into the scale in support of Belle-Isle's mission. Just as Belle-Isle arrived at Dresden, came the news of the battle of Mollwitz. Nothing, it is said, succeeds like success, and the Elector of Saxony, already urged by his brother Maurice, was not disinclined to join the alliance, to give his vote to the Elector of Bavaria, and to help in the spoliation of the unfortunate Queen of Hungary. He was, however, too sluggish to move easily or quickly; and whilst he was making up his mind, Belle-Isle went on to Breslau to arrange matters in a personal interview with Valori, who had, from the first, been suspicious of Frederick's honesty, and now found his aims considerably extended by the victory at Mollwitz. He insisted on additional guarantees, and reasserted his claims on the succession of Juliers and Berg, which he had already waived in favour of France.

Valori's suspicions were not uncalled for. Two days after the battle the king had written to Podewils saying that, through the ambassador in London, he had accepted the proposition of the King of England as to the form of agreement with Austria. 'Perhaps the signal victory gained the day before yesterday will give weight to this negotiation. As regards that with France, let it lag—only, not as if you meant it; and cajole Valori more than ever.' * And the following day, 'You know my intentions, and how important it is to protract the business, and to keep France skilfully in play until the arrival of Lord Hyndford. Meanwhile, continue to negotiate secretly with England and Russia, so that we may be able, according to circumstances, to take the side which suits us best.' Ten days later, April 23, he wrote:—

'You will compliment M. de Belle-Isle, in my name, on his safe journey, and speak of the great desire I have to see him; but you must detain him at Breslau for two or three days longer. You may say that the roads are not safe, and that he must have an escort, which I will no doubt provide. Only you must be cautious that he does not suspect anything. When he comes on here, do you come too; you will cajole him admirably.'

And the next day he added:—

'From the way in which you tell me the Marshal de Belle-Isle has

* 'En cajolant le de Valory,' is a frequent recommendation, which sometimes appears as 'Soll ihn cajoliren.'

acted at Cologne, at Mayence, and at Trèves, I conclude that he is imperious and absolute in his opinions. He will want to settle matters at once; whilst I, for my part, want to wait the arrival of the English charlatan before I decide. So, in any case, by flattering the Belle-Isle to the uttermost, and displaying the greatest possible desire to conclude the treaty, we must manage to defer doing it until we have seen how things go with the English.'

It was not till the 26th that Belle-Isle was allowed to come on to the camp, still near Mollwitz; and even then, although he travelled with a gallant escort, and was received with military honours by the king himself, great care was taken to prevent his speaking about the treaty. Frederic took his guest through the camp, passed the army in review before him, explained everything, talked incessantly, but would not let Belle-Isle slip in a word. Not till the evening did he get an opportunity, when he strongly urged the necessity of signing the treaty without delay. Frederic listened complacently; thanked him; assured him that it was his fixed purpose to ally himself with the king; that he was deeply sensible of the friendship which his Majesty had shown him when all the rest of the world was turning its back; that never, no, never in all his life, would he forget it, and said that, as it was getting late, he would say nothing more just then, but the next day, after dinner, would open his heart to him. This was a further delay of twenty-four hours, and the opening of his heart, when it came, was the enumeration of a list of grievances, which amounted to a complaint that France had promised much both for Bavaria and Prussia, but had done nothing. To which Belle-Isle replied that this related to the negotiation, but had no further value after he had given his word to Valori; that the word of a great prince ought to be as inviolable as a signed treaty; that the Queen of Hungary would prefer ceding all Bohemia to the Elector of Bavaria to yielding one village to him; and much more to the same purport; on which Frederic moderated his tone, and said that of course the agreement was to hold, but the treaty must not be signed yet, as the knowledge of it would raise a terrible storm on the part of England and Russia. A few days later, when Lord Hyndford, the new English ambassador, had arrived, Frederic convinced himself that England would by no means guarantee what France had agreed to, the whole of Lower Silesia. Hyndford proposed, as a compromise, one or two duchies, instead of the four which Frederic demanded; and the conviction that nothing more was to be got out of the English

brought him to conclude matters with the French, and the treaty was finally signed on June 5.

In preparing, as in signing the treaty, the most absolute secrecy was observed; Podewils writing it with his own hand, so that not even the clerks in his office—one of whom was in Hyndford's pay—knew anything about it. By accident rather than design, the secrecy has been partially preserved ever since; and though the substance of it has been published often enough,* the full text is now printed for the first time, and permits no longer any doubt as to the iniquitous compact by which France solemnly engaged herself 'to guarantee, with 'all her force and against all comers, the whole of Lower 'Silesia to the King of Prussia and his heirs for ever;' and also 'to put the Elector of Bavaria in a condition to act 'vigorously, by furnishing him with all the necessary means, 'and sending as many troops to his assistance as shall be 'requisite.' About all this there was, in reality, no doubt before, though the course of after events rendered it politic for those who rated Frederic as a hero to assume that the treaty was, in point of fact, not a treaty at all, but only a vague agreement, 'a kind of provisional off-and-on treaty,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'which is thought to have had many ifs in it;' 'a 'very fast and loose treaty, to all appearance;' 'never was a 'more contingent treaty;' all which rests on no stouter support than a perverted imagination. 'Both parties,' he adds, 'have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for 'months to come; nay, in some sort, all along, feeling how 'contingent it was,' which is true, indeed, of the king of Prussia, but certainly not of both parties. For in sober truth the treaty was as sound and solid as treaty could be, and was fairly acted on by France, though not without misgivings on the part of Fleury, who wrote to Belle-Isle on June 17, speaking, indeed, of the Elector of Bavaria in most favourable terms, though lamenting that he was neither rich nor powerful, and expressing his uneasiness at entering on the war with no allies except some necessitous princes; and going on:—

'The King of Prussia, who is not in this category, disquiets me more than any other. His mind is altogether ill-regulated; he listens to no advice, and resolves rashly, without having taken the measures necessary to ensure success. Good faith and sincerity are not his favourite virtues: he is false in everything, even in his caresses. I even doubt

* Amongst others, in Flassan, '*Histoire de la Diplomatie française*,' v. 142; and in Ranke, '*Neun Bücher preussischer Geschichte*,' ii. 274.

whether he is sure in his alliances, for he has no other principle than his own selfish interest. He wishes to govern and to arrange everything without reference to us. He is hated by the whole of Europe. The portrait may perhaps appear to you somewhat exaggerated; and as you have seen him more nearly than I, I leave you to judge of it. But I cannot help fearing that if anyone should make him an advantageous offer—if the Court of Vienna, or rather of England, should think it essential to detach him from us, he would not be scrupulous about devising a pretext for separating himself from our alliance. I open my heart to you. I pray you burn my letter.'

After-events showed that Fleury had formed a very mistaken estimate of Frederic's want of judgment and forethought, but for the rest his suspicions were thoroughly well grounded. The moral rule which the King of Prussia laid down for his own guidance was curtly expressed in a letter to Podewils of May 12:—'If anything is to be gained by being 'honest men, we shall be so; and if it is necessary to cheat, let 'us be rogues;' and, true to the principle so enunciated, he had taken even excessive precautions to ensure the secrecy of his treaty with France, in order that he might be better able to continue the negotiations with England. The secret was, however, not so well kept but that the English Government had pretty accurate information concerning it. So early as March 16 Lord Harrington wrote to Mr. Robinson that the king had intelligence, which might absolutely be depended on, that France was on the point of throwing off the mask, of acting openly against the Queen of Hungary, and of supporting the Elector of Bavaria with 30,000 men; and also that she had a treaty on foot, and very far advanced, with the King of Prussia, the terms of which are correctly stated.

The knowledge of this gave a stimulus to the English efforts, and Robinson was instructed to impress on the Court of Vienna 'the absolute necessity which his Majesty apprehends 'there is for their endeavouring to make it up, if possible, and without the least loss of time, with the King of Prussia,' and, for that purpose, even to cede to him the whole of Lower Silesia. The Queen of Hungary was, however, firm in her determination to yield nothing. She refused all terms, and Lord Harrington, enforcing the necessity of the position, wrote again on June 21: 'If your Court continue under their infatuation, you must let them feel that his Majesty thinks it 'a very ill return to the many essential and expensive proofs 'he has given of his disposition to assist and support the 'House of Austria.' Robinson accordingly put the case before the Grand Duke in very strong language, and, as en-

forcing his arguments, told him 'that England would, by its situation, be the last to suffer in the ruin which I saw his Court was bringing upon its own head and that of all Europe.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'that cursed ditch which separates you from the Continent. Would to God you were upon the latter; then you would feel like us.'* After some days, however, the queen consented to a negotiation on the basis of paying to the King of Prussia 2,000,000 thalers, in consideration of his evacuating the Austrian territory; and, in exchange for his claims on Silesia, ceding to him an equivalent in the Netherlands, as, for instance, in Gelderland. Robinson was deputed to carry the proposals to the Prussian camp, and, in concert with Lord Hyndford, to lay them before Frederic. Hyndford broached the subject beforehand, and Frederic slyly communicated his news to Valori. 'This,' he said, 'is a trap to embroil me with you; but to give the king time, I will ask to consider it, and will make such extravagant propositions that they will not be able to accept them.' Then, chuckling over the idea of duping the English, he added, 'Is it my fault if they are fools?'

The reception of Robinson took place in the camp at Strehlen on August 7. The story has often been told, and in fullest detail, though with much offensive colouring, by Mr. Carlyle, who is indignant and scurrilous, because the two English ambassadors—one a 'ponderous Scotch lord of an edacious gloomy countenance'—ventured to dispute, even diplomatically, the right of the revered Frederic to rob his neighbour. The king, with every appearance of scorn, with 'theatrical gesticulations,' and marks of great anger, refused all that Robinson had to offer—refused the money, refused Gelderland, and finally, as though unable to control his rage, 'retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of his tent.' Afterwards, as if recovering himself, he sent to ask the two ambassadors to dinner. They accordingly dined with him that day and the next, and having firmly declined a pressing invitation to stay in the camp for two or three days 'to assist at some kind of military exercise,' they were told by Podewils, 'with great expressions of politeness,' that Mr. Robinson might consider the second dinner as 'an audience of leave.' 'But,' says Robinson, 'what was most remarkable, when I let drop in this last conversation, as if

* Robinson to Harrington, June 27, 1741. By some mistake, the Duke de Broglie has attributed this remark of the Grand Duke to Maria Theresa.

' France would certainly abandon, for its own views, the King of Prussia, M. Podewils said, "Non, non, la France ne nous plantera pas, parce que nous ne l'avons pas plantée." '*

Meantime the French, some 40,000 strong, had crossed the Rhine, and were marching to form a junction with the Bavarian army. They professed to come solely as allies, to save Bavaria from being crushed; but Maria Theresa and her ministers were unable to discriminate between the offensive and defensive nature of the alliance: almost at the same time, they received news of the failure of Robinson's negotiation, of the occupation of Breslau, which had immediately followed, and of the near approach of the Franco-Bavarian army. Another French army, under the Marshal de Maillebois, threatening Hanover, extorted from the Elector an engagement to remain neutral and to offer no opposition to the election of Charles Albert; and though Robinson assured the queen that this did not affect the English policy, she was unable to distinguish in her own mind between the King of England and the Elector of Hanover. Russia, too, was powerless by reason of the active hostility of Sweden in the north; and Maria Theresa, without an army, without allies, with enemies on all sides, resolved, in defiance of the advice of her counsellors, to appeal to the Hungarians.

This was contrary to the policy which had become traditional with the House of Austria: the Hungarians were always in a state of discontent and generally of revolt: if they got arms, it was said, no one could say what use they might make of them. It may have been the extremity of her danger, it may have been an inspiration of genius that taught Maria Theresa that the discontent was the offspring of distrust: that a nation of warriors was aggrieved at being precluded from the joys and the glories of war. Her appeal to the Hungarian Diet roused the hearts of her hearers, banished discontent, and called 100,000 men to arms; and seeking of their own free-will what they had before refused, they begged that the husband of their queen might be proclaimed regent of the

* Robinson to Harrington, August 9, 1741.—Raumer and Carlyle (who had consulted the original despatch) both refer this curious remark of Podewils to the first day, immediately after the withdrawal of the king. The Duke de Broglie, following Raumer, has made the same mistake; but, quoting apparently from memory, he has gravely altered the meaning, and has given it: 'Non, la France ne nous plantera pas là, à moins cependant, ajouta-t-il, après quelques instants d'hésitation, que nous ne la plantions là nous-mêmes.'

kingdom. He accordingly took the oaths to the States assembled; after which, the queen, having the infant prince brought into the hall, took him in her own arms, and in dumb show presented him to her loyal Hungarians. A wild cry of rapturous enthusiasm rang through the hall; and every sword flashed from its sheath, amid shouts of 'Vitam et sanguinem consecramus!' 'Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!' The words are traditional, but they are as natural and probable as they are noble; and we have no hesitation in accepting them as historical, though Mr. Carlyle does attempt to discredit the whole story, because there has been some confusion between the two assemblies, and because 'the baby weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born.' What has such rubbish to do with the matter? But the armed insurrection was a great fact, and within a few weeks the queen found herself at the head of an army, composed of the most warlike tribes in Europe, ill-disciplined indeed, but, even so, comparing not unfavourably with any but the carefully drilled troops of Frederic himself.

During this time, the flood which had threatened to overwhelm her, which had borne the allies on towards Vienna, had sensibly abated. They had not grasped the fortune that was offered to them, and the opportunity was now past. The fact seems to have been that the Elector of Bavaria, who was nominally the commander-in-chief, had neither force of character nor military capacity, and he delegated his authority to Marshal Töring, whom the French officers were unwilling to obey. Nominally, they were under the immediate command of Belle-Isle; but Belle-Isle was absent on his diplomatic business, and his men were left without any real head. Jealousies between the Bavarians and the French, and even amongst the French themselves, deprived the army for the time of all power for active operations. It thus lay at Lintz through the whole of September; and when, in the beginning of October, it began its march, it did not move onwards to Vienna, but towards the left, to attempt the conquest of Bohemia.

Frederic was, not unnaturally, much annoyed at the neglect of the allied interests, and at the military incapacity which had so utterly thrown away the opportunity of striking a deadly blow at the common enemy. The capture of Vienna would, he may have supposed, have virtually ended the war, or at any rate have definitely given Silesia to him. He had never publicly acknowledged the treaty with France, reserving to himself the chance of 'planting' his ally; and the

disgust which he now felt may have rendered him more accessible to the overtures of Austria. He had, or professed to have, a bitter dislike to Robinson, of whom in his '*Mémoires*' he speaks as '*une espèce de fou*,' '*un fanatique*;' but he was ready to listen to the offers of Lord Hyndford. It was thus that arose that extraordinary, and—as far as Frederic was concerned—that most discreditable negotiation, which finally took form, on October 9, at Klein-Schnellendorf, in a verbal agreement between the king in person, accompanied by his agent, Colonel Goltz, and the Austrian Marshal Neipperg, with whom was General Lentulus, Lord Hyndford being also present. According to this agreement, the king was to take Neisse after a pretended but innocuous siege of fourteen days, and was then to go peaceably into winter quarters in Upper Silesia, undertaking, however, not to levy contributions. Neipperg, on the other hand, was to be free to march with his army towards Moravia, and thence in any direction he chose. The whole was to be kept as an inviolable secret, to which, at the request of the King of Prussia, Neipperg, Lentulus, and Hyndford gave their words of honour. This is the bare outline of what appears in the official protocol drawn up by Lord Hyndford, the result of much conversation and argument.

'The king,' wrote Hyndford to Lord Harrington, 'stayed above two hours, and all the while talked with the greatest concern for the queen and the Duke of Lorraine, and gave Marshal Neipperg his advice with regard to the operations against his allies, and recommended to him particularly to make Prince Lobkowitz join him with all his force, to strike a stroke before the allies should join; if he were successful he insinuated little less than that he would take part with the queen; but if she was still unlucky he must look to himself.'

The low cunning by which Frederic hoodwinked, or, as he would have said, cajoled Valori, and the utter want of faith towards his allies, have, from the very first noising abroad of this convention, been held up to the opprobrium of all honourable men. Even Frederic himself, whom we are far from including in that category, cannot excuse his conduct; and in his endeavours to do so, has really shown it in—if possible—a still worse light. What he has said amounts to this: that though, indeed, he had causes of complaint against France, they were not sufficient to induce him to break with her. He had therefore no such design, whilst making this convention; he knew that the Queen of Hungary only entered on it in order to sow mistrust and dissension between the allies; and that therefore he had insisted on the most profound secrecy,

feeling sure that it would not be kept, and that the agreement would thus be annulled. All which he exactly contradicts three pages further on, where he says that he agreed to a truce in order to prevent Austria from being crushed by France, and Germany being broken up into a number of virtually French provinces. And in still a third story he says that he had discovered that Fleury was carrying on secret negotiations on the part of France, and had offered to sacrifice the allies on condition of being put in possession of Luxemburg and part of Brabant.* The three excuses or explanations so offered are incompatible with each other, and are, one and all, absolutely false. Frederic agreed to the truce, meaning it to hold, if it seemed convenient to him; meaning also to break it, if to break it seemed more advantageous. Mr. Carlyle, who here, as in other passages, outfrederics Frederic, admits that, in truth, the negotiations 'are of a questionable distressing nature,' but asserts as a partial—not complete—consolation to the ingenuous reader, that 'they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side.'

'Magnanimous,' he says, 'I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious in this business; but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wiggled mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice are all cogged—and he knows it. and ought to profit by his knowledge of it; and, in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering melley, and go home safe with it if he can.'

With which astounding falsehood—nothing less, for there was not and is not a trace of suspicion that France was not playing strictly 'on the sqaufe'—with further abuse of 'seething diplomacies and monstrous wiggled mendacities, horribly wicked and desperately unwise,' amid which the young king stands 'supremely adroit—clear as a star—sharp as cutting steel;' with this, and speaking of Hyndford as 'a long-headed, dogged kind of man, with a surly, edacious strength,' and applying the name of Smelfungus to anyone who ventures not to approve of this 'immorality,' 'this playing with loaded dice,' he closes the argument. But rant and nicknames cannot convert cheating into honesty, or base lies into truth; and after a careful study of the facts, as laid down in the 'Politische Correspondenz' and in Lord Hyndford's despatches, of the explanations of Frederic, and of the comments by Mr Carlyle and the Duke de Broglie, we have no hesitation in

* *Cœuvres historiques de Frédéric II. (Preuss. 1846), ii. 91, 94.*

accepting the pithy conclusion of this last, 'that for a man to concert matters with his enemies at the expense of his friends is called treason, in all languages, and in all countries.'

Notwithstanding the pledges which had been given at Klein-Schnellendorf, it was out of the question that the secrecy could be maintained; the actions of the parties betrayed it, without any necessity for words. The sham siege and the sham defence of Neisse were carried on in the face of all Europe, and could not be misunderstood. No disinterested person had any doubt; and, though Belle-Isle was loth to believe that his handiwork—the treaty which, with so much scheming and labour, he had got signed—was so much waste-paper, his correspondence with Amelot, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, betrays his extreme uneasiness. 'The King of Prussia,' he wrote on October 17, eight days after the date of the convention—

'The King of Prussia is going into winter-quarters without following Neipperg. Nothing he could do would be so injurious to the Elector of Bavaria and the common cause. Neipperg is left free to enter Bohemia, and, with his united forces, prevent the siege of Prague or cut off the Elector's communication with the Danube. If it was possible to give way to suspicions of the fidelity and honesty of this prince, there are plenty of grounds for doing so. From all parts of the country I hear how much our friends are disheartened and the Austrians inspired by the belief that there is an understanding between the King of Prussia and the Queen of Hungary. The Elector of Bavaria himself is strongly of this opinion.'

On the 30th, Amelot, writing to Belle-Isle, says:—

'The conduct of the King of Prussia is in every respect inexcusable, and I only hope this bad faith does not go further than we can yet see. The retreat of M. de Neipperg gives rise to strange thoughts.'

The rumour and belief daily strengthened, notwithstanding the contradictions and asseverations of Frederic's ministers and of Frederic himself. That he, having acted the foul part he had done, should deny it, was a matter of course; but for a king, the foundation of honour, knowingly and deliberately to pledge his word of honour to a lie, is what we had believed to be an impossibility. We find that even this baseness was within the reach of Mr. Carlyle's peculiar bright 'star.' It is thus described by Valori, who had spoken to the king about the unpleasant rumours which reached him. 'What can I do?' he answered; 'can I hinder knaves spreading these reports, and fools believing them?' 'But,' said Valori, 'the rumour comes from Marshal Neipperg himself.' 'Has he said that?' retorted the king; 'it's a falsehood, which will

‘cost him dear.’ Valori then urged him to take an active part in the Bohemian campaign.

‘I will not take a step in Bohemia,’ he said; ‘it is too late. I may perhaps lend you a regiment of Hussars, just to show that there is no such agreement as is spoken of, but nothing more. In February I will see what state you are in. If I am satisfied with your arrangements, and the magazines which you have established, I will act with you; not otherwise. I will not make war as a subordinate; I will do as I think best. Depend on my word of honour (*comptez sur ma parole d’honneur*) that the agreement is not made, and will not be made except in concert with my allies; but with the same truth I tell you that my troops shall not move during the winter.’

Not only had the agreement been made in the manner already described, but the definitive treaty which, as was hoped, would result from it, was in active preparation. December had been named as the limit within which it was to be signed; and Colonel Goltz, writing to Lord Hyndford to accelerate matters, added, ‘It is the queen’s favourable chance; *aut nunc aut nunquam.*’ The King of Prussia thus stood balancing between opposing interests, between the treaty with Bavaria and the treaty with Austria. Whichever way he inclined, he must commit perjury and treason, but the particular form of them was left to be determined by the course of events. German writers are fond of dwelling on the true national feeling which dictated Frederic’s crooked policy at this time. They accept his statement that he was guided by a desire to preserve an equilibrium between France and Austria, and by a determination not to allow Austria to be crushed. That such reasons are purely imaginary is proved, not by Frederic’s contradictory statements—for one might have as good a claim to be believed as another, and all are equally false—but by his action during the winter.

The allied Franco-Bavarian army was advancing against Prague, which had a sufficient garrison and was expected to make a stout defence until relieved by Neipperg. It was, however, brilliantly carried offhand on November 26, in an unlooked-for assault, planned and conducted by the Count de Saxe, who sent off the news to Belle-Isle the same night. The marshal was at this time lying sick at Dresden, the victim of rheumatic fever, anxiety, and overwork. But the news from Prague had the happiest effect, and his illness at once took a favourable turn. But other good news came in as well; for the success of the allies was the inclination of the balance which the King of Prussia had been waiting for. When the wild tribes of Hungary were gathering for the defence of their

queen, and when the French army signally failed in the first object of the campaign, Frederic, we are asked to believe, was seized with alarm lest France should so overpower Austria as to threaten the liberties of Germany, and hastened to agree to a truce, to accept a treaty. When, on the other hand, the French had rendered themselves masters of Prague, when Charles Albert had been crowned King of Bohemia, December 7, 1741, when a terrible, perhaps a fatal blow, had been struck against the House of Austria, this patriotic and national prince at once cast the truce to the winds, confirmed the alliance with France, and wrote to Belle-Isle, on November 30, congratulating him on his glorious conquest, and putting at his disposal sixteen squadrons of dragoons and hussars to help him in gathering in the fruits of it, to which, on December 9, he added: 'Send me word as soon as you know what Neipperg is likely to do. My fingers are itching to be of distinguished service to my dear Elector.' 'I quite understand,' said Belle-Isle, when he read; 'he comes to our assistance, when we are no longer in want of it.'

Valori, as we have seen, had had his own suspicions, which even the royal 'word of honour' had not altogether removed. The king now again assured him, with many oaths, that never, no, not even in imagination, had he dreamed of treating with the Queen of Hungary. 'I defy you,' he said, 'to show me a scrap of paper as big as my hand which can prove that I had.' Valori hinted that the capture of Neisse gave grounds for suspicion. 'Well,' said the king, 'and haven't you taken Prague without resistance? Mightn't I just as well say that you had an understanding with the queen?' But to Lord Hyndford, who was, in this matter, behind the scenes, he said:—

'The Austrians have been guilty of another folly in suffering Prague to be taken under their nose without risking a battle. If they had been successful, I do not know what I should have done. But now we have 130,000 men as against 70,000 of theirs, and it is to be imagined we should beat them, and they have nothing to do but to submit, and to make as good a peace as they can.'

In reality, the aspect of Austrian affairs at this time was gloomy enough; for, in addition to other misfortunes, the revolution in St. Petersburg, which had placed Elizabeth on the throne, had also broken the only alliance from which Austria could hope for effective aid. The Tsarina, who had fancied herself in love with Louis XV., and who, had distance permitted, might perhaps have contested the high post occupied successively by the fair daughters of the House of Nesle,

hastened to make peace with Sweden at the same time that she assured the French minister of her friendly sentiments. The Count de Belle-Isle had absolutely nothing to do with this revolution and the consequent change in the Russian policy, any more than he had with the capture of Prague; but he was ambassador of France as well as commander-in-chief of the French army, and both the diplomatic and military triumphs shed their glory round his head. He had, however, for some time back tried to swell his own importance by complaining to his government that the double task was too much for him; and, yielding to what they possibly supposed that he wished, the King relieved him of one part of it, and appointed Marshal de Broglie to the post of commander-in-chief. The supersession was softened by the fact that M. de Broglie was not only senior to Belle-Isle, but the senior marshal in the French army; still, Belle-Isle was much annoyed, and, although he could not actually complain of having been taken at his word, it was pretty generally understood in the army that hostile criticism of Broglie was the surest way of cultivating the favour of Belle-Isle, whose court influence was supposed to be more powerful, and whose less advanced age would allow him longer time to exercise it. This feeling brought Belle-Isle a number of letters from the senior officers; the most extraordinary, from a military point of view, that have perhaps ever been written. They have little bearing on the political history of the period, but incidentally they illustrate the curious state of discipline in the French army, which permitted or even encouraged officers of high rank, on active service and in presence of the enemy, to cabal against each other and their commander-in-chief, and go far to explain the small success and the repeated disasters of the French arms both in this war and in the next.

The King of Prussia, also, was much annoyed at the change. He had believed in Belle-Isle, who had, indeed, ably conducted the negotiations for the election of Charles Albert to a successful issue (January 24, 1742), and who was, it might be supposed, bound by personal as well as political motives to foster the alliance which was mainly his handiwork. On the other hand, he had some particular aversion or contempt for Broglie, who had no obligation to maintain Belle-Isle's policy, and who, at the age of seventy, might be considered to belong to an old and effete school. This feeling grew to one of violent hatred; the very mention of the marshal's name threw Frederic into wild fits of passion, and he himself could not utter it without joining to it a number of insulting and indecent epithets, of which

he had an inexhaustible store. It went so far that Valori wrote on February 18, 'To let the King of Prussia see that ' Marshal de Broglie might derive the least advantage from ' any course, even though it was clearly the best, was quite ' enough to set him absolutely against it.'

This flaw in the alliance, and these cabals in the French army, were the preservation of Austria. The French garrison in Lintz was forced to capitulate; the expedition which Frederic led into Moravia utterly failed; and both, by reason of the want of concord and co-operation. In England, almost at the same time, Walpole was compelled to resign; and Carteret, who became virtually the head of the Government, was known to be in favour of active interference in the cause of Maria Theresa; whilst in Italy, the King of Sardinia declared that he would not permit any further aggrandisement of the House of Bourbon, and, though reserving his own claims, undertook the defence of the Milanese. The position of Austria was felt to be no longer critical; that of the allies might become so, if the forces of England and Holland should really enter on the campaign; and Frederic—whose views of the balance of power were peculiar—fell back on the old project of a treaty with the queen.

The pros and cons which he noted down for his own consideration are worthy of careful study; as evidence of fact, they are of the highest authority, and prove, in despite of all that he said or wrote afterwards, that suspicion of treason on the part of the French had no place in his mind, and had no influence on his conduct. His words, written about the end of March or beginning of April,* are, 'It is bad for a man to ' break his word without reason; up to the present time I ' have no room to complain of France or of my allies;' and that these refer to political not to military matters is shown by the corresponding con, which is: 'The bad' arrangements which ' the French make, rendering it almost certain that they will ' again be beaten somewhere in detail.' For the rest many of the reasons which eventually prevailed in favour of the peace are just and sound; such as, 'If England and Holland declare ' war on the cardinal in Flanders, he will be obliged to ' withdraw a great part of the French troops from Germany, ' and will leave me charged with the whole weight of the war. ' The treaty, as it stands, gives only a simple guarantee, with-

* *Politische Correspondenz*, Nos. 768, 769, vol. ii. pp. 98, 99. The papers are not dated, but are so assigned by the editors. The Duke de Broglie thinks they might be placed rather earlier.

‘out stipulating the number of troops,’ which had been verbally fixed at 40,000. In another place he notes, ‘The considerable sums which the war costs;’ and again, ‘The large succours which the queen is on the point of receiving from Hungary; the chances of fortune, which might take from me all that I have gained; and the general war, which might extend, by way of Hanover, into my own country.’

All these and other similar considerations are, in themselves, perfectly reasonable, and such as no politician could object to; but the one consideration which to an honest man would have been the first, has no place on either side. There is no mention of the duty which a true soldier had towards his allies; that having by his own intrigues, his own earnest solicitations brought the French soldiers into Bohemia, he was morally bound, so far as lay in his power, to see them safely out of it. Of such a duty he had no thought; for it he made no provision; but patched up the peace for himself alone, with the utmost eagerness and privacy. When Lord Hyndford appeared loth to have anything more to do with secret negotiations, he directed Count Podewils to offer him a bribe of 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*) for his good offices. Hyndford—edacious Scotchman that he was—disdainfully refused it; ‘The King,’ he said, ‘does not know me, nor the English nobility,’—or words to that effect; and though he undertook to transmit the proposals to Vienna, he was cautious not in any way to commit himself to their acceptance or even to their recommendation. The business thus dragged heavily, and in no way answered to the impatience of Frederic, who, rightly judging that the successes and improved hopes of the Austrians were making the queen more obstinate, resolved to try the fortune of battle, and, as a simple measure of diplomacy, marched into Bohemia, ranged his army near Chotusitz, across the path of the advancing Austrians, fought with them on May 17, and defeated them. The Austrians retreated and were not pursued. To the French, the king spoke of his heavy losses or of his want of supplies; but in reality he considered that what he had done was sufficient for his purpose; the battle was not so much an incident of the campaign as of the negotiations, and was designed, not to strengthen Charles Albert, but to convince Maria Theresa. In this it was fully successful, and the preliminaries of peace between Austria and Prussia were signed at Breslau on June 11.

Not, however, till the 18th did Frederic, with impudence and falsehood peculiarly his own, announce this treaty to Fleury, Belle-Isle, and the Emperor; to each laying the blame

on the inefficiency of the French army and the ineptitude of the French commander-in-chief, which exposed him to such danger that, as in a shipwreck, he was compelled, by the natural laws of self-preservation, to shift for himself regardless of others. The news fell on them like a thunder-clap, for, though it had been proposed that negotiations for the common benefit should be set on foot, nobody had suspected that they were being carried on for the common ruin. Belle-Isle had even spoken on the subject to the King of Prussia, who had said that he thought peace ought to be concluded without delay. 'On what conditions?' asked Belle-Isle. Frederic answered oracularly, 'Beatus est posedendi,' and, for fear of mistakes, wrote it afterwards with his own hand to Podewils. His friendly editors have converted the phrase into 'Beati possidentes,' the meaning of which can, at least, be guessed at, but seems to have no reference to the terms of the actual treaty. Nothing was said about the Bavarians, nothing about the French. The Austrians were left free, with their whole force, to fall on the army in Bohemia, whilst the English and the Dutch, or—as the worst might be apprehended—even the Prussians, blocked its retreat. From its serious consequences to France, the treaty of Breslau neither unnaturally nor unjustly calls down the Duke de Broglie's heaviest censure; but we can conceive that a zealous partisan might excuse, or even defend it, on the grounds of political expediency; and though we cannot accept such excuse or defence, though we think that the bare fact, without any consideration of results, would warrant the severest judgment, we may admit that, from the moral or abstract point of view, it was pure and honourable in comparison with the invasion of Silesia or the convention of Klein-Schnellendorf.

That history is philosophy teaching by examples has often been said, but seldom acted on. There are many, even of those charged with the conduct of affairs, who would seem to think that history is a subject which ought to be confined to girls' boarding-schools; it is rather the subject which, of all others, is the proper study of the politician and the statesman. This may be enunciated as a general proposition, but it is emphatically true of this special instance. It is impossible to read these carefully written volumes without tracing, with their author, the similarity of the course of events in the middle of last century and in the middle of this. As in the year 1741 France aided and abetted in the spoliation of Austria, so did she, tacitly at least, in 1866; and as in 1757 she paid the penalty for her mistake at Rossbach, so did she in 1870 at

Sedan. The alliance of Prussia has proved, in the long run, almost more fatal to her than even the enmity of that State.

With the treaty of Breslau the Duke de Broglie closes his narrative—we trust only for the present. It is a convenient halting-place, but the tangled diplomacy of the years that follow have, not only to every Frenchman, but to every student of history, a direct interest which can scarcely fail to induce him to continue his work. The policy of aggression and spoliation which Frederic inaugurated, which he carried to a successful issue as against Austria and Poland, which he attempted against Sweden, has become traditional in the House of Hohenzollern, and a scandal in the face of Europe. Even in our own days we have seen Germany 'unified,' and Denmark fleeced for the aggrandisement of Prussia. Yet German writers and even English writers are not ashamed to speak of such deeds as noble, as grand, as glorious. It is refreshing to step from the stifling and fœtid atmosphere of adulation and pseudo-hero worship, into the clear air of the Duke de Broglie's manly and vigorous denunciation of rapine and falsehood.

- ART. V.—1. *The Data of Ethics*. By HERBERT SPENCER. London: 1879; third edition with appendix, 1881.
2. *The Methods of Ethics*. By HENRY SIDGWICK. London: First edition, 1874; second edition, 1877.
3. *Lectures and Essays*. By W. K. CLIFFORD. *Right and Wrong*. London: 1879.
4. *The Science of Ethics*. By LESLIE STEPHEN. London: 1882.
5. *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*. By FREDERICK POLLOCK. 8vo. London: 1882.

IT is an old criticism on moral philosophy that it is unprogressive. In one sense, indeed, it appears eternally so; for the successive works on ethical questions which are produced in our own century leave the reader—generally in the last chapter—face to face with the old insoluble problems. That which has been, that it is which shall be: the stringency and obligation of duty, the character of the moral intuition, the necessity for man to be moral, conscience, free-will, responsibility, remorse—the familiar facts appear once more, painted once again in their old colours, or else temporarily

disguised in makeshifts, through the rents of which the antique lineaments are yet visible. Unprogressive indeed is moral philosophy in this sense; for the querulous demand for something new is itself illegitimate. There is no new light, no new revelation, unless the lines of humanity are to run in different channels. A critical and unbelieving generation seeketh for a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it, save that which was given to the great teachers of old. But if, abandoning the idle quest for a novel morality, we look at the gradual development of the moral code, and the extent and variety of the relations to which morality is applied, we are struck with the immensity of the progress of ethics. For, in truth, there is nothing so sensitively receptive as moral philosophy, nothing which is so quick at assimilating and adapting new material. Every fresh acquisition in science—science physical, biological, or psychological—has left its mark, for good or for evil, on ethical speculation. The readiest question which men ask in the presence of some new conception is, what is its bearing on conduct, what is its value for the illustration of human duty? And the first answer, often misconceived and generally superficial, is taken as condemnation or confirmation of the novel truth. From this point of view, the progress in ethics has run parallel with the progress in scientific knowledge, and the one set of doctrines have their natural and inevitable consequence in the other.

The ethical philosophy of the last three centuries in England affords abundant illustration of the dependence of moral opinion on general contemporary influences. If there ever was a man who was driven to speculation by the political necessities of the time, it was Hobbes. To him the paramount need of the age was a despotic sovereign, and his political scheme and even his translation of Thucydides were designed to meet and obviate the existing anarchy. But if absolute monarchy was the political ideal, ethical distinctions must also draw their validity and their force from an arbitrarily imposed and wholly external standard. Why must I be moral? Because it hath pleased the Leviathan or mortal God so to order, 'goodness and wickedness being' (as Hobbes says in the '*De Corpore Politico*') 'deduced from the laws of States.' The same authority, which orders my life in the civil sphere, orders my life also in the ethical. But if the question be raised not of definite duties to be performed, but of virtues to be exhibited, the solution is different. There is no other ground for being virtuous than to be personally and egoistically happy. 'What ever is the object of any man's longing, that is what he calls

‘good. Whatever is the cause of aversion or hatred in him, he calls evil or vile.’ But nothing is either good or evil or vile in itself. The words must always be understood in reference to the person who uses them, the only standard of judgment being the individual pleasure or pain involved. And from such a point of view, some commonplace mental states wear strange forms. Fear is aversion, with the thought of mischief to follow; anger is sudden fortitude; laughter is sudden self-glorification; magnanimity is the contempt of little helps and hindrances; pity or compassion is the pain arising from the consideration that what has happened to another man may happen to ourselves; benevolence is inspired by the fear that we also may suffer. There is no such analyst of motives as Hobbes, for he starts from a single principle which makes all analysis easy. Human nature is not complex or multifarious. It is absolutely simple. It surrenders all the secrets of its activities to the single key of self-love. This it is which explains alike the political and the ethical doctrine, for men have formed civil societies for no ideal ends, but solely to secure personal wellbeing.

A few years later fresh influences stir the intellectual atmosphere and produce corresponding changes in ethical speculation. The psychology of Locke, with its determined attempt to ‘send a man back to his senses,’ to base the whole mental furniture on simple intimations of outer and inner sense (sensation and reflection), affords a common basis to all those ethical schools who make morality a matter of the heart rather than of the head, whether their ethical principle be called moral sense, reflex sense, or conscience. The moral scheme, which calls itself utilitarianism, reposes itself still more distinctly on empiricism and sensationalism, whether as sketched by Locke himself, or as expounded by David Hume and Paley. Hartley makes the discovery that many complex mental ideas can be explained by a theory of association, founded on the supposed physiological fact of vibrations and vibratuncules. Instantly the theory is made to support the utilitarian thesis, and to clear up the paradox that virtue is originally and permanently a means to happiness, though in a fully moralised nature it becomes the sole end of action. For association of ideas is, as Mill has said, a most potent ‘mental chemistry,’ and can account for the most curious inversions of ends and means. Jeremy Bentham commences a scientific study of law, and frames, as its natural sequel, a system of ethics, which holds legality and morality to be convertible terms. Lastly, in our own age, the silent influences of commerce and the

startling successes of mercantile enterprise reach definite articulation not only in the modern science of political economy, but in the fashionable and widely spread moral scheme of modern utilitarianism. There is hardly a single force, whether political or scientific or social, which does not produce perturbations in the sensitive structure of Ethics. We are for ever recasting our moral scheme in accordance with the most potent influences which we feel to be in the air. For though the foundations of morality are laid in the hidden depths of human consciousness, the details of the moral scheme are often seen to change with the successive fashions which mark the different generations of men.

It is necessary to bear in mind the striking vicissitudes of moral philosophy, in order to understand the present aspect of ethics in England. Already Mill's utilitarianism has grown 'somewhat musty,' and the 'greatest happiness' principle possesses an almost archaic sound. Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics' and Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Science of Ethics'—to take two prominent examples from contemporary literature—move on newer ground. Nothing could be more significant, from this point of view, than Mr. Spencer's acute criticism of the 'greatest happiness' principle, which, in the first half of this century, was accepted as the greatest discovery of English ethics. What is this 'greatest happiness' principle? he asks.* Is it a rule for public guidance, or a rule for individual conduct? If it is a guide for governmental action, the maxim that 'everybody is to count for one and nobody for more than one' instantly suggests the idea of distribution. The alleged right principle of public policy is the distribution of the greatest amount of happiness among the greatest number, according to the rule that everybody is to count for one, and nobody for more than one. But can this mean that the criminal is to receive as much as the virtuous? Is happiness something which can be cut up into parts and handed round? Both suppositions are impossible. Or are the material aids to happiness to be equally divided? But this would clearly not produce the

* Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' pp. 221 *et seq.* Mr. Herbert Spencer has complained in a letter to a newspaper that in reviewing the work of Mr. Henry George in our last number we attributed to him opinions on the tenure of land which he has ceased to entertain. We are happy to hear it. The passages quoted by Mr. Henry George from Mr. Spencer's earlier works, to which alone our strictures applied, are now disclaimed by their author. Mr. Spencer also complains that we have never reviewed his later works. That charge we hope partly to meet on the present occasion.

greatest happiness. And if the right answer be that the conditions under which each may pursue happiness are to be, as far as possible, equalised, this is nothing else but the assertion that equity must be enforced. Or, again, if the principle be taken as a rule for individual conduct, it either posits a perfectly impossible ideal—viz., that everybody should be working altruistically, and no one selfishly; or else making 'general happiness' the end of action really means the maintenance of what we call equitable relations among individuals. It is thus that Mr. Spencer, as he himself puts it, 'declines to accept in its vague form' the maxim that we must work for the general happiness. It needed only one more step to have conducted Mr. Spencer out of the ranks of 'universalistic hedonists' altogether. If he had examined the psychological basis on which the theory rests, he might have discovered that inasmuch as the self of man is not exhausted by the enumeration of any or all of its sentient states, it is for ever impossible to make a sentient satisfaction the end of life. The pleasure is attained, the happiness secured, but yet the man is not satisfied. Why is this? Because the sequent feelings and emotions of a man form a series which cannot be summed. The self, which is something more than the series of its feelings, vindicates its own reality by a divine dissatisfaction, after every successive pleasure or happiness is secured. For the only ends of a rational human life must be fixed by the reason. Moral aims, moral ideals, can never rest on the foundation of sense or feeling.

From such views as these, however, Mr. Spencer is debarred, not by such psychology as that which forms the basis of most utilitarian and hedonistic schemes, but by his scientific pre-suppositions. It is time to return from merely collateral considerations to the main ideas which serve to distinguish the ethics of our own day from those which were formulated in the early part of our century and in preceding times. What, in point of fact, are the great scientific ideas of our age? For, in accordance with the principle with which we started, we are likely to find that they cast their shadow on ethical speculations. Can we point to any thoughts, sufficiently far-reaching and commanding to be able to dominate men's ordinary notions on practical affairs, to intrude their influence in every contemporary speculation, to be, as we say, 'in men's mouths' and 'in the air'? There are at least two which have attained sufficient importance to be mentioned in this reference—the great scientific law of Evolution by survival of the fittest, and the formation of the science of Sociology or Social Physics, with all the historic and philo-

sophic postulates which it includes. And it is curious to observe that while Mr. Spencer's 'Data of Ethics' is dominated, as we should expect from the author of the Synthetic Philosophy, by the first conception, the influence of the second, though of course to be traced in Mr. Spencer's work, is especially observable in Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Science of Ethics.' Mr. Spencer makes moral philosophy a department of biology. Mr. Stephen makes it a department of sociology. Both would be equally firm in declaring that no intrinsic difference separates ethics from all other branches of science. Both would deprecate with equal earnestness the introduction into the subject of any *à priori* ideas of reason, or metaphysical notions of the unique character of self-consciousness.

In March 1860 a Titanic scheme was propounded of works to be issued in periodical parts by Mr. Herbert Spencer. The series was to begin with 'First Principles,' with its two divisions of the 'unknowable' and the 'knowable,' to proceed to the 'Principles of Biology' in two volumes, 'The Principles of Psychology' also in two volumes, 'The Principles of Sociology' in three volumes, and to end with the two volumes of 'The Principles of Morality.' Of this enormous programme the greater portion is now completed, the so-called 'Data of Ethics' standing as a first instalment of 'The Principles of Morality.' The whole of the scheme is intended as an exhibition of one vast conception, which serves as a focus in which are gathered and concentrated all the rays of thought in different departments. This conception is the great modern scientific idea of evolution. According to Professor Huxley 'the only complete and methodical exposition of the theory of evolution is to be found in Herbert Spencer's "System of Philosophy."'

What is the law of evolution? It is necessary to get some general expression or definition of it before we observe its special application to the problems of ethics. The fundamental principle is the persistence of energy. Natural objects change, adopt new forms, transform themselves, die out—in a word, develop, simply for the reason that energy in nature never dies. The formula of the law runs thus: 'Progress consists in the passage from a homogeneous to a heterogeneous structure.' The law of all progress is one and the same—the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations. If we ask why progress should run always in this direction—from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—the reason is twofold. In the first place, if a body is in a homogeneous condition, it is unstable: 'homogeneity is

'a condition of unstable equilibrium;' or, in more simple language, a state of uniformity is one which cannot be maintained. A familiar illustration is furnished by the scales. 'If they be accurately made, and not clogged by dirt or rust, it is impossible to keep a pair of scales equally balanced. Eventually one scale will descend and the other ascend; they will assume a heterogeneous relation.' Or, again, 'take a piece of red-hot matter, and however evenly heated it may at first be, it will quickly cease to be so; the exterior, cooling faster than the interior, will become different in temperature from it; and the lapse into heterogeneity of temperature, so obvious in this extreme case, takes place more or less in all cases.*' The second reason for this direction of progress is that every active force produces more than one change, every cause produces more than a single effect. The multiplicity of resultant effects naturally converts homogeneity into heterogeneity. If a body is shattered by violent collision, besides the change of the homogeneous mass into a heterogeneous mass of scattered fragments, there is a change of the homogeneous momentum into a group of momenta heterogeneous in both amounts and directions. 'Of the sun's rays, issuing on every side, some few strike the moon; these being reflected at all angles from the moon's surface, some few of them strike the earth. By a like process the few which reach the earth are again diffused through surrounding space; and on each occasion such portions of the rays as are absorbed instead of reflected undergo refractions that equally destroy their parallelism.' For these two reasons—that homogeneity is a condition of unstable equilibrium, and that every active force produces several changes—the law of evolution may be defined as a process during which 'an indefinite incoherent homogeneity is transformed into a definite coherent heterogeneity.'

How may the action of this law be illustrated? In many spheres—in the world's growth, in the growth of individual organisms, in the growth of the social organism, in the genesis of science, in psychology. For instance, in the beginning—so geologists tell us—our globe was a mass of matter in a state of fusion, and was, therefore, of homogeneous structure and of tolerably homogeneous temperature. Then came the successive changes into heterogeneity, into mountains, continents, seas, igneous rocks, sedimentary strata, metallic veins. The law

* H. Spencer, 'First Principles,' p. 402. Chaps. xii-xviii. of Part II. should also be consulted. In more popular form cf. 'Essays' (London, 1861).

holds good equally of organisms. Fishes are the most homogeneous in their structure, and are one of the earliest productions on the globe, Reptiles come later, and are more heterogeneous. Mammals and birds, which are produced later, are still more heterogeneous. Man is the most heterogeneous of all. Or, once more, let us limit ourselves to the case of man alone. The multiplication of races, and the splitting up of races amongst themselves, have made the species much more heterogeneous. The Papuan has very small legs, resembling in this the quadrumanous kind; while in the case of the European, whose legs are longer and more massive, there is more heterogeneity between the upper and lower limbs. Another example of the progress in heterogeneity is furnished by the subdivisions of the Saxon race itself, which has within a few generations developed into the Anglo-American variety and the Anglo-Australian variety. Perhaps, however, a still clearer example of the operation of the law can be found in the development of the social organism. A society of savages is an aggregate of individuals who all hunt, fish, go to war, and work; or, in other words, it is homogeneous, every individual executing the same functions. Then comes a differentiation between the governing and the governed, while in the governing power are still united religious and executive functions. Other differentiations lead to our present condition of heterogeneity: Church gradually dividing itself from State, and the actual political organisation consisting of numerous subdivisions in justice and finance, in executive and deliberative powers.

But how can such a purely natural law of progress be applied to the solution of moral questions? The answer can be partly seen in the difference which Mr. Spencer draws between the scientific ethics and the system which in historical order was its immediate predecessor, utilitarianism. Both have at least one point in common. If the question be raised as to the end of life, both agree in calling it happiness. 'No school,' says Mr. Spencer,* 'can avoid taking for the ultimate moral aim a desirable state of feeling, called by whatever name—gratification, enjoyment, happiness. Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inextinguishable element of the conception. It is as much a necessary form of moral intuition as space is a necessary form of intellectual intuition.'

It is true that Mr. Spencer proves elsewhere that space is not an intuition so far as the race is concerned, but an experi-

* *Data of Ethics*, p. 46.

mental discovery; and if we cared to press the analogy here drawn we might assert that pleasure too was an experimental discovery—a thesis which would effectually disprove the view that the *primary* object of activity was pleasure. But we are not here concerned with captious and minute polemics, and the important point is to discover wherein utilitarianism is by the later system proved defective. The defect is this—that though it recognises the fact that some lines of action conduce to happiness, it does not determine how and why they do so.

‘The view for which I contend is that morality properly so called—the science of right conduct—has for its object to determine how and why certain modes of conduct are detrimental, and certain other modes beneficial. These good and bad results cannot be accidental, but must be necessary consequences of the constitution of things; and I conceive it to be the business of moral science to deduce, *from the laws of life and the conditions of existence*, what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness. Having done this, its deductions are to be recognised as laws of conduct, and are to be conformed to irrespective of a direct estimation of happiness and misery.’ *

Mr. Spencer’s ethics, then, propose to put utilitarianism on a thoroughly scientific basis, to deduce morality from the larger laws of life. This is rational Utilitarianism.

The result may be seen in a much more effective analysis of ‘conscience’ (p. 123). Mr. Mill, in his ‘Utilitarianism,’ traces the growth of conscience to the successive accretions of sentiment, derived from all sorts of sources, round one or two primary impulses, mostly selfish in their character. But the process is limited to the individual’s lifetime, and the solution, in consequence, always appears paradoxically inadequate to the problem to be solved. The later scientific schools have the incomparable advantage of the conception of time to eke out the possible deficiencies of their analysis. If what we now know as conscience has been slowly developing throughout the history of the human race, and of animate life, the indefinite number of unrecorded years appears somehow to answer to the conditions of the problem. For to us, at all events, born in a modern age, conscience is an *a priori*, an intuitive fact, however much it may be proved to be *a posteriori* from the point of view of racial experience.

ἀπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναριθμητὸς χρόνος
φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται,
κοῦκ ἔστ' ἀελλπτον οὐδέν.

From such a standpoint, ethics can only be the science of conduct—conduct as depending on conditions of life, physical, biological, and psychological. Ethical conduct is a part of conduct at large, its chief characteristic being that conduct which has a definite purpose. And conduct can only be understood by regarding the evolution of conduct. How then does conduct evolve? It passes through three stages. In the first of these we have such continuous adjustment of acts to ends as serves to prolong and intensify individual life. In the second we have such acts as prolong and intensify the life of the species, i.e. race-maintaining conduct, not only self-maintaining conduct. In the third we have such acts as not only avoid giving injury to others, but are designed to help and promote the interests of others. Therefore perfectly ethical conduct involves peace and industrial co-operation.

‘Conduct gains ethical sanction in proportion as the activities, becoming less and less militant and more and more industrial, are such as do not necessitate mutual injury or hindrance, but consist with, and are furthered by, co-operation and mutual aid.’ *

The question, however, still remains—how is ethical conduct to be exhibited as conforming to the general law of evolution? Inasmuch as Ethics is a part of general science, it must have data derived from the various departments of science. It must have (a) physical data; (b) biological data; (c) psychological data; (d) sociological data.

(a) What is the physical aspect of Ethics? Adopting a physical standpoint and viewing conduct objectively as a series of acts, it will be found that an advance in rectitude of conduct means an increase in coherency, an increase in definiteness, an increase in heterogeneity. That is to say, a man is more moral in proportion as he co-ordinates his actions more effectually towards definite ends, and has many interests and occupations. A man is thus less moral as a bachelor than when he has marital, conjugal, and paternal duties (‘the addition of family relations necessarily renders the actions of the man who fulfils the duties of husband and parent more heterogeneous than those of the man who has no such duties to fulfil,’ p. 70). Lastly, his conduct is better when it better tends to a ‘moving equilibrium between external and internal forces, between waste and the corresponding repair.’ So that the conclusion from such a point of view would hardly be caricatured by the

* Data of Ethics, p. 20.

assertion that a man is more moral in proportion as he is longer-lived.*

(b) What is the biological aspect of ethics? Strictly speaking, it is this. A man must develop all his functions and maintain a balance of functions. Now it is found that pleasure is the concomitant of a normal function, pain the concomitant of a deranged function. Therefore a man must follow the lead of his pleasures, accepting these without hesitation as his guides, inasmuch as the evolution of organic life has proceeded on the lines of helpful pleasures and harmful pains. But this Mr. Spencer acknowledges to be an ideal. Men are imperfectly adapted to their social environment, and their social environment is imperfectly adapted to them. When, however, humanity has ultimately provided itself with a completely adjusted social state, it will be found 'that actions are only right when they are immediately pleasurable; and that painfulness is the concomitant of actions which are wrong.'†

(c) What is the psychological aspect of ethics? This at once leads us to the development of the moral consciousness, the genesis of the idea of duty. There are two elements in the idea of duty, of which the first is authoritativeness, and the second coerciveness, and the problem is to see how these are respectively developed. Taking as our definition of psychological life the adaptation of certain correlated internal states to certain correlated external states, acts, or events, it is easy to see that as mind evolves the adaptation will grow more complex on both sides. The feelings on the one side will grow less immediate, more representative, more complex, in order to suit chains of acts and events less immediate, more complex, more future. In the average of cases the result is that ultimate satisfactions are preferred to more immediate ones, and a notion of greater authoritativeness is attributed to them. Now it is of the very essence of the idea of duty that it should consist in the control of present feelings by future ones; and because ultimate consequences are preferred to immediate ones, the feelings connected with the ultimate become more authoritative than those connected with the immediate. 'Authoritativeness' is thus explained. But how does the sense of coerciveness arise? It arises simply through association with external positive sanctions. In the development of humanity, feelings and actions are controlled, first, through fear of the chieftain or king (political sanction); then through fear of the

* Cf. pp. 73-74.

† P. 99.

voice of public opinion (social sanction); then through fear of Divine punishment (theological sanction); only lastly does a man restrain and control his actions by regarding their intrinsic effects, and then he falls under the moral sanction. So that the sense of obligation is attached to the moral sanction only through association with positive, external sanctions. Finally, however, as a man becomes really moral, he does and forbears simply out of regard for the intrinsic effects of acts. Pleasures surround the right performance, and therefore the notion of duty as obligation disappears, because it becomes pleasant for him and natural to do right. 'The sense of duty is transitory, and will diminish as fast as moralisation increases.'*

(d) What is the sociological aspect of ethics? The fact that man is a social being is so important a factor in the ethical problem that 'the necessitated modifications of conduct' have come to form a chief part of the code of conduct.' From the sociological point of view ethics is nothing else than a definite account of the forms of conduct that are fitted to the associated state. But it makes a great difference whether the state with which we are dealing is one of habitual or occasional war, or one of permanent and general peace. Yet, unfortunately, we are living in a state halfway between the two, having not fully abandoned the first, nor heartily espoused the second. Hence our perplexed and inconsistent morality, for we are forced to accept a virtual compromise between the moral code of enmity and the moral code of amity. If, however, we assume a social state in which peaceful activities are undisturbed, the leading traits of a code under which complete living through voluntary co-operation is secured may be thus stated.

'The fundamental requirement is that the life-sustaining actions of each shall severally bring him the amounts and kinds of advantage naturally achieved by them; and this implies firstly that he shall suffer no direct aggressions on his person or property, and secondly that he shall suffer no indirect aggressions by breach of contract. Observance of these negative conditions to voluntary co-operation having facilitated life to the greatest extent by exchange of services under agreement, life is to be further facilitated by exchange of services beyond agreement; the highest life being reached only when, besides helping to complete one another's lives by specified reciprocities of aid, men otherwise help to complete one another's lives.' (P. 149.)

Such are, in main outlines, the ethics of evolution, which it appeared necessary to expound somewhat fully, if only that

it might be understood how clearly it is the lineal descendant of utilitarianism, and yet how ruthlessly it lays hands on its natural parent. For the sequence of empirical ethics has, in England, run through three stages: first, Egoism, pure and simple, or, as it is called, Hedonism; then Utilitarianism; and finally, what the author calls Rational Utilitarianism, or, as it is better called, Evolutional Ethics. All three systems alike have accepted pleasure or happiness as the only test of moral action: all are exposed to the difficulties of the hedonistic calculus,—the arduous enumeration of real pleasures. All have to accept, with the best grace they can, the hedonistic paradox that to gain happiness—the sole end of life—the best way is not to aim at it but something else, and all must explain how it comes that happiness, which is so clearly the gift of expansive, imaginative natures, can be possibly acquired by logical, calculative, ratiocinative natures. But just as the psychology of Spencer and Lewes has taken the place of the individualistic psychology of Locke and Hume and Mill, with its larger notions of race-experience, and its wider faith in time, so, too, has the ethics of evolution in reality destroyed the narrow utilitarianism of Bentham and Austin and James Mill, with its fuller views of the development of conduct and the genesis of the moral consciousness.

As to Mr. Spencer's scheme, however, two remarks may for the present suffice. In the first place he, like the other scientists, passes over the chasm between conscious life and unconscious life, as though, in reality, no chasm exists. Yet perhaps the chasm is deeper, or at all events more deeply felt, in ethics than in biological and psychological science. All conduct, he says, is marked by the adaptation of means to ends: the unconscious adaptation of the acts of a beaver or a dog is the same in kind as that of a man working for some moral end. To unsophisticated minds the difference is not only enormous but absolutely incommensurable. For a man who consciously adapts his acts and his circumstances to some far-off Divine event is in reality fighting with his environment, fighting with his physical frame, fighting against Nature. And is the moral life, then, a development of the natural? Does not the single word 'conscious' so transform the adaptation as to remove ethics from the sphere of 'natural' life altogether? In the second place it must always be remembered that evolution, whether it explains cosmical and biological phenomena, or whether it penetrates the world of thought and of history, never explains the primal cause. It is concerned with sequence in the form of a series, without a beginning and without an

end. On this point Mr. Spencer is very emphatic.* So that if any philosophical student refuses to acquiesce in such an indefinite phantasmagoria of effects, if he seeks to find—say in ethics—the underlying cause which explains the evolution of conscience and the moral consciousness, the path is left clear for him so far as Mr. Spencer knows or cares. Nor need he even feel that he has lost Mr. Spencer's sympathy in such a quest. For when it comes to distinguishing himself from Auguste Comte, he does not hesitate to say (as against the positivist formula) that 'the idea of cause will govern at the end, as it has done at the beginning. *The idea of cause cannot be abolished except by the abolition of thought itself.*'† Even when Mr. Spencer is not in a polemical attitude, he would hardly care to abolish 'thought itself.'

It is because in the sequence of empirical ethics only the decisive turning-points are important that no mention has hitherto been made in this essay of Mr. Henry Sidgwick's valuable book, 'The Methods of Ethics.' On other grounds it merits a most careful criticism, and affords a most instructive commentary on utilitarian ideas. Mr. Sidgwick's position in the utilitarian ranks is, indeed, in many respects remarkable. He has too clear and logical a mind not to see many of the difficulties of the so-called Universalistic Hedonism. He feels, for instance, much of the absurdity of the hedonistic paradox that we can only attain happiness on the express condition that we do not aim at it.‡ He has some doubts as to whether happiness is intrinsically and objectively desirable, out of relation to the consciousness which in reality gives it all its meaning; § and in some of his concluding pages he honestly confronts the fact that utilitarianism can only with the greatest difficulty (and perhaps hardly even so with this limitation) provide any stringent and obligatory sanction of morality which shall be binding alike on all men.¶ For in many ways ethics cannot exist without the assumption of a moral order of the universe, an assumption which of course can never be empirically proved. When Professor Bain came to review Mr. Sidgwick's book in 'Mind,' it was exactly this point which appeared to him such a stumbling-block, and so fatal an admission (as indeed it is) for empirical ethics. But when we seek to estimate Mr. Sidgwick's

* Cf. *inter alia*, *Essays*, vol. i. p. 58 (second edition, 1868).

† Cf. Spencer's 'Reasons for dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte,' third edition, 1871.

‡ *Methods of Ethics*, first edition, pp. 180-183.

§ Pp. 371-2.

¶ Pp. 470-3.

position in relation to the school to which he belongs, it is at once apparent that the development of thought runs through Bentham, J. S. Mill, and Herbert Spencer, and leaves Mr. Sidgwick's speculations on one side. For just the point which marks the decisive advance from utilitarianism to scientific or evolutionary ethics is not ignored but discarded by Mr. Sidgwick. To the question whether moral ideas are gradually formed by a long course of years, by experiences of utility made in successive generations, he returns a negative reply.* And yet this is the characteristic note of later or rational utilitarianism. Mr. Spencer has accordingly many criticisms to offer on Mr. Sidgwick's opinions, as, for instance, in the chapter headed 'Criticisms and Explanations.'† So, too, Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the preface to his 'Science of Ethics,' declares that 'he differs upon many points from Mr. Sidgwick, and especially upon the critical point of the relation of evolution to ethics.'‡

In the last of Mr. Spencer's views of ethics we trace the influence of a so-called sociological science. To illustrate the curious importance of such an idea in contemporary ethics, we have to turn to Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Science of Ethics,' a notable and significant contribution to the solution of contemporary problems. Mr. Stephen leaves us in no doubt as to the ethical school to which he belongs.

'My ethical theory,' he says in his preface, 'when I first became the conscious proprietor of any theory at all, was that of the orthodox utilitarians. At a later period my mind was stirred by the great impulse conveyed through Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." So far as ethical problems were concerned, I at first regarded Mr. Darwin's principles rather as providing a new armoury wherewith to encounter certain plausible objections of the so-called Intuitionists (Mr. Stephen probably means "Intuitionists") than as implying any reconstruction of the utilitarian doctrine itself. Gradually, however, I came to think that a deeper change would be necessary, and I believe that this conviction came to me from a study of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works. . . . I differ, however,' he proceeds a few pages further on, 'from Mr. Spencer in various ways. Mr. Spencer has worked out an encyclopædic system, of which his ethical system is the crown and completion. I, on the contrary, have started from the old ethical theories, and am trying to bring them into harmony with the scientific principles which I take for granted.' (*Science of Ethics*, pp. v, vi, viii.)

* Cf. esp. pp. 429-435.

† Data of Ethics, pp. 150-172.

‡ L. Stephen's 'Science of Ethics,' Preface, p. vi. A clear statement of Mr. Stephen's views on preceding utilitarianism will be found in 'Science of Ethics,' pp. 353-359.

The characteristic doctrine of 'the Science of Ethics' is the use made of the conception of a 'social organism,' and the employment of an abstract entity called 'the social tissue.' The heritage of M. Auguste Comte to his successors was the doubtful advantage of having founded a science of sociology as the modern science next in order of complexity to biology. The implication was that just as biology dealt with the laws and vital functions of a given organism, so sociology must deal with the functions of what was really an organism, though of course of a somewhat different and special kind. Society was an organism exhibiting activities and possessing functions which could therefore be treated organically, however little these might be incorporated in or proceed from a single frame. The interconnexion, or 'radical consensus,' of the social organism is to M. Comte a 'master thought' in philosophy. It is only in organic systems, as he says, that we must look for the fullest mutual connexion; the idea becomes the basis of positive conceptions, and it becomes more marked the more compound are the organisms, and the more complex the phenomena in question. It must, therefore, be scientifically preponderant in social physics, or sociology, even more than in biology, where it is so decisively recognised by the best order of students.* Hence it is that we can properly speak of Social Statics, or theory of the spontaneous order of human society, and Social Dynamics, or theory of the natural progress of human society, together with the celebrated 'Loi des trois États,' the unfailing sequence of theological, metaphysical, and positive periods.

The 'positive conceptions' of which this idea has proved the basis are indeed curious. It has been fertile, for instance, in psychology, and so has produced Mr. Lewes's 'general mind,' which transforms sensations into perceptions, and is the parent of necessities of thought.

'The distinguishing character,' says Mr. Lewes, 'of human psychology, is that to the three great factors, organism, external medium, and heredity, it adds a fourth, namely, relation to a social medium with its product the general mind.'†

And now Mr. Leslie Stephen finds it equally fertile in ethics. Its latest offspring is the 'social tissue' to which the creation of morality is expressly due, for 'morality is the definition of 'some of the most important qualities of the social organism.'‡

* Cf. Miss Martineau's abridgment of Comte, vol. ii. p. 80.

† Mr. Lewes's 'Study of Psychology,' p. 139; cf. 159-162, 169, 170.

‡ Science of Ethics, p. 148.

'The moral law defines a property of the social tissue.*' In a similar fashion the late Professor Clifford traced all morality to what he terms the 'tribal self.' 'The tribal self learns to approve certain expressions of tribal liking or disliking; the actions whose open approval is liked by the tribal self are called right actions, and those whose open disapproval is liked are called wrong actions. The corresponding characters are called good or bad, virtuous or vicious.' Probably, however (though it is difficult to be certain what is the exact meaning of such purely logical abstractions), Mr. Clifford does not mean precisely the same thing by 'tribal self' which Mr. Stephen means by 'social tissue.' For instance, he declares that 'we must carefully distinguish the tribal self from society, or the common consciousness; it is something in the mind of each individual man which binds together his gregarious instincts.'† Here, then, is another illustration of the progress in English philosophy from individualism to a species of universalism. In psychology there is the change from Hume and Mill to Spencer and Lewes, the general mind taking the place of the individual, and evolving by means of accumulated experiences the so-called forms of thought. In ethics there is a double change. First the progress from individual hedonism or egoism to utilitarianism or universalistic hedonism; secondly, a change from the individual judgment of what is or is not useful to the judgment of the social organism, or social tissue. The latter is the interval which separates Mill and the utilitarians of our youth from Mr. Stephen, Mr. Clifford, and the evolutionary ethics of contemporary thought.

But is society actually an organism? Or does the parallelism between a body politic and a body individual (between the 'big letters and the small' of Plato's Republic) amount at most to an analogy, and an analogy which may conceivably be misleading? Mr. Stephen appears to have no doubt on the subject.

'Society,' he says, 'in fact, is a structure which by its nature implies a certain fixity in the distribution and relations of classes. Each man is found with a certain part of the *joint framework*, which is made of flesh and blood instead of bricks and timber, *but which is not the less truly a persistent structure.*' 'The social body is no more liable to arbitrary changes than the individual body.' 'A full perception of the truth that society is not a mere aggregate but an organic growth, that

* Science of Ethics, p. 168.

† Clifford's 'Essays,' vol. ii. pp. 112 and 116.

it forms a whole, *the laws of whose growth can be studied apart from those of the individual atom*, supplies the most characteristic postulate of modern speculation.*

It is curious to note that what Mr. Stephen regards with so light a heart as 'a postulate' is considered as at least an open and arguable question by so modern a speculator as Mr. Herbert Spencer. In his 'Essays,' vol. i. p. 390 (2nd edition), and more fully in his 'Sociology,' vol. i. part ii. ch. ii., he thinks it worth while to go carefully through the points of resemblance and difference. The resemblances are four in number. Both social organisation and living organism commence as small aggregations and insensibly augment in mass. Both assume in the course of their growth a continually increasing complexity of structure. In both the parts gradually acquire a mutual dependence; while finally in both the life and development of the whole body is far more prolonged than that of any of its component elements. But the differences are also four. Societies have no specific external forms. The social organism does not form a continuous mass like the living body. While the ultimate living elements of an individual organism are mostly fixed in their relative positions, those of the social organism are capable of moving from place to place. And, lastly, in the body of an animal only the nervous tissue is endowed with feeling, but in a society all the members are endowed with feeling. It is quite true that Mr. Spencer substantially agrees with Mr. Stephen's cardinal proposition, but he is fonder of the word 'analogy' in dealing with this subject than the strong term postulate. To most minds, of course, the relation between the society and the individual appears to have great illustrative value; but the cardinal difference that there is no social sensorium (i. e. that in the one consciousness is concentrated in a small part of the aggregate, while in the other it is diffused throughout the aggregate) has at least one most important consequence, as Mr. Spencer himself allows. In an individual body clearly the welfare of the whole has a value perfectly independent of the welfare of the units. But the case is not the same with the social body. The welfare of the aggregate is not an end to be sought independently. The society exists for the sake of its members, while in a real organism the parts exist for the sake of the whole body.

'It has ever to be remembered that great as may be the efforts made for the prosperity of the body politic, yet the claims of the body politic

* Science of Ethics, p. 31.

are nothing in themselves, and become something only in so far as they embody the claims of its component individuals.*

From social organism we proceed to 'social tissue,' which is declared to be the primary unit upon which the process of evolution impinges, and the direct agent, therefore, in the production of morality. What is this social tissue? It is by no means easy precisely to formulate the conception. It appears to be a better piece of nomenclature than social organism, which is a vague term, and does not imply the same loose kind of unity, or rather continuity.

'The limits of social tissue are fixed not by its internal constitution but by external circumstances. It therefore is not analogous to the higher organism which forms a whole separated from all similar wholes, but to an organism of the lower type, which consists of mutually connected parts spreading independently in dependence (*sic*) upon external conditions and capable of indefinite extension, not of united growth. The unity which we attribute to it consists in this, that every individual is dependent upon his neighbours, and thus every modification arising in one part is capable of being propagated directly in every other part." (P. 126.) 'The tissue is built up of men, as the tissue of physiology is said to be built up of cells. Every society is composed of such tissue; and the social tissue can no more exist apart from such associations than the physiological tissue can exist apart from the organs of living animals.' (P. 120.)

The social tissue then appears to represent the general material or all-pervading substance (the *ὕλη* or *ὑποκειμένον* as Aristotle might say), from which the subordinate associations are constructed, and the conditions of its vitality require to be considered independently. 'The social evolution means 'the evolution of a strong social tissue; the best type is the 'type implied by the strongest tissue.'† However vague may be the exact nature of the social tissue, whether it be an important or valuable conception, or an ingenious but wholly mythical abstraction, it holds a most intimate relation to morality, according to Mr. Leslie Stephen. For some of the most important qualities of the social tissue come to be defined by morality.

'The process by which society has been developed implies that the most important characteristics developed in the individual by the social pressure correspond to the conditions of existence of the society. The moral law defines some of the most important characteristics so developed, and is therefore a statement of part of the qualities in virtue of which the society is possible. It is not an exhaustive statement, for other qualities may be essential; nor an absolutely accurate statement,

* Spencer's 'Sociology,' vol. i. p. 480.

† P. 136.

for societies exist in which the morality varies within wide limits. But so far as it goes it must be an approximate statement of part of the conditions.*

So that the moral is, after all, the useful; the immoral is the useless; though, indeed, the qualification ought to be added, useful or useless to the social tissue. Nor is the qualification unimportant, for many consequences are involved. In the first place, morality is not evolved conduct, as with Mr. Spencer, because the welfare or progress of the social organism is something different from the activity of the social organs. In some sense or other, morality always implies action for the good of others.† And, in the second place, virtuous action is not estimated solely by consequences, but in relation to character and motive, because the social evolution tends to educe the higher type which spontaneously and instinctively obeys the so-called moral law.‡ Moreover, the direct reference to the social organism is enough to change utilitarianism into the ethics of Mr. Leslie Stephen. There is no part of the 'Science of Ethics' which is more worth diligent perusal than that which deals with the relation of the new criterion to the utilitarian criterion. Mr. Stephen is not inclined to spare his predecessors in moral philosophy. 'He (the utilitarian) can only make an outward show of morality, and run up an edifice which looks like the everlasting structure, but falls to pieces at the first touch. He may call his code moral, but in fact it is a code which has neither permanence, nor supremacy, nor uniformity, nor unconditional validity.'§ But is then the new code so radically different from the old? Are not both based on experience? Do not both accept happiness as a test of morality? Mr. Stephen feels the necessity of grappling with this objection. He acknowledges (with a playful touch which comes almost with a shock of surprise, because, in this book at all events, Mr. Stephen studiously conceals the lighter style to which he has accustomed us in some of his essays) that the new system is to many thinkers simply 'the old dog in a new doublet.'

What then are the theoretical deficiencies of utilitarianism?

'The tendency,' he says, 'of the utilitarian is to consider knowledge in general as conforming to the type of that purely empirical knowledge in which the experience of a former coincidence of two distinct phenomena is the sole basis for an expectation of a future coincidence. Carrying out this principle as far as possible, reasoning is essentially a

* *Science of Ethics*, p. 148.

† Cf. pp. 276-278.

‡ Cf. p. 170.

§ P. 359.

process of associating ideas, and the association, though practically indissoluble in some cases, is regarded as always potentially dissoluble. The logical result is atomism, or the reduction of every kind of organised system, whether of ideas regarded as existing in the mind, or of the objects external to the mind and represented by the ideas, to an aggregate of independent units, capable of indefinite analysis in the mind, or being taken to pieces and reconstructed in reality.' (Pp. 359, 360.)

The passage is a remarkable one, as indicating that reaction against individualism which has before been noted as characteristic of modern scientific speculation. At last, science (or rather science as applied to mental and moral phenomena) seems to have discovered that there is a difference between the particular or the isolated unit and the individual or the related unit, and it has discovered that the individual is in some way the fusion of the universal and the particular, the particular universalised by its relations, and that therefore, to understand the individual, we must start from the universal. For observe the application of Mr. Stephen's criticism to the purely ethical aspect. According to the assumptions of atomism, every man is like every other man to begin with, the existence of uniform atoms being presupposed upon which circumstances then begin to operate. Therefore the difference between two men is solely due to the various associations which have acted upon them, and not to those innate tendencies of character which are suspected of an affinity to 'innate ideas.' We must suppose, in consequence, that there is 'a uniform man—a colourless sheet of paper or primitive 'atom'—upon whom all qualities are imposed by the circumstances under which he is placed. This is ethical atomism. Further, according to this doctrine, society is an aggregate built up of the uniform atoms called men. Each of these desires happiness, and so happiness is regarded as a kind of 'emotional currency,' capable of being calculated and distributed in lots; and conduct is immoral or moral 'according as 'it diminishes or swells the volume of the hypothetical currency.'* What now is the fundamental error of utilitarianism? It is the refusal to take into account the true nature of society, which is an organism, and not an aggregate of independent atoms.

'The utilitarian argument would be perfectly revelant if we could take each action by itself, sum up its consequences, and then generalise

* Cf. Mr. Spencer's criticism of the 'greatest happiness' principle given above.

as to the actions of the class. But it is also true that our judgments as to the effects of immoral conduct are very inadequately represented by this simple and direct process. We must take into account the existence of a certain social order, and of a corresponding character in the individual constituents. The consequences of immoral conduct can only be traced when we recognise the nature of the social structure, which again implies the existence of a certain stage of individual development, and neither of these is deducible from the properties of the assumed unit (an individual, uniform man).' (Pp. 361-3.)

The conclusions of such a criticism are obvious, and we need not trace them further. Briefly, the difference between the utilitarian and the evolutionist criterion is this, that the former lays down as a criterion the happiness, the latter the health of the society. Utilitarianism gives what may be called 'instantaneous morality,' not scientific ethics, because it neglects the conception of a slowly developing organism.

'The importance of the distinction is illustrated in almost every important social discussion. We notice certain bad results from a particular economical or social arrangement. The indissolubility of marriage inflicts hardship upon many individuals; let it be dissoluble in those cases. The importation of foreign products ruins certain manufacturers; let it be prohibited. We remedy the immediate evil by suppressing more obvious symptoms; but we often forget that we are dealing with a complex organism, and that the real problem involves innumerable and far-reaching actions and motives due to its constitution. We may be remedying the grievances of individual husbands and wives by lowering the general sanctity of family relations, and helping a particular class at the expense of the general efficiency of the nation.' (P. 371; cf. p. 426.)

Such is Mr. Stephen's admirable criticism of the utilitarian fallacies. The only wonder is, that having got so far he does not perceive that he is even yet in the province of social physics and has not reached the ethical realm, and that when he talks of the sanctity of certain moral ideas, he is speaking of that which, on his assumption, is none the less due to experience, although it may be an enlarged and developed experience—the experience of the race and not of the individual.

But few points remain in the 'Science of Ethics' which call for notice. Mr. Stephen once and for ever separates himself from the school of egoists and logical utilitarians by affirming the original character of sympathy. 'Sympathy,' he says, 'is not an additional instinct, a faculty which is added when the mind has reached a certain stage of development, a mere incident of intellectual growth, but something implied from the first in the very structure of knowledge' (p. 230). Sympathy, it would appear, is identical or conjoined with such

intellectual action as is implied in the possession of representative ideas. 'The sympathetic being,' Mr. Stephen goes on to say, 'becomes a constituent part of a larger organisation, and therefore ceases to act simply on the prudential motive of the hedonists' (p. 257). The sympathetic being is not, therefore, the *same* being as the non-sympathetic, though acting from different motives (which is contradictory), but a different being with a different set of faculties (viz. the social ones), and he, apparently, has gained a fresh capacity (p. 263). The only difficulty is to see how sympathy, which is thus clearly affirmed to have grown, can yet have been implied from the first in the very structure of knowledge. But, after all, the difficulty is no greater than that which is discoverable in the analysis made by the scientists of the growth of knowledge. For that, too, is dependent on certain forms or ultimate laws of intelligence, and yet these are the very things which are supposed to be evolved in the growth of knowledge.

It may possibly surprise the reader to see how Mr. Stephen solves the free-will problem. In the first place, he resolves 'cause' into a continuous procession of effects. To this we have been familiarised by Mr. G. H. Lewes's discussion of the meaning of cause in the second volume of his 'Problems of Life and Mind.' But then Mr. Stephen proceeds to a kind of solution which is hardly to be expected in one who calls himself a disciple of the experimental school. For he embraces a Kantian standpoint, which was by its author intended as an answer to the empirical assumptions of Locke and Hume.

'The difficulty,' he says, 'is dispelled so far as it can be dispelled (for Mr. Stephen has his sceptical moods) when we have got rid of the troublesome conception of necessity as a name for something more than the certainty of the observer. When we firmly grasp and push to its legitimate consequences the truth that probability, chance, necessity, determination, and so forth, are *simply names of our own states of mind, or, in other words, have only a subjective validity*, we have got as far as we can towards removing the perplexity now under consideration.' (Pp. 293-4.)

An admirable conclusion; but if some audacious critic were to venture to assert that the troublesome conception of 'social tissue' was nothing more than the abstraction of an individual thinker, and had only a subjective and relative validity, that moral facts were what they were, and that no material difference is made to their concrete significance by relating them to social tissue, Mr. Stephen would probably feel that the time had come for more spirited and pointed writing than he has deigned to make use of in the volume now before us.

In the matter of 'associationism,' however, as applied to the genesis of moral ideas, Mr. Stephen has some trenchant things to say. The device of 'association of ideas' to eke out the assumption of utilitarianism was first tried by Hartley, whom Stuart Mill has so enthusiastically termed the 'father of associationism.' According to the general hedonistic position, all human action is ultimately interested and selfish. How, then, can the disinterested pursuit of virtue, so obvious in the best examples of morality, be accounted for? Easily enough, according to Hartley and Mill; for association of ideas explains how virtue was associated with the only real end of activity, viz. happiness, and then became transformed from means into end, just as the acquisition of money is transformed from means to happiness into end of life by the confirmed miser. Mr. Stephen's criticism on this device appears to us unanswerable.

'If love (or other moral sentiments) thus explained should prompt us to act in such a way as to sacrifice our pleasure for the good of others, we should be unreasonable in the same sense as the miser. We should be applying a rule in a case where it was plainly inapplicable, and using means for an end in a case where we knew that they would not produce that end. Association in this sense implies illusion; and the more reasonable we become, the more we should deliver ourselves from the bondage of such errors.' (P. 378.)

Such a conclusion is not the least of the advantages we derive from the substitution of scientific ethics for the crude and paradoxical theories of the utilitarian morality.

There is nothing of much interest for the student of contemporary ethics in Mr. Frederick Pollock's recently published essays. He has appended to his volume, which deals principally with questions of jurisprudence, four essays professedly dealing with moral subjects, but there is none of that solid work in them which is conspicuous in the author's work on 'Spinoza,' and which the world has now a right to expect from anyone who touches on so vexed and so arduous a field of controversy. Mr. Pollock is apparently, if we may judge from his essay on 'Ethics and Morals,' a disciple of the school of common sense; but he is also a utilitarian, and a firm believer in the application of the historical method to moral questions, although, oddly enough, he thinks (p. 359) that the utilitarianism of J. S. Mill or of Bentham was not empirical, or at all events so empirical as Mr. Spencer assumes. He is troubled with many doubts, especially on two points—the bearing of scientific ethics on practical morality, and the relation of moral ideals to contemporary practice. And so it

is not unnatural to find in his essays sentences which are not obviously consistent. He says, for instance (p. 276): 'The ethical judgments of mankind are framed with regard to an ideal standard;' and on p. 370: 'We do not want an absolute standard to guide us in the exercise of moral approbation or disapprobation;' and again on p. 271: 'The ethical judgments of the community have no express mouth-piece. Our only tribunal is an ideal and abstract one; the practical judgment, as Aristotle saw long ago, must measure itself by the *imagined* judgment of the reasonable man.' This is almost as baffling as to discover in Aristotle on what the ἀρχαὶ τῶν πρακτῶν are based. Or again; we read on p. 299 that 'the most important motives and sanctions are those which operate *without being perceived*, and consequently are not expressed in popular theories;' while on p. 295, 'A man of normal sight does not want optics to make him see; nor does a right-minded man want ethics to make him know right from wrong.' To judge by the last passage, it would appear either that right-mindedness is normal—which at least is open to doubt—or else that the right-minded man is not on the level of popular theories of morality, in which case he would certainly seem to have studied a science of moral optics. But, in itself, the sentence that the right-minded man knows right from wrong is on a par with Butler's famous reasoning that conscience is *naturally* superior, because, *in the nature of things*, conscience is above self-love and the instinctive appetites. On the whole, Mr. Pollock seems inclined to doubt the value of scientific ethics, and to rest his faith on a version of moral sense or popular ethical judgments. To divorce morality from knowledge is indeed the common practice of those writers who have a fine scorn for metaphysics; it remains for students of the history of ethics to see how the old Socratic dogma that virtue is knowledge is a truth which is for ever being obscured and for ever re-discovered: If Socrates and Plato found it, the later Greek schools lost it again; reinstated by Cudworth and Clarke, it was dethroned by Shaftesbury and Hutcheson; set in clear light by Kant, it is eclipsed by the recrudescence of 'natural law' and natural evolution in the scientific school of Spencer and Lewes. Mr. Pollock, in fact, approaches ethics from the same point of view as Austin and Bentham. He is a student of law first and of morality afterwards. There are many disadvantages in such approaches, but there is at least one advantage. Ethics undoubtedly derives from jurisprudence some admirable illustrations, and Mr. Pollock's technicalities of final juris-

prudence, statical jurisprudence, and dynamical jurisprudence serve him in good stead in his discrimination between absolute ethics, relative ethics, and casuistry.*

In works like Mr. Spencer's 'Data of Ethics' and Mr. Stephen's 'Science of Ethics,' the modern system of scientific morality may be said to be formulated. It remains then for us shortly to consider the position in which it stands, and to compare its presuppositions and its conclusions with the opposite scheme, to which it bears the strongest contrast. For there can be little doubt that for us, in a modern day, there is no alternative except to embrace the scientific ethics or some modification of the Kantian system. It is the old contrast between empiricism and rationalism which has run through all the history of moral philosophy, but the special form which the contrast has assumed has, of course, varied with the different generations. On the one side the changes have been rung on such systems as Cambridge Platonism (Cudworth and Clarke), Moral Sense, or Conscience (Butler, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson), and Kantianism. On the other side, the ethics of empiricism have also had successive stages: a purely selfish system or hedonism (Hobbes and Mandeville), utilitarianism in its earlier form (Hartley, Paley, Bentham), utilitarianism in its later form (Austin, J. S. Mill, and perhaps H. Sidgwick), to which has now succeeded Evolutional Ethics with Spencer and Stephen. Which shall it be? Shall we begin with such conceptions as moral law, moral order, and a free and self-directing moral agent, or shall the method be to catalogue the tendencies of actions, to accept pleasure and pain as the ultimate test of good and bad, and to make morality the gradual creation of a slowly-evolving social tissue?

Let us begin by noticing a few points in which the novel ethics are either confessedly defective, or at least find considerable difficulty in explaining their position. Every moral system has to establish the sanctions of morality on a clear basis; but, unfortunately, the word itself is used in so many ambiguous senses that the substitution of weak, vague, and superficial sanctions for what is clearly and positively stringent and imperative very often escapes detection. A sanction, in the proper sense of the term, means nothing more or less than a penalty incurred by the violation of a law. If a man systematically takes 'every pleasure as it flies,' he

* *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*, pp. 262-268.

becomes liable to a physical sanction, or, in other words, pain, disease, or death. If he transgresses the known law of the land, he comes under the political sanction of legal punishment. If he defies the ordinances of society, he pays the penalty for his eccentricity in the social sanction of ostracism. But are any of these properly *moral* sanctions, moral penalties incurred by an immoral agent? Perhaps it will be enough to accept on this point the answer of Mill: 'The ultimate sanction of all morality is a subjective feeling in our minds,'—in other words, the really moral sanction is an internal one, and not such external ones as pain, punishment, or social ostracism. 'The internal sanction of duty is a feeling in our own mind: a pain, more or less intense, attendant on violation of duty, which in properly cultivated moral natures rises, in the more serious cases, into shrinking from it as an impossibility. This feeling, when disinterested, and connecting itself with the past idea of duty, is the essence of conscience.'* Nothing could be more strongly or better expressed; only, after Mill has thus conclusively thrown us back on an internal sanction, he proceeds to deprive his sanction of all its force by showing that its disinterested character has really a selfish core, and that the virtue it bears witness to has risen by an irrational confusion between ends and means. Nor is Mr. Sidgwick more fortunate in establishing an internal sanction of morality, as may be seen in the final chapter of the 'Methods of Ethics.' 'I do not find,' he says, 'in my moral consciousness, any intuition, claiming to be clear and certain, that the performance of duty will be adequately rewarded, and its violation punished.' If utilitarianism, then, is unable to place the real sanction of morality on any clear basis, can we say that the scientific ethics are in this, as we have found that they are in many points, more successful? Let us listen to Mr. Leslie Stephen:—

'There is no argument in existence (to persuade people to do right) which, if exhibited to them, would always appear to be conclusive. . . . How can we argue with a thoroughly selfish man? By pointing out the misery he causes? If to point it out were the same thing as to make him feel it, the method might be successful. . . . Shall we then appeal to some extrinsic motive, to the danger of being found out, despised, and punished? But if, for any reason, the man is beyond the reach of such dangers, he may despise our arguments, and we have no more to offer. He may say—and, as it appears to me, may say with truth—"I shall personally get more pleasure from doing wrong than from doing right, and I care for nothing but my personal pleasure."

* Mill's 'Utilitarianism,' pp. 41-42.

The first statement may be—it often is—undeniably true. Of the second he is the only judge.*

Nobody can accuse Mr. Stephen, at all events, of blinking the conclusion, or of not seeing the weakness of a hedonistic system. 'The attempt to establish an absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness is in ethics what the attempting to square the circle or to discover perpetual motion is in geometry and mechanics.'† Can there be any better elucidation of the truth that, if one starts with the axiom that pleasure and pain are the tests of morality and immorality, there can be no sanction of morality at all? For surely the 'social tissue' can give no better sanctions than the egoistic fibre. The difference between one and the other is only a question of degree, or rather one of time. Given a certain continuity of self-regarding activity, and by the course of nature there is educed a larger conception of self *plus* surroundings, of man *plus* his fellow men, of egoism *plus* altruism. So that the only logical conclusion would appear to be that there is no personal internal obligation to be moral, but only at most a social expediency, with which, for want of a better substitute for sanction, we must fain be content.

It is only another aspect of the same question to ask whether the existence of ethics does not require the assumption of a moral order of the universe, and whether such a moral order could even be empirically proved. Let there be no misunderstanding on such a point. There is no hint here of some cut-and-dry system of transcendental metaphysics. The words 'moral order' are innocent of any reference to the evolution of 'the idea,' or any other Hegelian device of 'obscurum' per 'obscurius.' The question may be stated with the most absolute simplicity. The meaning of an expedient act, or a useful act, or a pleasurable act, is readily understood; for experience—the hourly and daily experience of every man—testifies to its exact signification. It can be translated into its concrete equivalents with the most absolute ease, for twelve hours' ordinary existence furnishes us with a ready dictionary. But is the meaning of a dutiful act thus readily comprehended? Let us consider for a moment how much is involved. A dutiful act is one done in obedience to conscience. Conscience dictates in accordance with a moral law. A moral law is an ordinance relative to a general scheme of the government of the universe. I participate in that general scheme as a morally active being. Therefore I obey the law. By these

* Science of Ethics, pp. 429–30.

† Ibid. p. 430.

steps the conclusion is reached that it is only because I am part of and an active participator in a general moral scheme that I am a subject of morality; and it is only because a dutiful act is a part of and relative to a general moral order of the universe, that it *must* be done at all. Or, to put the matter in a nutshell, how can I understand what a dutiful act is unless I start with an idea of duty? And if not, is my idea of duty in any sense empirical, or is it not, in a certain obvious sense, an *a priori* idea?

But let us listen to Mr. Sidgwick on the matter, who ought to be in such a case an unprejudiced judge:—

‘The old immoral paradox, that my performance of social duty is good not for me but for others, cannot be completely refuted by empirical arguments: nay, the more we study these arguments the more we are forced to admit, that if we have these alone to rely on, there must be some cases in which the paradox is true. And yet we cannot but admit with Butler that it is ultimately reasonable to seek one’s own happiness. Hence the whole system of our beliefs as to the intrinsic reasonableness of conduct must fall, without a *hypothesis unverifiable by experience, reconciling the individual with the universal reason*, without a belief, in some form or other, that the moral order which we see imperfectly realised in this actual world is yet actually perfect. If we reject this belief, the cosmos of duty is thus really reduced to a chaos; and the prolonged effort of the human intellect to frame a perfect ideal of rational conduct is seen to have been foredoomed to inevitable failure.’*

It is a pity that Mr. Sidgwick should have seen fit to alter this in a second edition of his work; it is a great point, nevertheless, that he should have even once left it on record. No more decisive condemnation of the empirical ethics has ever been framed even by its professed antagonists.

There is only one issue out of the dilemma. Either we must accept the dependence of ethics on certain *a priori* assumptions, and give up the empirical interpretations, or else we must utterly transform the conception of duty. The latter alternative is Mr. Spencer’s device; and his sentence on the subject has already gained a striking notoriety. ‘The sense of duty is transitory, and will diminish as fast as moralisation increases.’† The implied conclusion is obvious. Morality, or, as Mr. Spencer calls it, with a view to its gradual growth, moralisation, has only an accidental and not an essential connexion with duty. Little wonder is it that Mr. Spencer should call the conclusion ‘startling.’ But if ‘moralisation’ means

* Methods of Ethics, p. 473, first edition.

† Data of Ethics, p. 127.

an improved experience of the socially useful, it is obvious enough that the stringency and imperative character of duty is only an accident of its development. It began in supernatural terrors, it ends in natural expediences. It had its rise in the imperious commands of some chieftain both in lifetime and after death, it has its issue in the discovery of the true happiness of society. But is there then no ideal morality the function of which is gradually to rectify the imperfect moral scheme of to-day and to-morrow? This leads us to another point, which, as it more especially concerns Mr. Spencer's 'Ethics,' is of some importance.

'A great part of the perplexities in ethical speculation,' says Mr. Spencer, 'arise from neglect of the distinction between the absolutely right and the relatively right. Scientific truths, of whatever order, are reached by eliminating, perturbing, or conflicting factors, and recognising only fundamental factors. When by dealing with fundamental factors in the abstract, not as presented in actual phenomena, but as presented in ideal separation, general laws have been ascertained, it becomes possible to draw inferences in concrete cases, by taking into account incidental factors. All this holds of moral science. In a chapter entitled "Definition of Morality," in "Social Statics," I have contended that the moral law, properly so called, is the law of the perfect man—is the formula of ideal conduct. Instancing questions concerning the right course to be taken in cases where wrong has already been done, I have alleged that the answers to such questions must be given on purely ethical principles. Ascertainment of the actual truths has been made possible only by pre-ascertainment of certain ideal truths. Similarly, then, is it with the relation between absolute morality, or the law of perfect right in human conduct, and relative morality.' *

Sentences bearing more clearly the idealistic impress could not be written. Two formidable difficulties, however, remain. How is it that duty, which surely means the ideal conduct of a human being, can on this supposition be so unconnected with moralisation as eventually to disappear? And how is it that Mr. Spencer believes that such absolute ethics as he here postulates can be conceived, even in some wild dream of fancy, as resting on the narrow empirical basis on which his whole system reposes?

For the truth is that, to understand ethics, we must first study the essential conditions of that consciousness which is over and above those sentient sequences which we call empirical knowledge. The self with which morality is concerned is not the self of empiricism, but that self in relation to which every-

* Data of Ethics, pp. 260, 268, 270, 271, 274, 277.

thing—nature, world, good, and evil, acquire intelligibility and existence. For what, even on Mr. Stephen's showing, is the essence of morality? It is not *to do* so and so or so and so, but *to be* so and so; * and that immediately points us back to the secret home of our spirit, the self which makes us and everything else what we and they are. Here, once again, the caution against the windy rhetoric of metaphysics is a criticism which can neither be justly urged nor plausibly maintained. In asserting that ethics is incomprehensible except on the supposition of an autonomous self, we can appeal to considerations which are unmetaphysical, and move on the common grounds of logic and reasoning. It is true that the ultimate foundation of the thesis is a piece of metaphysical analysis, which is probably distasteful to English 'common sense;' but there are many subsidiary arguments which are neither recon-dite nor ideal, and which make no excessive demands on common logical acumen.

Observe, for instance, what successive transformations the self can effect according to Mr. Spencer. It is first the narrow self of an organism which is limited by the range of its own desires. In this stage its conduct is described as that continuous adjustment of acts to ends which serves to prolong and intensify individual life. Then, under pressure, it is presumed of an historical necessity, it suddenly includes within the circle of 'self,' the life of its species, and displays race-maintaining conduct and not self-maintaining conduct. Then, finally, under a pressure, which is never described or accounted for, it performs such acts as not only avoid giving injury to others, but are actually designed to help and promote the interests of others. No one can pretend that the stages here indicated are purely successive or simply 'natural,' for the second is the direct negative of the first, and the third is largely limitative of the second. If, indeed, the self is above natural laws and can itself regulate or circumscribe their operation, the process becomes comprehensible; but if the self is a plaything in the hands of natural forces, what can be the solution of so strange a development? Either the evolution requires the helping hand of some extra-mundane force, which is the belief of those who recognise the continuous action of a Deity, or else the self is capable of a self-realisation in a manner not purely natural, because it is, as Kant would call it, a

* Stephen's 'Science of Ethics,' p. 145. 'Morality is internal. The moral law has to be expressed in the form "Be this," not in the form "Do this."'

'noumenal (i.e. supra-phenomenal) ego.' Let us see how Mr. Clifford describes the process, in the essay entitled, 'The Scientific Basis of Morals,' where he is speaking of 'the purpose of tribal approbation or disapprobation.'

'It is necessary to the tribe that the pious character should be encouraged and preserved, the impious character discouraged and removed. The process is of two kinds: direct and reflex. In the direct process the tribal dislike of the offender is precisely similar to the dislike of a noxious beast; and it expresses itself in his speedy removal. But in the reflex process we find the first trace of *that singular and wonderful judgment by analogy which ascribes to other men a consciousness similar to our own*. If the process were a conscious one, it might perhaps be described in this way: the tribal self says, Put yourself in this man's place: he also is pious, but he has offended. But the process is not a conscious one: the social craft or art of living together is learned by the tribe and not by the individual, and the purpose of improving men's characters is provided for by complex social arrangements long before it has been conceived by any conscious mind.*

Can any careful reader understand the process which is here described? Can he conceive of a something, which is not conscious, which yet can form a singular and wonderful judgment by analogy? And further, which can ascribe to other men a consciousness similar to our own? An unconscious process which can include other men's consciousness into our own, and yet remain unconscious, is indeed a miracle which eclipses the wonders of a seven-days' creation. Is not the alternative which Mr. Clifford expressly rejects the only conceivable one; viz., that the process is a conscious one, and that the imperfect consciousness which exists in individuals gradually learns to know the perfect self-consciousness of which the divinely simple rule is, 'Put yourself in his place?'

Or let us take the conception of duty, which is, perhaps, the clearest point of difference between the rival systems of rational and experimental ethics. Duty, as understood by the Kantian system, is the law laid by a man's higher self (i.e. his reason) on himself. He has no option but to obey, unless he will cut himself off from all communion with the universal spirit which moves in him and all intelligences. Every recalcitrant attempt is attended by that haunting remorse, which is nothing else but the agony of feeling that he is a spiritual outcast, a moral pariah. How shall experimental ethics explain such an *à priori* conception? We have already seen the attempt

* Clifford's 'Essays,' vol. ii. pp. 115-16.

made by Mr. Spencer. There are two elements in duty—authoritativeness and coerciveness. Authoritativeness is explained as the growth of a mental capacity to prefer the future in comparison with the present. Coerciveness is explained as the gradual transference of sanctions from an external to an internal relation. Each of these is a very difficult psychological process to understand, so difficult as to be almost hopeless. How is a mind, limited to experience of successive conscious states, capable of so summing up its conscious life as a whole, that it can balance what has yet to come with what is immediately present? And, even if the process were possible, are we a whit nearer to the conception of obligation? Still more difficult is it to comprehend how a mind, passively developing according to natural laws, can yet with conscious activity transform external sanctions into an internal law of itself; and yet, without such conscious power of translating outer into inner, the coerciveness of duty is wholly unexplained. For Mr. Spencer's two elements of duty are, in common language, the fact of moral obligation and the necessity of an internal sanction for morality, and both of these—both the fact and the necessity—remain as 'inexplicable surds' in the evolutionary ethics. Nor is this all. For Mr. Spencer, as if to accentuate that wastefulness in Nature which the doctrine of evolution has put in such clear light, after all the laborious process of the growth of duty, mocks our difficulties by telling us that it is all of no use. Duty itself will disappear. The evolved man in his millennial stage will have got the better of the 'authoritativeness' and the 'coerciveness.' The rationalised human being will in this case, as in all cases of association of ideas, see through his logical errors, and hereafter live in peace.

But, perhaps, there are simpler considerations than these, which bear on the main issue. For instance, it is quite obvious that ethics must of necessity consist of two parts, a scientific part and a preceptive part; we must have, in other words, both a science and an art of morality. Every ethical writer must perforce agree that, besides the explanation of the validity and sanctions of the moral laws, there must be some attempt made to exhort, persuade, and convince, or at all events to lay down rules for the performance of the moral laws. But now observe in what a curious predicament the expounders of the ethics of evolution are involved, when they begin to frame the preceptive portion of their ethical scheme. If the moral activities of man be the slow result of the continuous working of nature's laws, if morality be a natural science, in what

intelligible sense can a man be told that he *must* conform to the laws of nature? For if that precept be enjoined, the assumption is that there is in man a certain spontaneous force which can either assent to or oppose the forces of nature. Why else is he to be told that he *must* conform, except on the supposition that he can resist if he chooses? Epicurus long ago saw the difficulty. If all things proceeded according to the laws of motion and force, how could commands be addressed to atoms which were helpless in the general stream of necessary law? Must not some atoms have a certain wilful spontaneity of their own—an inexplicable *clinamen* from the perpendicular lines of downward motion? The modern scientist will make use of no such puerile fancy; but he pays the penalty in his logic. How can a being, who is simply the result of natural forces, be with any reason told that he must conform to those natural forces? The only logical result of the scientific hypothesis is fatalism.

Observe again, what curious discords are introduced by scientific ethics between what we revere in art and poetry, and what we maintain to be true of the moral self. There is only one thing which is unreservedly admired in art, and that is mastery, initiative, force. All our artistic ideals, whether in poetry or painting, rest on this ground—the exhibition of free, original power. But how comes it that we can venerate such ideals when, if we turn to what we know of man, we find him the creature of circumstance and nature, swept along in the current of mighty forces, which he can neither control nor resist? Can it be that man admires what he knows he can never attain to, and that his worship is a sort of despairing reaction from his own impotence? Mr. Herbert Spencer is probably an unwilling witness, and therefore it is not a little consoling to find that he, despite himself, bears testimony to man's free personality. What else can we make of that 'active energy as it wells up from the depths of our consciousness' of which he so eloquently speaks in his 'Psychology'?* Or of 'the fountain of power within us,' of which he makes use in establishing the distinction between subject and object?†

But there is a yet simpler consideration, which may possibly throw light on the matter. When we are establishing a great law of evolution, which is to prove not only that morality is the natural development of instinctive self-preserving actions, but that man is the last term in a series, of which the first is the ascidian, it is clear that man, who is the result of natural

* Psychology, vol. ii. p. 479.

† Ibid. pp. 482-3.

forces, is himself framing a theory of those forces. Is not this a monstrous supposition, that the potter's clay should be able to form a theory of the formation of the clay, ay, and of the potter too? For in no intelligible sense can a consciousness, whose natural genesis can be traced to molecules, itself stand over and review the process which culminated in its own enquiring activity. What is the conclusion? It can be stated in a sentence. The consciousness which makes us men is independent of time and development. In the last resort we can know of nothing except as it appears to consciousness. With our own active consciousness we begin, and with it we end. It is understanding, as Kant says, which makes nature, or, as Mr. Lewes puts it, in language which should be acceptable, as it is from the pen of a professed scientist, 'The world 'arises in consciousness.' And if consciousness be thus active in knowledge, if it is owing to its synthetic capacity that there is for us such a thing as Nature to know, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is equally active in morality. It is only on such a supposition that we can explain the moral ends which a reasonable human being sets before himself, the obligation that rests on him to do right, the remorse which poisons his life if he fails. Conscience is then to him a reality, for it is the voice of the universal reason which lives and moves in him and all men, the universal consciousness, which is none other than God. If humanity, in this sense, be held to be the main-spring of morality, we can assent to what M. Renan says of ethical systems: 'Les croyances nécessaires sont au-dessus de toute atteinte. L'humanité ne nous écouterait que dans la mesure où nos systèmes conviendront à ses devoirs et à ses instincts.'*

We will endeavour, before we conclude, to sum up in a few lines our own opinions on this great controversy. It appears to be the object of all the works which we have here passed in review to discover and establish a system of ethics absolutely independent of the religious basis on which it has been held and believed in all ages that true morality rests. Their design is analogous to the attempt to explain the creation without a Creator. Man's duties to his fellowmen and to himself are comprised in his duties to God; and whatever may be the source of our moral conceptions, they lose their sanction and cogency if they are not held in obedience to the authority of a Supreme Being. The moral conditions of the world are just as evidently established by a Supreme external Power as the

* *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, Feb. 1882.

physical conditions of the solar system and of the globe. The purpose of the universe—the great *Wherefore* of creation—must be a moral purpose; if it were no more than a material object, it would be unstable, imperfect, perishable, and finite. A moral purpose can only be accomplished by obedience to moral laws; in obedience to those laws consists the moral accountability of man; but man can only be accountable to a Being superior to himself. The sense of responsibility which is the coefficient of the sense of duty springs from obedience to law, and not from any of these subtle distinctions of the schools on the origin of conscience or the evolution of humanity. The fatal objection to these lines of argument is that they are baseless, and that, in discarding the theistical principle as the foundation of morals, these ingenious writers have only shown their inability to substitute any tangible principle or truth for it. They are driven to take refuge in vague and confused terms—a mere logomachy—utterly powerless to control, direct, and regulate the conduct and the passions of man. Hence we are led to the conclusion that their philosophy is as unsound as their ethics, since a true philosophy must before all things be able to explain and enforce the moral obligations of mankind.

ART. VI.—*James Nasmyth, Engineer. An Autobiography.*
Edited by SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. With Portrait and
Illustrations. London: 1883.

THE whole range of literary biography may be searched in vain for a more interesting record of an active, useful, successful, and happy life, enriched with admirable gifts, and blessed with an unusual share of good fortune, than is presented by the delightful autobiography of James Nasmyth. While the reader can detect few gaps or breaks in the simple and candid story, the steadiness of the author's progress, unvaried by check or by cloud, cannot but excite surprise. Starting in independent life on the modest wage of ten shillings a week (fixed by himself, and within which he lived, thanks to his own ingenuity, unstarved), at the early age of forty-eight James Nasmyth had accomplished fame and fortune, and retired from active business, to make way for younger men, and to devote his rare powers of accurate observation and exquisite draughtsmanship to the illustration of the splendid phenomena of what are called celestial mechanics.

So fascinating is the book, and so high is the estimate

which we are led (not by the book alone) to form of the writer, both as an engineer and as a man, that we must *in limine* refer to one or two points that detract from this unmeasured meed of admiration. The first of these regards the lessons which may be drawn from the autobiography as to the early education of the writer. 'Not having any aptitude for acquiring 'classic learning, so called,' he tells us (p. 82), 'I fear I made 'but little progress during the three years that I remained at 'the High School' of Edinburgh. His 'primitive habit of 'spelling by ear, in accordance with the simple sound of the 'letters of the alphabet (phonetically, so to speak),' brought him into collision with his teacher at his first school, and earned him many a cuff on the side of the head, and many a 'palmy' on his hands with a thick strap of hard leather. A violent outburst of savage passion on the part of this teacher, on one of these occasions, narrowly failed to ruin the boy's brain for life. The record of this man's brutality is about the only passage in the book where anyone with whom Nasmyth came in contact is mentioned in unfavourable terms. The incident, no doubt, furnishes an excuse, if not a justification, for the confession, 'I have ever since entertained a hatred against 'grammatical rules.' Had the volume come before us from the unchecked pen of the author, such a candid avowal might have silenced the voice of literary criticism. But why exemplifications of this weakness, of which we need not draw up a list—such, for instance, as the repeated use of the word *scorie* as a singular nominative—should have passed the pruning knife of the editor, we do not understand. And although an explanation of the value of the study of Euclid is acknowledged by Nasmyth as 'a lesson beyond all price,' there are yet several points in the history which show that much time might have been saved to the author by a more faithful application to that department of education which he thus admittedly neglected.

The second point to which we must take some exception applies not so much to the autobiographer as to the reader. As each branch of literature has its own rules, its own advantages, and its own defects, so we must remember that we do not ask or expect from a man who relates his own life either the research or the reserve proper to the historian. A degree of genial though modest self-content, that would be wholly inadmissible if betrayed by the latter, may appear only as a genuine outcome of the simplicity and earnestness of character of the former; and we never met with a book in which the writer seems to be more careful not to appropriate any of

the merit due to others. On the contrary he tells us the story of what was in fact a barefaced piracy of his most important invention without the least indication that he felt that he had been robbed, which he unquestionably was—at all events to the extent of the value of a French patent for his steam hammer. The generous manner in which he completed, with his own hand, the imperfect information which his French rival had stolen from his sketch-book, is an example of magnanimity as rare as it is noble. Nevertheless, no reader of this autobiography would be made aware, if he had no other source of information, to what extent James Nasmyth was only one of a band of distinguished men who, with little interchange of thought between them, were at the same time engaged in the same pursuits. To give to mechanical work a perfection of finish never before dreamed of, and to substitute, as far as possible, the operation of machinery for that of manual labour, may be said to have been the main object of the career of James Nasmyth as an engineer. Great was the success he obtained, and many were his original inventions. But he was neither alone, nor first, in this field. To Maudslay (always misspelt Maudsley) he fully acknowledges what he owed, as he does to his earlier and less-known instructors at Edinburgh. It was after Henry Maudslay's death that, in August 1831, Nasmyth began to lay the foundations of his own engineering establishment; and it was not until 1834 that he went to Manchester to begin business, moving to Patricroft in 1836. In that year we find, in the preface to the first volume of the Transactions (not the Minutes of Proceedings) of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the words, 'Neither does it fall within its scope to go into every detail of men, now numbered with the dead, who have been distinguished in the collateral branches of mechanism; the merits of their labours are fully recognised; and how can they be otherwise when a Watt, a Maudslay, and a Bramah are at their head?' Two-and-twenty years later, in January 1858, on the occasion of the discussion of a paper 'On the Self-acting Tools employed in the Manufacture of Engines,' at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Robert Stephenson, then a member of Parliament, said: 'It should be noticed that the first introduction of self-acting tools, by which work could now be executed with a precision that hand labour failed to accomplish, was due to Maudslay, Clements, and Bramah. Then came Fox (of Derby), Whitworth, and Roberts; and recently a great number of very ingenious inventions had been brought forward by the numerous makers whose names were now so well known.'

Among these we may refer to Fairbairn, who was born in 1789, who, like Nasmyth, was of Scottish descent, and who, in 1817, started in Manchester an engineering business almost exactly on the same lines as those laid down by Nasmyth seventeen years later. Nasmyth commenced work, with his faithful assistant Archy Torry, on a hired floor of a mill in Dale Street, with (among other machines of his own making) a foot lathe which he calls 'the progenitor, more or less directly, of all the mechanical productions of my long and active life.' Fairbairn, out of one or two small jobs, obtained 'sufficient to enable us to make a lathe; and, having hired a miserable shed for about twelve shillings a week, we erected the lathe, and with the assistance of James Murphy, a muscular Irishman, we contrived to turn and finish the whole of our work in a very creditable manner.'* About 1864 the business thus humbly commenced was transferred to a limited liability company, who thenceforth traded under the title of 'The Fairbairn Engineering Company.' In 1869, when Mr. Fairbairn had arrived at the eightieth year of his age, the crowning honour of his life was conferred on him, the dignity of the 'baronetage.' In 1856, at the age of forty-eight, James Nasmyth 'retired from business, to enjoy the rest of my life in the active pursuit of all my most favourite occupations.' Do not two such parallel careers illustrate each other?

Of Whitworth, another labourer in the same province, we find no available account. He, too, was a workman of Maudslay's, which may account for the manner in which he worked in a true parallel to that of Nasmyth. His contributions to the accuracy of mechanical work and the advance of self-acting machinery are second to none. In 1841 he was elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, but no contribution from him to the history of mechanical science is recorded in the Minutes of Proceedings of that body of an earlier date than his exhibition to them of a model of a rifled cannon in February 1860. His tract on plane metallic surfaces was read at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow in 1840. The pursuit of the same object by Maudslay is mentioned in the autobiography, and the floating of one plane upon the thin stratum of air interposed between it and another, which is there (no doubt correctly) attributed to Maudslay's work, was a characteristic (and to the present time we had thought a special characteristic) of that of Whitworth.

* The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, p. 112. Longman, London, 1877.

So again the determination of normal pitches and threads for screws appears to have been common to these two admirable mechanicians. Fairbairn obtained the silver Telford medal of the Institution for his paper on the iron ores of Samakoff in 1845, and was from that time a frequent contributor to the Proceedings of the institution. Nasmyth contributed a paper 'On a Mode of Bending Discs of Silvered Plate Glass into 'Concave or Convex Mirrors' in March 1840, and his experiments on the fibre of iron are mentioned in the Minutes of Proceedings for 1843. The use of his steam pile driver in the construction of the Tyne docks, in 1854, is referred to in an account of these docks in vol. xviii. of the Proceedings. Otherwise Nasmyth's name does not occur in the General Index to the Minutes of Proceedings or in the library catalogue of the institution, of which he appears never to have become a member. Of the fertile genius of the father of living mechanics, John Ericssen, K. V., we spoke in an article on the Civil Engineers of Britain in No. cccix. of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

We mention these facts in order to show that, however faithful the autobiography may be as a summary of the mechanical work of Nasmyth, that work was but a portion of the great mechanical movement of the period during which it was carried on. It is probably true that the steam hammer is the most valuable implement that has hitherto been placed at the service of the metallurgist. But when the history of mechanical invention, even in England alone, comes to be written, the chapter that treats of the work of Nasmyth, brilliant and important as it must be, will be only one of many chapters of nearly equal importance.

There is, however, one particular in which, so far as our own acquaintance with the men and the times extends, Nasmyth stands first, if not alone. We refer to the use that he made of his pencil. All engineers draw. Mechanical drawing, as it is called, unlike freehand or artistic drawing, is one of those accomplishments which any educated boy may be taught, with due application, to acquire. On a full-sized scale, mechanical drawing is, to a certain extent, practised by every carpenter, smith, or mason. In the higher walks of the profession we are indebted to Isambard Brunel for the introduction of a kind of paper on which pale brown lines are ruled at distances of from one-twentieth to one-fourth of an inch apart, both horizontally and vertically, which has proved of the utmost service to the draughtsman, by enabling him to dispense with the constant reference to the foot rule or the ivory scale either in

geometric or in isometric projection. But to none of the eminent men to whom we have referred was the pencil so familiar as to James Nasmyth. To him its use was almost like the enjoyment of a sixth sense, or special faculty. He thought out his mechanical problems with the aid of the pencil. It was a sure instrument of record, an illustrator of his letters, a veritable substitute for language; so that in Norway, among men who could speak as little English as he could utter of their native tongue, he could ask for and obtain what he wanted by the means of a sketch of a dinner table.

To this artistic, as well as mechanical, use of the pencil, Nasmyth is no doubt in some measure indebted for his extraordinary success in life. We could cite ample reasons for fully agreeing with him in the opinion that his facility, improved as it was by constant practice, was in its origin innate and hereditary. His father was an artist of no mean name, as a painter both of landscape and of portraits. His elder brother Patrick, 'the well-known landscape painter,' was twenty-one years older than himself. Alexander Nasmyth, the father, was the best and almost the only instructor of his boys, at all events in art. Like his younger brother a rebel against the rules of Priscian, Patrick 'successfully accomplished the three R's,' but after that his school was in the fields, in the face of Nature. The perfect truth with which he represented English and Scottish scenery, associated as it is with so many home-loving feelings, forms the special attractiveness of his works. This has caused them to be eagerly sought after, and purchased at high prices.

Nor was the hereditary faculty of the fingers of James Nasmyth developed only in the course of two generations. His grandfather, Michael Naesmyth (as the name was in his time spelt), was the third of a line of mechanics, builders, and architects, who had manfully striven to retrieve, by honest and thorough work, the effects of the confiscation of the property of the family under Charles II. It is then with good reason that James Nasmyth thus commences his own tale: 'Our history begins long before we are born. We represent 'the hereditary influences of our race, and our ancestors virtually live in us.' By one of those coincidences in which truth is stranger than fiction, the first of the family who bore the name of Naesmyth assumed as armorial bearings a hand dexter with a dagger, between two broken hammer shafts, with the motto, *Non arte sed Marte*. 'In my time,' says the descendant of Sir Michael Naesmyth, 'I have reversed the motto; and instead of the broken hammer shafts I have

'adopted, not as my arms, but as a device, the most potent 'form of mechanical art—the steam hammer.' We may even carry the comparison a step further. If the mighty mechanical tool has replaced the old instrument of warfare, and to a certain extent rendered obsolete the ancient shafts of the sledge hammer, the hand that has done this work was not dexter, but sinister, as James Nasmyth, although he learned to write with his right hand, always uses his pencil with his left.

Born, in August 1808, at his father's house in Edinburgh, the mechanical education of James Nasmyth commenced at an early age. 'When I was four years old,' he says, 'I often 'followed my father into his workshop, when he had occasion 'to show to his visitors some of his mechanical contrivances 'or artistic models.' Thus long before his school days began, his

'practical education was in progress, especially in the way of acquaintance with the habits of nature in a vast variety of its phases, always so attractive to the minds of healthy children. It happened that close to the Calton Hill, in the valley at its northern side, there were many workshops, where interesting trades were carried on, such as those of coppersmiths, tinsmiths, brassfounders, goldbeaters, and blacksmiths. Their shops were all gathered together in a busy group at the foot of the hill, in a place called Greenside. The workshops were open to the inspection of passers-by. Little boys looked in and saw the men at work amidst the blaze of fires and the beatings of hammers.

'Amongst others, I was an ardent admirer. I may almost say that this row of busy workshops was my first school of practical education. I observed the mechanical manipulation of the men, their dexterous use of the hammer, the chisel, and the file; and I imbibed many lessons which proved of use to me in my later years. Then I had tools at home, in my father's workshop. I tried to follow their methods; I became greatly interested in the use of tools and their appliances; I could make things for myself. In short I became so skilled that the people about the house called me "a little jack-of-all-trades."' (*Autobiography*, p. 78.)

At from twelve to fifteen years of age, James Nasmyth, who was entered as a pupil at the Edinburgh High School in October 1817, was unconsciously educating himself for his future eminence by the hobby of collecting coins. But 'besides collecting the coins,' he simply adds, 'I used to make 'careful drawings of the obverse and reverse faces of each in 'an illustrated catalogue which I kept in my little coin 'cabinet.' A visit from Sir Walter Scott, who, after inspecting cabinet and catalogue, 'took out of his waistcoat 'pocket a beautiful silver coin of the reign of Mary Queen

‘of Scots, and gave it me as being his young brother anti-‘quarian,’ might have given a permanent bent to the career of Nasmyth. Fortunately the influence which such an event must otherwise almost infallibly have exerted on the imagination of the boy was counterbalanced by that of a still greater man—at least in the work-a-day-world.

‘It was in the year 1817 that I had the pleasure, never to be forgotten, of seeing the great engineer, James Watt. He was then close upon his eighty-second year. . . . I well remember the sight I then got of the great engineer. I had just returned from the High School when he was leaving my father’s house. It was but a glimpse I had of him. But his benevolent countenance and his tall but bent figure made an impression on my mind that I can never forget. It was even something to have seen for a few seconds so truly great and noble a man.’ (*Autobiography*, p. 88.)

James Nasmyth’s passion for the collection of coins now gave way to a sustained interest in mechanical pursuits. When the weather was ungenial, Alexander Nasmyth took refuge in his work-room among his lathes and tools, and there his son was by his side. Thus chiefly were implanted in his mind ‘the great fundamental principles on which the practice ‘of engineering in its grandest forms is based.’ By means of his father’s foot-lathe the boy turned out spinning-tops in capital style, so that he soon became noted among his school-mates for the excellence of his ‘peeries.’

‘All wanted to have specimens of my productions. They would give any price for them. The peeries were turned with perfect accuracy, and the steel shod, or spinning pivot, was centred so as to correspond with the heaviest diameter at the top. They could spin twice as long as the bought peeries. When at full speed they would “sleep,” that is, turn round without a particle of waving. This was considered high art as regarded top-spinning.’ (P. 89.)

Small brass cannon, little hand guns, and little steels (for striking light, in the prælucifer days), were others of the practical studies for which James felt a much stronger vocation, while at the High School, than for what he irreverently calls ‘mere matter of rote and cram.’

From 1820, when he left the High School, carrying with him little Latin and no Greek, to 1829, when he went to London, the education of James Nasmyth seems to have been chiefly of that informal, not to say desultory, kind, which either results in the formation of an idle and slovenly character, or lays deep and broad the basis of such a culture as can never be imparted by the schoolmaster’s ferule. He attended, however, the evening lectures at the Edinburgh School of Arts,

established in 1821, and which 'was, in fact, our first technical 'college.' Lectures on chemistry were given by Dr. Fyfe; on mechanical philosophy by Dr. Lees and Mr. Buchanan. 'The class of geometry and mathematics was equally well conducted, though the attendance was not so great.' Nasmyth 'continued his regular attendance at this admirable institution 'from 1821 to 1826.' Before the latter date he began to turn to some practical account the knowledge that he had acquired of the use and handling of mechanical tools. He made a small working steam engine for the purpose of grinding the oil colours used by his father in his artistic work. The result was quite satisfactory. 'Many persons came to see my active 'little steam engine at work; and they were so pleased with 'it that I received several orders for small workshop engines, 'and also for some models of steam engines to illustrate the 'subjects taught at mechanics' institutions' (p. 110). The first of these was made for the Edinburgh School of Arts. 'The price I charged for my models was 10*l.*; and of the 'pecuniary results I made over one third to my father, as a 'sort of help to remunerate him for my keep, and with the 'rest I purchased tickets of admission to certain classes in the 'University.'

It may be permitted to the man who has enriched our arsenals with so potent an appliance as the steam hammer, to enrich our language with a word than which no other can be more aptly descriptive of one of the leading features of his character. In his account of his father he introduces the term; and of himself, as well as of his parent, it may be said that this 'faculty of resourcefulness' was 'a faculty 'which served him very usefully during his course through 'life.' In this faculty lies the very germ of the character of the born engineer. Not that it is confined to the mechanical arts. In finance, in politics, in the ordinary business of life, it is no less a most potent element. But to the politician, the financier, or the man of business, the too ready command of this brilliant faculty is sometimes rather a snare than an advantage. Material nature alone imposes such stern checks on action that the resources of genius are nowhere more displayed than in the career of the great engineer or the great captain.

One of the earliest, and not the least interesting, displays of this faculty, dates about the time of the attendance on the technical classes.

'The way in which I converted my bedroom into a brass foundry was as follows: I took up the carpet so that there might be nothing

but the bare boards to be injured by the heat. My furnace in the grate was made of four plates of stout sheet iron, lined with fire-brick, corner to corner. To get the requisite sharp draught I bricked up with single bricks the front of the fireplace, leaving a hole at the back of the furnace for the short pipe just to fit into. The fuel was generally gas coke and cinders saved from the kitchen. The heat I raised was superb—a white heat, sufficient to melt in a crucible six or eight pounds of brass.

‘Then I had a box of moulding sand, where the moulds were gently rammed in around the pattern previous to the casting. But how did I get my brass? All the old brass-works in my father’s workshop drawers and boxes were laid under contribution. This brass being for the most part soft and yellow, I made it extra hard by the addition of a due proportion of tin. It was then capable of taking a pure finished edge. When I had exhausted the stock of old brass, I had to buy old copper or new in the form of ingot or tile copper, and when melted I added to it one-seventh of its weight of pure tin, which yielded the strongest alloy of the two metals. When cast into any required form, this was a treat to work, so sound and close was the grain, and so durable in resisting wear and tear. This is the true bronze or gun metal.

‘When melted, the liquid brass was let into the openings, until the whole of the moulds were filled. After the metal cooled it was taken out; and when the room was sorted up no one could have known that my foundry operations had been carried on in my bedroom. My brass foundry was right over my father’s bedroom. He had forbidden me to work late at night, as I did occasionally on the sly. Sometimes when I ought to have been asleep I was detected by the sound of the ramming in of the sand of the moulding boxes. On such occasions my father let me know that I was disobeying his orders by rapping on the ceiling of his bedroom with a slight wooden rod of ten feet that he kept for measuring purposes. But I got over that difficulty by placing a bit of old carpet under my moulding boxes as a non-conductor of sound, so that no ramming could afterwards be heard. My dear mother also was afraid that I should damage my health by working so continuously. She would come into the work-room late in the evening, when I was working at the lathe or the vice, and say, “Ye’ll kill yerself, laddie, by working so hard and so late.” Yet she took a great pride in seeing me so busy and so happy.’

A direct acting, high-pressure steam engine, with a cylinder four inches in diameter, in which he introduced a motion of his own contrivance, was the next product of the industry of James Nasmyth. He made a present of it to his friend George Douglass, ‘in return for his great kindness in allowing me to have the use of his foundry,’ and the result was ‘to set all the lathes and tools in brisk activity of movement.’ This led to the order from a manufacturer of braiding to supply him with a similar engine of two-horse power. In

1827, furnished with the sum of 60*l.* by the Scottish Society of Arts, the young amateur turned out a steam carriage for the common roads, which made successful trips of four or five miles with a load of eight passengers sitting on benches about three feet from the ground.

We are here led to a remark which allows us to pay some small tribute to the gallant and pious efforts that have been long and repeatedly made by a lady to establish the honour which she upholds to be due to her father's memory as the discoverer of the very vital breath of the existing locomotive. We allude to the blast, which Miss Gurney declares to have been first used by her father in his steam carriage for common roads. Of these carriages the first was produced in 1825, and an improved copy was patented in 1831. We have ourselves stated, and that on first-hand authority, that the use of the blast was an invention of, 'or rather a happy and unexpected 'avoidance of a difficulty' by, Mr. Stephenson, on the occasion of the Liverpool and Manchester competition in 1829. We now have this testimony from Nasmyth:—

'I may mention that in my steam carriage I employed the waste steam to create a blast or draught by discharging it into the short chimney of the boiler at its lowest part, and found it most effective. I was not at that time aware that George Stephenson and others had adopted the same method; but it was afterwards gratifying to me to find that I had been correct as regards the important uses of the steam blast in the chimney. In fact it is to this use of the waste steam that we owe the practical success of the locomotive engine as a tractive power on railways, especially at high speeds.'

This application of the blast by Nasmyth dates, so far as we can trace it, in 1827 or 1828. The alteration of the blast pipe of the Rocket, so as to throw the two orifices into one, was made by the Messrs. Stephenson in October 1829. We are not in possession of the date at which Mr. Gurney made a like improvement, but we think that there can be little room for doubt that this, the great source of locomotive speed, was independently discovered by each of the three engineers, Nasmyth, Gurney, and Stephenson. At the same time we must add that not only Gurney and his worthy rival Hancock, but the engineers of the Elevated Railway of New York at the present date, made use of a fan, driven by a separate steam cylinder, to blow the fire. The noise of the blast proved so dangerous on roads used by horses, and so intolerable close to the windows of houses, as to render necessary this substitution. Thus the blast may be regarded with almost equal truth as the child or as the parent of the railway system.

Recovering, by constitutional vigour and careful nursing, from an attack of typhus fever in 1828, James Nasmyth, accompanied by his father, sailed from Leith in May 1829, in the hope of obtaining employment in the works of Messrs. Maudslay and Field, in London. He took with him, by way of credentials, a working model of a high-pressure engine, with a cylinder of two inches diameter and a six-inch stroke, which he made for the occasion, and an assortment of his drawings of machinery, both geometric and in perspective.

‘Mr. Maudslay received us in the most kind and frank manner. After a little conversation my father explained the object of his visit. “My son,” he said, pointing to me, “is very anxious to have the opportunity of acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of mechanical engineering, by serving as an apprentice in some such establishment as yours.” “Well,” replied Maudslay, “I must frankly confess to you that my experience of pupil apprentices has been so unsatisfactory that my partner and myself have determined to discontinue to receive them—no matter at what premium.” This was a very painful blow to myself; for it seemed to put an end to my sanguine expectations.’

Mr. Maudslay, however, invited father and son to accompany him round the works. The admiration of the lad was excited to enthusiasm by the order and excellence of all that he beheld; and on coming to the steam engine which gave motion to the whole machinery of the factory, where a stoker was removing the ashes from under the furnace, said, on the spur of the moment, to Mr. Maudslay, ‘If you would only permit me to do such a job as that in your service, I should consider myself most fortunate.’ ‘I shall never forget,’ the story goes on, ‘the keen but kindly look that he gave me. “So,” said he, “you are one of that sort, are you?” I was inwardly delighted at his words.’

The upshot was, that receiving an appointment to bring his models and drawings to the factory on the following day, after an inspection of twenty minutes, Maudslay

‘expressed, in good round terms, his satisfaction at my practical ability as a workman engineer and mechanical draughtsman. Then, opening the door which led from his library into his beautiful private workshop, he said: “This is where I wish you to work, beside me, as my assistant workman. From what I have seen there is no need of an apprenticeship in your case.”’

‘It was, of course, an immense advantage for me to be so intimately associated with Mr. Maudslay in carrying on his experimental work. I was not, however, his apprentice, but his assistant workman. It was necessary, therefore, in his opinion, that I should receive some remuneration for my services. Accordingly, at the conclusion of my first

week in his service, he desired me to go to his chief cashier and arrange with him for receiving whatever amount of weekly wages I might consider satisfactory. I went to the counting-house and had an interview with Mr. Young the cashier, a most worthy man. Knowing as I did the great advantages of my situation, and having a very modest notion of my own worthiness to occupy it, I said, in answer to Mr. Young's question as to the amount of wages I desired, that "if he "did not think ten shillings a week too much I could do well enough "with that." "Very well," said he, "let it be so." And he handed me over half-a-sovereign!

The first resolution of the young workman, thus fairly launched (he had put by a small capital of 55*l.* from the sale of his models), was to live within his earnings. To keep down his expenditure, he became not only his own cook, but his own kitchen builder. He 'made a drawing of a very simple, 'compact, and handy cooking apparatus,' to be constructed by a tinsmith near at hand, to which the requisite heat was supplied by an oil lamp.

'I well remember,' he says, 'the first day that I set the apparatus to work. I ran to my lodging at about four P.M., to see how it was going on. When I lifted the cover it was simmering beautifully, and such a savoury gusto came forth that I was almost tempted to fall to and discuss the contents. But the time had not yet come, and I ran back to my work.' (P. 144.)

The stew thus cheaply cooked was composed of leg of beef, sliced potato, onions, pepper, and salt, and just enough water to cover the elements. It cost about 4½*d.* Breakfast and tea, with bread, cost about 4*d.* per meal. For lodgings the rent was 3*s.* 6*d.* per week. 'In the following year my wages were 'raised to fifteen shillings a week, and then I began to take 'butter to my bread.'

In 1830, during a visit of Maudslay to Berlin for the purpose of superintending the erection of some machinery for the Royal Mint there, Nasmyth devoted a month's holiday to a visit to Liverpool and Manchester. At the Liverpool terminus—

'for the first time I saw the famous "Rocket." The interest with which I beheld this distinguished and celebrated engine was much enhanced by seeing it make several short trial trips under the personal management of George Stephenson, who acted as engineman, while his son Robert acted as stoker. During their trips of four or five miles along the line the "Rocket" attained the speed of thirty miles an hour—a speed then thought almost incredible! It was to me a most memorable and interesting sight, especially to see the father and son so appropriately engaged in working the engine that was to effect

so great a change in the future communications of the civilised world.'

Did Nasmyth, we wonder, at that time at all look forward to the mighty change that was at hand? In one, at least, of the younger men who stood by Robert Stephenson on the foot-plate of the first engine which, in 1835, he put on the line of the London and Birmingham Railway, the effect of the rapid and steady motion, giving, as it seemed, to man a new charter of dominion over the earth on which he dwelt, inspired a feeling of profound awe. Of what sort of revolution was this to be the first step?

In this holiday tour, Nasmyth managed to obtain a very exhaustive view of the chief engineering establishments then in activity in the manufacturing districts, and was enabled to lay down the lines for his future proceedings, whenever he might feel able to start on his own account. He paid visits to the works of Fawcetts, of Liverpool; Sharp, Roberts, and Co., of Manchester; Coalbrookdale, and Boulton and Watt, at Soho near Birmingham; and speaks in the highest terms of the exquisite mechanism of the engraving lathes of John Drain, a small and little known manufacturer of the Warwickshire capital. His entire expenditure during this educational tour, made for the most part on foot, was seven pounds.

'When I look back,' he says (p. 171), 'upon that tour, I feel that I was amply rewarded. It was throughout delightful and instructive. The remembrance of it is as clear in my mind now as if I had performed the journey last year instead of fifty years ago. There are thousands of details that pass before my mind's eye that would take a volume to enumerate. I brought back a book full of sketches; for graphic memoranda are much better fitted than written words to bring up a host of pleasant recollections and associations. I came back refreshed for work, and possessed by an anxious desire to press forward in the career of industry which I had set before me to accomplish.'

The vigorous energy which Nasmyth displayed in the service of Maudslay, who had become deeply interested in astronomy, and in the elegant and masterly improvement introduced by his young assistant in the casting of *specula* for reflecting telescopes, was diverted, rather than checked, by the untimely death of Mr. Maudslay in February 1831.

'It was a very sad thing for me to lose my dear old master. He was so good and so kind to me in all ways. He treated me like a friend and companion. He was always generous, manly, and upright in his dealings with everybody. How his workmen loved him; how his friends lamented him! He directed, before his death, that he should be buried in Woolwich Churchyard, where a cast-iron tomb,

made to his own design, was erected over his remains. He had ever a warm heart for Woolwich, where he had been born and brought up. He began his life as a mechanic there, and worked his way steadily upwards until he reached the highest point of his profession. He often returned to Woolwich after he had left it; sometimes to pay a share of his week's wages to his mother while she lived; sometimes to revisit the scenery of his youth. He liked the green common, with the soldiers about it; Shooter's Hill, with its wide look-out over Kent and down the valley of the Thames; the river busy with shipping; the Dockyard wharf, with the royal craft loading and unloading their armaments. He liked the clangour of the arsenal smithy, where he had first learned his art; and all the busy industry of the place. It was natural, therefore, that being so proud of his early connexion with Woolwich he should wish his remains to be laid there; and Woolwich, on its part, has equal reason to be proud of Henry Maudslay.'

In not less grateful terms does this warm-hearted writer speak of Joshua Field, the partner of Maudslay, with whom he remained for the next six months. 'I had then,' says the autobiography :

'I had then arrived at my twenty-third year. I had no intention of proceeding further with assistants' or journeymen's work. I intended to begin business for myself. Of course I could only begin in a very small way. I informed Mr. Field of my intention, and he was gratified with my decision. Not only so; but he kindly permitted me to obtain castings of one of the best turning-lathes in the workshops. I knew that when I had fitted it up it would become the parent of a vast progeny of descendants—not only in the direct line, but in planing machines, screw-cutting lathes, and many other minor tools.

'At the end of the month, after taking a grateful farewell of Mr. Field and his partners, I set sail for Leith with my stock of castings, and reached Edinburgh in due time. In order to proceed with the construction of my machine tools, I rented a small piece of land at Old Broughton. It was at the rear of my worthy friend George Douglass's small foundry, and was only about five minutes' walk from my father's house. I erected a temporary workshop 24 feet long by 16 feet wide.'

The story of Nasmyth's establishment at Manchester must be followed in the volume itself. It reads like a fairy tale, or at all events like one of those carefully drawn fictions, of the period of Fielding or Defoe, which were in literature what the paintings of Hogarth were in pictorial art. We are reminded of the 'good apprentice.' What is most unlike the actual world, as so many writers describe their experience of it, is that unchequered kindness with which all of those with whom he came in contact—engineers, manufacturers, merchants, landlords, bankers—held out their hands to encourage and to aid the young mechanic. At all events these acts

of grace fell on no unthankful soil. 'To narrate in detail,' he says, 'all the instances of warm and hospitable kindnesses which I received from men in Lancashire, even from the outset of my career there, would fill a volume.'

A single flat in an old mill in Dale Street, Manchester, was the locality selected for the first workshop of James Nasmyth. The flat was 130 feet long by 27 wide. Power was supplied for driving the machinery from a shaft connected with a neighbouring mill, the owner of which had power to spare. The rent was only 50*l.* per annum. Hither, at the age of twenty-six, Nasmyth removed all the tools which he had made or accumulated at Edinburgh, and summoned Archy Torry, a young hearty fellow, who had entered his service at the wage of fifteen shillings a week, who soon arrived in charge of the ponderous machinery and engineering tools. 'Orders soon came in.' Some of the first were for the flat cast-iron inking-tables required for the printing-machines of Messrs. Cowper and Applegarth, to which every reader of a daily newspaper now owes the cheapness and earliness of the morning's news. The mechanical genius of the inventor of the printing-machine has been hereditary, and to Mr. Cowper's son, now a member of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, we owe, among other inventions, the well-known fog signals in use on our railways.

The next step in the triumphant march of genius and perseverance was the leasing from 'Squire Trafford' of a six-acre plot of land situated at the crossing of the Bridgewater Canal by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, at a spot known by the name of Patricroft, for 999 years, at an annual rental of 1*½d.* per square yard. Here, in 1836, Nasmyth commenced the erection of what, 'as an appropriate and humble tribute to the memory of the first canal maker in Britain, the noble Duke of Bridgewater,' he called the Bridgewater Foundry. Fortune favoured the enterprise, as she seems to have done invariably those of one whom she seems to have tried in vain to convert into a spoiled child. 'A fine bed of brick clay lay below the surface of the ground, which supplied the material for bricks.' And below the clay, at available depth, lay the live new red sandstone rock, which yielded a solid foundation for any weight that could be placed upon it.

The rise and progress of the Bridgewater Foundry is not narrated in any detail by the autobiographer. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining abundance of skilled workmen in South Lancashire and Cheshire. The mechanical excel-

lence of the workmen of Manchester, Mr. Nasmyth learned from 'William Stubbs of Warrington, the maker of the celebrated files' (and we may add the no less deservedly celebrated vices and other tools), has descended from father to son, developed from generation to generation. Its pedigree is traced to the Norman smiths and armourers introduced into the neighbourhood at the Norman Conquest by Hugo de Lupus, the chief armourer of William the Conqueror, after the Battle of Hastings. (We must, however, call the attention of Dr. Smiles to the fact that the Battle of Hastings was not fought, as he has allowed the text to stand, in 1060, any more than 'the Peace of Amiens' (p. 69) 'was proclaimed in 1814.') The principle on which the well-deserved prosperity of the Bridgewater Foundry was based, was that of free trade in ability. Commencing work at the time when the old system of apprenticeship was disappearing under the influence of the rapid increase of population, Nasmyth's first serious struggle was with that disastrous influence which seeks to establish the industry of the idlest, and the ability of the stupidest and least conscientious, workman as the normal type, which none may better except at the risk of starvation.

'It was not, however, without some difficulty that we were allowed to carry out our views as to *Free Trade in Ability*. As the buildings were increased more men were taken on—from Manchester, Bolton, Liverpool, as well as from more distant places. We were soon made to feel that our idea of promoting workmen according to their merits, and advancing them to improved positions and higher wages in proportion to their skill, ability, industry, and natural intelligence, was quite contrary to the views of many of our new employes. They took advantage of a large access of orders for machinery, which they knew had come into the foundry, to wait upon us suddenly, and to lay down their Trade Union law for our observance.

'The men who waited upon us were deputed by the Engineer Mechanics Trades' Union to inform us that there were men in our employment who were not, as they termed it, "legally entitled to the trade;" that is, they had never served a regular seven years' apprenticeship. "These men," said the delegates, "are filling up the places, and keeping out of work, the legal hands." We were accordingly requested to discharge the workmen whom we had promoted, in order to make room for members of the Trades' Union.

'To have complied with this request would have altered the whole principles and practice on which we desired to conduct our business. I wished, and my partner agreed with me, to stimulate men to steadfast and skilful work by the hope of promotion. It was thus that I had taken several of the Worsley men from the rank of labourers, and raised them to the class of mechanics with correspondingly higher wages. We were perfectly satisfied with the conduct of these work-

men, and with the productive results of their labour. We thought it fair to them as well as to ourselves to resist the order to discharge them, and we consequently firmly refused to submit to the dictation of the Unionists.'

We regret to abridge what follows; every line deserves attention. The strike, ordered by the Union, took place, to the great regret of the poor men who felt compelled to obey the mandate of the Council. The terrorism which is an invariable accompaniment of extreme republican institutions was employed to crush an establishment of which the country might well be proud. Half the men left, and pickets, established by the Union around the works, 'were only too efficient' in preventing those desirous of obtaining employment from 'getting access to the foundry.' The tyranny of idleness over industry was, however, happily frustrated by the importation of sixty-four picked workmen, in the zenith of their physical powers, from Scotland.

'We made arrangements for their conveyance to Glasgow, from whence they started for Liverpool by steamer. They landed in a body at the latter port, many of them accompanied by their wives and children, and eight-day clocks! A special train was engaged for the conveyance of the whole—men, women, and children, bag and baggage—from Liverpool to Patricroft, where suitable accommodation had been provided for them.

'The arrival of so powerful a body of men made a great sensation in the neighbourhood. The men were strong, respectable-looking, and well dressed. The pickets were "dumfounded." They were brushed to one side by the fresh arrivals. They felt that their game was up, and they suddenly departed. The men were taken over the workshops, with which they appeared quite delighted. They were told to be ready to start next morning at six, after which they departed to their lodgings. The morning arrived, and the gallant sixty-four were all present. After allotting to each his special work, they gave three hearty cheers, and dispersed throughout the workshops.

'We had no reason to regret the alterations which had been accomplished through the strike ordered by the 'Trades' Union. The new men worked with a will. They were energetic, zealous, and skilful. They soon gave evidence of their general handiness and efficiency in all the departments of work in which they were engaged. We were thus enabled to carry out our practice of free trade in ability in our own way, and we were no longer interfered with in our promotion of the workmen who served us the best. In short, we had Scotchd the strike; we conquered the union in their wily attempt to get us under their withering control; and the Bridgewater Foundry resumed its wonted activity in every department.'

Had all the masters of England shown the same spirit of courage and intelligence that was displayed by James Nasmyth

in these periods of strife, there can be no doubt that the manufacturing productions of England would at the present time command a far higher position than they do in the markets of the world, and that the wages and comforts of the skilled workman would be much more steady and more thorough than is now the case. And when we add that the influence of the counsellors of idleness on the outturn of a single industry—that of coal—is measured by the difference between the winning of 249 tons and of 318 tons per workman per annum, we think it will be tolerably clear who are the wisest counsellors of the working man, and who the best contributors to the national welfare.

From a second strike, of which we do not find the date, to Mr. Nasmyth's retirement from business in 1856, the record of unchecked prosperity is so brief, that we must devote what small space is yet at our command to a glance at some of the chief inventions that we owe to the genius of our author. One characteristic is common to them all. Nasmyth calls it the application of common sense to the use of materials. It would be well for England if this were so. Unfortunately the sense here displayed is anything but common. It is rather the application of a fertile imagination schooled by geometric training. The man who invents, as did Nasmyth, sees his machine at work almost before he has put pencil to paper to sketch its first outline. But the difference between the mere flighty projector and the man of true mechanical genius is that the first contents himself with loose and boastful assertion, the other brings the outcome of his fancy to the test of the drawing-board. Not even when, each part duly proportioned, the mechanical drawing presents a true portraiture of the future appliance, is the author satisfied to bring it before the world until he has seen, however roughly, something of the actual behaviour of the invention in the form of a working model. It is thus that the great inventions of Nasmyth were subjected to the test of mechanical draughtsmanship before they took a place, never afterwards to be lost, among the valued appliances of the workshop.

Of these inventions none are at once more simple and more useful than the collar-nut cutting machine, figured on p. 145, and the centring machine, figured on p. 412. It is impossible to look at these expedients without a smile. But the meaning of the smile is—how could anyone have worked without these most natural tools? So, again, in the case of the key-grooving machine on p. 410, the simple expedient of inverting the mortising tool, and allowing the wheel to be operated on

to lie on the top of the apparatus, instead of having a cumbrous and costly preparation made for reception within it, is a modification of structure like the workmanship of nature herself.

Mr. Nasmyth claims the invention of more than one important appliance that has been hitherto attributed to other authors. Of the blast, for one, we have already spoken. The mode of applying steam power for the traction of boats has been in actual use since 1866 on the Elbe,* the Seine, and other French and German rivers and canals. It has probably been independently invented by different men. So again with regard to the means of transmitting rotary motion by means of a flexible shaft. Some ten years ago we saw the American dentist's drill referred to by Mr. Nasmyth, and thought it one of the most brilliant applications of ingenuity that we had ever witnessed. The hint may indeed readily have been caught from a man so free to communicate his inventions, even before they had taken concrete form, as was the inventor of the steam-hammer.

Of those beautiful appliances for the study of astronomy to which the autobiography refers under the simple title of 'Astronomical Pursuits,' we have but little to add to the article on the 'Physical History of the Moon' which is to be found in No. cclxxxv. of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Mr. Nasmyth refers to our 'kind and courteous review of his book,' and we need here only call attention to the permanent service that he has rendered to astronomy as a mechanic by his method of casting specula. It is the more needful to refer to this, because the elegant mode in which the brittle nature of the alloy used for specula was overcome by the genius of Nasmyth before he left Edinburgh—that is to say before 1829—is only a chapter of the same course of metallurgic discovery which led to his proposal to use chilled iron shot, made to the British Association in 1862. This identical plan was patented by Sir H. Palliser in May 1863. After what we have said as to the steam blast and other inventions, it will at once be seen that we have no idea of challenging the originality of the later discoverer. Still, the dates are on record, and it is especially interesting to trace back a train of thought, that led to results so valuable to modern warfare, to an early and successful attempt to overcome the difficulties that lay in the path, not of the soldier, but of the astronomer.

* *Deutsche Bauzeitung*, vol. x. pp. 191–202. *Proceedings Inst. C. E.* vol. l. p. 216.

Among the numerous inventions of James Nasmyth, that on which his most substantial claim to fame is based is the steam-hammer. As late as the year 1839 the most effective method of forging large bars of iron, such as the shank of an anchor, was by the successive blows of seven sledge hammers, wielded by a circle of seven sturdy smiths. When we add that the largest anchor of the 'Great Eastern' weighs eight tons, exclusive of the stock, and that its shank is twenty feet six inches long, it will be seen that the demands on the power of the smith are such as it has become difficult to meet without mechanical aid. For producing large bars of iron, indeed, the well-known tilt hammer had long been driven by water-power, as by that of the river Don, at Sheffield, and in other places. These were enormous beams vibrating on a pivot or axis. At one end was a ponderous block of iron, or hammerhead; and at the other a bevelled surface, which an enormous ratchet wheel, driven by the mill wheel, depressed until the highest elevation of the head was attained. The end of the beam then slipped over the ratchet, and the hammerhead fell on the iron placed on the huge anvil. But this apparatus was too rude to shape the bar, except roughly; and not only so, but it was very limited as to the size of the forging that it would turn out. 'Whenever the largest forge hammer was tilted up to its full height, its range was so small that when a piece of work of considerable size was placed on the anvil the hammer became "gagged," so that, when the forging required the most powerful blow, it received next to no blow at all, as the clear space for the fall of the hammer was almost entirely occupied by the work on the anvil.' The mode in which Nasmyth substituted a direct vertical fall for this awkward angular blow was in principle as beautifully simple, as was his reversal of the action of the key-cutting machine before mentioned. On the top of a strong iron frame, in the shape of a capital A, he placed the cylinder of a steam engine, the piston-rod of which passed vertically downwards, and was keyed into the block of iron which acted as a hammer. Thus steam lifted the weight, and so aided or regulated its descent, that on the first exhibition before the Lords of the Admiralty at Devonport in 1843; of the work of a steam hammer (of which the hammer block weighed two and a half tons), the inventor 'made it break an eggshell in a wine-glass without injuring the glass,' and then 'went on with the hurtling blows of the hammer and kneaded the mass of iron as if it had been clay.'

Of the efficacy of this new implement for forging the

thunderbolts of war, and the enormous shafts of wrought iron which the engineer now requires for his service, it is almost impossible to speak in exaggerated terms. It is not easy to fix a limit to the power of the steam hammer. One very striking illustration may be taken from the history of its application in the modified form of a steam pile driver. Two of these implements, designed by Nasmyth for the purpose of driving the seventy feet piles required for harbour work at Hamoaze, were made ready for work on July 3, 1845.

‘The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, while I adopted the new one. The resident managers sought out two great pile logs of equal size and length—70 feet long and 18 inches square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute; and in the course of four and a half minutes my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of twelve hours to complete the driving of their pile!’

This delightful book is illustrated by a characteristic portrait of the author, taken by George Reid and etched by Paul Rayon, and by upwards of a hundred illustrations, most of them from the pencil of Nasmyth. We might have been tempted to regret the insertion, among the positive contributions of the author to mechanical science and to both the observation and the theory of celestial mechanics, of his speculations on the long vexed question of the origin of the form of the Pyramids, and of the survival of cuneiform script in Roman capital letters, were it not that errors of the kind have a special value in enforcing what we said at the commencement of this notice as to the ill-effects of the neglect of any distinct branch of education. As to the pyramid, the subject is too wide even to hint at its conditions. The remarks made as to the implement and the method of impressing the cuneiform characters on wet clay are wholly within the province of the mechanic, and are marked with the usual clear insight of Nasmyth into all methods of dealing with materials. But when our autobiographer wanders into literary, classical, or historical speculations, he is very wide of the mark. The Roman capital letters are the descendants of the Greek characters, which we trace to the seventh century B.C., and of the very similar Phœnician letters, which we trace, on extant monuments, to the ninth century B.C. These forms are entirely destitute of the cross lines at the ends of the letters

which now distinguish Roman capitals from what is called Egyptian type. Down to certainly the second century B.C. (and probably to a later date), the cuneiform script was used, side by side with the Phœnician, and while the former was impressed on clay by a square or triangular stylus, the latter appears to have been so impressed by a flat, round-pointed blade. A bronze stylus, found in the Palace of Sennacherib, is figured in 'Assyrian Discoveries;' but the drawing is not sufficiently distinct to determine the section of the implement. There are no points of contact between the two alphabets; and the cross lines of the later Roman capitals are as evidently due to the use of the chisel in incising letters in stone, as the other forms are to the use of the stylus or modelling tool in clay.

We have no doubt whatever that Mr. Nasmyth will be as desirous as we ourselves can be, that the delightful account of a life crowned with

‘Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
And all that should accompany old age,’

should have this one warning note appended to it to remind those who would worthily tread in his footsteps that his great eminence was attained rather in spite of, than in consequence of, the fact that he ‘entertained a hatred against grammatical ‘rules.’ We cannot part company with him without a word of congratulation as to the simple, old-fashioned happiness which seems ever to have rested on his home. His autobiography affords a remarkable exemplification of the truth of the proverb,

‘Happy the wooing
That’s not long a-doing,’

and the bright glow of domestic affection into which he was driven by the inclemency of the weather, and the hardship of our mode of travelling in pre-railway times, seems never to have paled or faded. ‘The happy “chance” event of our meeting ‘on March 2, 1838,’ he says, in reference to the romantic incident of his engagement, which we will not spoil by abbreviating, ‘culminated in our marriage at the village ‘church of Wentworth on June 16, 1840—a day of happy ‘memory. From that day to this, the course of our united ‘hearts and lives has continued to run on with steady, unin- ‘terrupted harmony and mutual happiness. Forty-two years ‘of our married life find us the same affectionate and devoted ‘“cronies” that we were at the beginning; and there is every ‘prospect that, under God’s blessing, we shall continue so to

‘the end.’ All that the conditions for a happy home can do to further this wish appears to be realised in ‘Hammerfield,’ the cottage in Kent to which Nasmyth, in 1856, retired in order to commence his ‘active leisure.’ There is a woodcut of this commodious cottage in the volume. Five gables, no two of which are exactly alike, peep through twining creepers and tufted coniferæ. The view from the spot is charming, and ‘embodies all the attractive elements of happy-looking English scenery. The noble forest trees of Penshurst Park are close alongside, and the old historic mansion of Penshurst Place is within half a mile from the house.’ Here, like Brunel at Watcomb, Nasmyth aided nature by the pleasant toil of the planter and landscape gardener. Trees and shrubs, carefully selected, were planted under his own eye, if not by his own hands. As in the graceful groups with which the taste of Repton adorned Cassiobury Park, Nasmyth interspersed with the dense foliage and pyramidal spires of the noblest conifers, the slender and drooping boughs, and silver bark, of the birch. ‘To thus paint, as it were, with trees is a high source of pleasure in gardening. Among my various enjoyments this has been about the greatest.’ Long may he live to enjoy the fruit of the work of his skilful and industrious hands!

ART. VII.—1. *A Dictionary of Medicine.* By Various Writers. Edited by RICHARD QUAIN, M.D., F.R.S. London: 1882.

2. *A System of Medicine.* Edited by J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., F.R.S. 5 vols. London: 1866–79.

THE art of medicine is partly scientific and partly empirical. Empirical it must always to some extent remain, because the conditions under which disease attacks the human body are infinitely various, and the effects of remedies vary with the idiosyncrasy of the patient; but it is satisfactory to perceive that the scientific element is steadily gaining on the purely empirical, that facts are more and more substituted for theories, and that the healthy functions of the human frame are better understood than they ever were before. This rational science of medicine is of very recent date. It is not more than one hundred and fifty years ago that Haller, physician to George II., laid the foundations of physiology. From that date the old fantastic theories of medicine were

rapidly swept away. A series of marvellous discoveries and applications followed; and, towards the close of the nineteenth century, the art and science of medicine has reached the point denoted and described in the massive volumes now before us.

Ten years ago a review of the progress of surgery was published in this Journal.* The article was named 'The Progress of Medicine and Surgery,' but it addressed itself to the surgical more than to the medical side of the question. Its chief text was a comprehensive 'System of Surgery' that had then recently been published in five large volumes, and arranged upon the encyclopædic plan of having the leading branches of the science and practice of surgery described in separate treatises, written by a number of the most competent hands. Since 1872 a similar encyclopædic handling of the science and practice of medicine has been carried out. The five large volumes of the 'System of Medicine,' edited by Professor Reynolds, were completed in 1879, and at the present time a scarcely less voluminous 'Dictionary of Medicine' has just been issued under the able editorship of Dr. Quain, although, through the facilities furnished by double columns and small type, it appears as a single portly volume of 1800 pages. Dr. Quain's work is literally an Encyclopædia of Medicine, comprising treatises on every branch of the science by various well-qualified hands, alphabetically arranged for the convenience of ready reference. In this sense it is properly a handbook for general use, although it must be confessed that as a 'handbook,' if this term be literally understood, it would require a Stoic's indifference to the effect of weight and muscular strain, if it were in that way consulted as frequently and as studiously as its well-filled and well-arranged pages deserve to be. Many of its articles are as elaborately and as carefully worked out as those of the more costly volumes of the 'System of Medicine.' But it is also a part, and a commendable part, of the plan of this dictionary that amidst the more elaborate essays it includes waifs and strays of miscellaneous information which may be advantageously referred to by practitioners on passing occasions of need, and that the whole of the subject-matter has been carefully revised and added to up to the time of going to press; so that, as stated by the editor in his preface, written in September last, although the work has been several years in preparation, it nevertheless presents in its pages the latest con-

* The Progress of Medicine and Surgery, Edinburgh Review, No. cclxxviii., vol. cxxxvi., October 1872.

tributions to medical knowledge. A close examination of the contents of the book amply justifies this assurance of the editor. It is not too much to say that the large and comprehensive volume has been most carefully and most skilfully planned and carried out.

The most casual glance at the voluminous records of medical science comprised in these two works sufficiently marks how impracticable it would be to attempt in this place anything approaching to an adequate review of the 6500 compactly-printed pages of medical lore which they together comprise. It is nevertheless possible to draw from the vast store some interesting facts that will serve to show how loyal the spirit of medical investigation remains to the great Hallerian method of enquiry, and how competent that method appears to be to achieve the result at which it aims.

Perhaps the most important of the conclusions at which the science of medicine has arrived in the present day is, that it is nature rather than the physician which has in most cases to effect the cure of disease. There is a true *vis medicatrix* attached to the economy of life, and the primary duty of the practitioner of the healing art is to see that this beneficent restoring power is allowed to have fair play. But, in order that he may do this, he must have a very clear conception in his own mind as to what the healthy condition of the living mechanism is. On this point Dr. Quain in one place forcibly remarks:—

‘The end and aim of the practitioner of medicine should be, if possible, firstly, to discover the cause, or causes, on which the disease depends, and to remove or counteract them if practicable; and secondly, to endeavour, by every available means, to restore to health the functions of the body, and with that object to guide and assist nature, but never to thwart her operations.’

It is upon this ground, therefore, that physiology is now taken to be the base of any rational system of medicine. Disease, in the physician's sense, is defined simply as being a deviation from the standard of health in any of the functions or structures of the body. It is therefore an obvious inference from this view of the matter that an observer who desires to investigate the actual nature of a disease must in the first instance have acquired a clear notion of what the healthy standard is from which the diseased condition is a departure. It is only when he knows precisely what the right actions should be that he can promptly detect any deviation from them, and that he can fairly undertake to deal with the causes

of the derangement. But as soon as he is engaged in the observation and examination of the abnormal and disordered states, he has passed into a new field of investigation. He is then concerning himself with pathology, a science which may almost be said to be the daughter of physiology, and which has grown up in modern days out of the comparison of standard and disordered functions. Pathology is to the diseased state what physiology is to the healthy one. It also may, therefore, be said to be a part of the rich legacy which Albert von Haller has left to his descendants.

Pathology is at the present time defined the scientific naming and classifying of the phenomena of disease, and the attempt to trace the conditions out of which those phenomena have arisen. But in dealing with those phenomena the physician now allows no place to theory. He assumes that his business is only with facts; but in dealing with these facts he has to meet two forms of difficulty. In the first place, the so-called standard of healthy functions cannot yet be said to be an absolutely fixed and ascertained element; and, in the second place, the causes which determine departures from this standard are of almost infinite variety and complexity; so that upon both these grounds a very large demand has to be made upon the experience, intelligence, and mental powers of the investigator. Professor Reynolds deals with considerations of this class in the introductory pages of his 'System of Medicine,' and, whilst doing so, avails himself of the opportunity to record his own settled conviction that human investigation is competent to make its way through such obstacles. In speaking of nosology and the form of classification of disease which he has found it most convenient to adopt, he remarks that no classification of this character can yet be looked upon as more than an expedient for bringing into close approximation and relation those forms of disease which have the most intimate clinical association. He, in other words, admits that medicine has not yet arrived at the condition in which an exact scientific classification of disease is possible, but he holds that it is steadily advancing towards the state in which such a consummation may be realised. With characteristic caution he remarks that life is too subtle an affair for all its possible contingencies to be measured by human powers; that the physician still has to deal very largely with doubts rather than certainties; and that so long as this is the case the science of medicine must be looked upon as an uncertain and imperfect science. It is only when the physician is able to foretell, or prognosticate, what the results will be in every case of disease, that the prac-

tice of medicine can be held to have assumed the position and to deserve the designation of an exact science.

In alluding to the imperfectly understood distinction between structural and functional disease, Dr. Reynolds is at some pains to point out that nothing can be more erroneous than the common notion that functional means 'trivial,' and that structural means 'severe.' A functional disease may be long continued, obstinate, and destructive; and a structural disease may be of short duration and amenable to treatment. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive the idea of disease that is not structural in a certain sense. Every living organ is, as a condition of its life, at all times undergoing molecular changes upon which its nutrition depends, and these changes are essential parts of its functional activity. No function of any living tissue can be called into exercise without involving the interstitial movements of repair and waste. In the case of a secreting gland, the secreting cell has to live, to waste, and to be repaired, and 'it lives at a degree of pressure and is wasted' and repaired at a rate directly proportioned to the amount of 'work that it accomplishes.' But nothing is actually known of the physical conditions which determine why one set of cells separate from the blood urea; another set, saliva; and another set, bile.

'These are at present ultimate facts of physiological science; the function is the expression of the life of the structure; it is what the latter was constructed for the purpose of doing; in doing it the structure undergoes change; it is wasted and repaired, but these processes are carried on without any breach in the integrity of tissue; function is to nutrition as electricity is to the chemic changes in the galvanic battery, a correlated force.'

In many diseases the only symptoms that can be recognised are changes in the degree of activity with which certain organs perform their functions. Such diseases are then spoken of as functional, although no one can doubt that the functional change is in reality connected with the interstitial movements of molecules that are carrying on nutrition and repair. The fact, therefore, comes out that the condition which is spoken of as functional disease, is essentially one in which the departure of structure from the normal standard of health is too subtle to be recognised by the senses of the observer.

'In one passage in the Introduction to the 'System of Medicine,' Professor Reynolds incidentally alludes to what might perhaps not inappropriately be termed the 'changes of fashion' which have from time to time occurred in the treatment of disease. The well-known instances of blood-letting and of

the employment of mercurial medicines are, no doubt, illustrations of what was in the author's mind when he made this allusion, and these are both of them topics which suggest some further comment on account of the light which they throw upon a somewhat vexed question.

The article on the abstraction of blood, in the 'Dictionary of Medicine,' is written by Dr. Alfred Wiltshire, and in the course of this article the author remarks that in the early half of the present century it was the custom for healthy adults to be bled almost as regularly as they went to market. In alluding to this he takes occasion to state that he himself believes the injurious effects of this frequent bleeding of healthy people have been greatly exaggerated, and he quotes in support of his opinion a remark of Sir James Paget, in reference to some investigations on which he had been engaged, and which is to the following effect:—'I can regard those, as a series of venesections, fairly performed for the determination of what is the influence of the removal of blood up to the point of syncope upon a comparatively healthy person. I think I can surely say that not one of these persons suffered any harm.'

But it must be borne in mind that taking blood from persons who are already under the strain of disease is an entirely different thing from subjecting sound and 'comparatively healthy' persons to the same treatment. The reason why sound persons are not liable to suffer any mischief from the practice is obvious upon a moment's reflection. They are in a state in which fresh blood is very rapidly supplied in consequence of the active condition of the organs of digestion. Most persons of vigorous constitution have more blood at their command than is required for the actual support of repair and working energy. The prevalent objection which has arisen to the abstraction of blood is virtually based upon the consideration that most diseases run a more or less prolonged course, and that during that course blood is required to support the efforts of repair, as well as to supply the ordinary waste and strain of the system. Very many forms of protracted disease, no doubt, are more certainly conducted to a successful issue if this circumstance is borne in mind and the resources upon which the physician has to draw are judiciously husbanded. It also appears in the highest degree probable that persons who are attacked by disease bear depressing treatment at certain times with much less capability of resistance than they do at others. There is an almost unanimous agreement amongst medical authorities that soon after the year 1830, when influenza and

cholera were epidemic and very prevalent, an indisposition to bear loss of blood suddenly manifested itself, and that patients rapidly sank under treatment that had been successfully adopted but a short time previously. Dr. Wiltshire says, in reference to this:—

‘The diseases [of this period] were characterised by extreme depression. If antiphlogistic measures were adopted they proved failures, and taught the physician that blood-letting was not the universal panacea it was supposed to be. By degrees it ceased to be practised as it used to be. A new generation which knew not the past has sprung up, and, as in all reactionary movements, the practice has become as limited as it formerly was universal.’

The variations of opinion to which attention has been drawn are due to the circumstance which is here pointed at. When the pendulum is carried too far on one side, it naturally swings back with too great an impetus in the opposite direction. If some people who have been bled chance to die, a prejudice against bleeding springs up, and for a long time retains its hold upon public opinion with a tenacity and force which are far in excess of anything that the facts of the case justify. Dr. Wiltshire bears his testimony on this point also in the following words:—‘It is almost certain that in either extreme ‘there is an evil, and that we may have recourse in certain ‘cases to abstraction of blood with some degree of that success ‘which formerly led to its extensive use, if not to its abuse.’ The veteran physician Sir Thomas Watson, so well known for his justly esteemed lectures on the Practice of Physic, and who has but recently been withdrawn from a life of prolonged and useful labour, supports the conclusion of Dr. Wiltshire in the following memorable words:—‘I hold it, then, to be ‘certain that for some morbid conditions, which inflammation ‘may or may not accompany, general blood-letting, and especially venesection, is a life-preserving remedy; that there ‘are many exigencies for which it is not only safe to employ, ‘but unsafe and unpardonable to withhold it.’

In Dr. Wiltshire’s article in the ‘Dictionary of Medicine’ the cases in which the abstraction of blood is not only warranted, but required, and those in which it is as manifestly forbidden, are clearly indicated. Both sides of the contention, indeed, are judiciously summed up, and in reference to this summary it may be at once said that the emergency which most frequently justifies its use is the need to gain time by one bold stroke, in order that other less prompt and less vigorous remedies may be brought into play. There are states of active

inflammatory disease in which the issues of life and death, or of the destructive disorganisation of some essential organ, may have to be met before other remedies can be brought to bear upon the abnormal pathological state—where the progress of the destructive process needs to be instantaneously brought to a pause. A pint or two of blood, taken from a vein in an over-charged and over-throbbing system—an operation which can be summarily accomplished within two or three minutes—may arrest the first fierce onslaught of a disease, and effectively change a very threatening and dangerous attack into a quite manageable one. There is no other means by which over-distension of the arterial vessels, too energetic impulse of the stroke of the heart, and mischievous engorgement of the veins, with all the dangerous consequences to the structure of delicate organs that these conditions involve, can be so promptly and certainly relieved. It is for this reason that the physiological medicine of the day beneficently refuses to altogether discard an expedient which, in skilful hands, is capable of being turned to good account where no more sluggish process could be relied upon. Dr. Wiltshire has dealt very sagaciously and intelligently with this highly important theme.

Mercurial preparations, which are unquestionably among the most powerful, for evil or for good, of the mineral substances that are used as medicines, have had a somewhat similar capricious career during the progressive advance of the medical art. They have been at one time lauded as a kind of universal antidote to disease, and at other times stigmatised as the arch-destroyers of the human race. Mercury, nevertheless, still holds its place as a remedy of great efficacy when employed by skilful and competent hands. It may, on this account, be worth while to devote a few words to the vindication of its fair fame, and to the explanation of the position which it has established for itself in the modern scientific practice of medicine. This may the more appropriately be done, because a very large class of other powerful mineral medicines stand very much in the same predicament. As a medicine, mercurials profess to effect their curative work in two ways. They produce a material alteration in the composition of the blood, and stimulate to increased activity two classes of secreting glands. The physiologists and pathologists have found that when mercury is mingled medicinally with the blood, it reduces the number of red corpuscles, and lessens the quantity of plastic fibrin that is contained in the liquid plasma. In these particulars it is, like blood-letting, a depressing agent, because it impoverishes the blood. But with the impoverishment of

the blood, it reduces the force of the stroke of the heart and the pressure exerted upon the vessels, and at the same time lessens the tendency to solid deposits and to the abnormal pouring out of liquids from the blood, both which are ultimate consequences of inflammatory and other special forms of disease, and fertile in mischief. Both of these dangers, for instance, are imminent in most forms of pleurisy, and the ultimate integrity of the structure of the lungs is prone to be materially injured when they present themselves. Mercurials are consequently employed, and very effectively employed, in diseases of this class, to prevent plastic adhesions and deposits and serous effusions. When mercury has been introduced into the blood, it stimulates both the salivary glands and the liver, and increases the flow of saliva and bile. It is capable, on this ground, of being advantageously administered in most obstructive derangements of the liver. It also augments the flow of the pancreatic secretion, which is of a similar nature to saliva, and it has, on that account, been very successfully employed to facilitate the introduction of fatty and fattening ingredients of the food in the case of emaciated persons, with whom the functions of the pancreas have been impaired. But, in addition to these influences, it also seems to act, in an inferior degree, upon all the secreting glands of the body, and so aids the operation of all other eliminative remedies. The chief difficulty which applies to the employment of mercury as a medicine arises from the circumstance that the two forms in which it is most commonly and most conveniently used are themselves insoluble compounds. They are rendered soluble and active by the chemical changes which are brought about in their composition through the agency of the acid of the natural juices of the stomach. But it necessarily happens that these changes are produced in an uncertain and unknown degree. For this reason the cry against the indiscriminate and incautious employment of mercurials has not been raised without good justification. They are amongst the most powerful remedies employed by the physician. They should consequently only be wielded by the most skilful hands, and only be used with great caution and reserve. At one time it became fashionable to give calomel in such diseases as cholera and fever in enormously large and frequently repeated doses. The actual fact in most of those cases, no doubt, was that the calomel was not changed into any soluble compound in the interior of the body, as it ordinarily would be, and that, therefore, it passed through the alimentary canal without exerting more influence than so much chalk might be expected

to do. But in many other instances in which this hyper-heroic handling of the medicine was employed, large portions of the insoluble mass *were* so changed by the liquid secretions of the alimentary organs that they could find an entrance into the blood, and it so happened that the patients were ultimately destroyed by its poisonous power rather than by the disease.

There is one piece of evidence of the soundness of the claim which mercury advances in support of its serviceable powers when judiciously administered that is worthy of being quoted here, on account of the light which it sheds upon a much-mooted question. It occurs in a letter of Sir Walter Scott's, addressed to his friend Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk, on the 15th of July, 1819, and subsequently printed in Lockhart's life of the great novelist. It appears that Scott had been for some considerable time in ill-health, and that during that period he suffered from excruciating and frequently recurring paroxysms of distress and pain, which incapacitated him for continuous mental exertion. He had been assiduously ministered to by various medical friends without any relief, when he was induced to consult Dr. Dick, whose medical experience had been acquired in India. Sir Walter's statement of the result is given in the following words:—

‘My health, however, seems in a fair way of being perfectly restored. It is a joke to talk of any other remedy than that fearful but most unpleasant one—calomel. I cannot say I ever felt advantage from anything else, and I am perfectly satisfied that if used as an alterative, and taken in very small quantities *for a very long time*, it must correct all the inaccuracies of the bilious organs. At least, it has done so in my case more radically than I could have believed possible. I have intermitted the regimen for some days, but begin a new course next week for precaution. Dr. Dick, of the East India Company's service, has put me on this course of cure, and says he never knew it fail, unless when the liver was irreparably injured.’

Of course it is not intended here to endorse the somewhat uncompromising assertion of the writer as to the power of calomel to ‘correct all the inaccuracies of the biliary organs.’ The enthusiastic belief was, however, not unnatural under the circumstances. The notable facts in reference to these are, that he had suffered for a considerable period from a very painful and obstinate disease which, according to the testimony of some of his friends, appeared to have brought him very near ‘death's door,’ and that he had tried various other forms of treatment without any relief. He then used mercury as a medicine for long intervals at a time, and at last acquired the habit of resorting to it of his own accord when any threat-

ening of the recurrence of the complaint presented itself, and the result was that he was permanently restored to vigorous health, and passed many years subsequently in exceedingly hard work. This memorable case effectively disposes of the often-repeated complaints that mercurial remedies of necessity leave injurious results whenever they are used. The instance is alluded to on account of the completeness of the evidence which the letter supplies, and of the interest attaching to it on personal grounds. But, as a matter of fact, there are very few medical practitioners of large experience and sound repute who could not furnish testimony of a similar character.

The establishment of physiology as the foundation of a rational science and practice of medicine has not necessarily stopped with the assertion of the great primary doctrine that it is nature and not the doctor that is most influential in the cure of disease. The discovery by Harvey of the circulation of the blood, and by Asellius of the action of the absorbents, placed an active as well as a passive power in the hands of the physician. The heart beats upon an average about seventy times every minute, and at each stroke it pumps out from its double chamber something like six ounces of the crimson blood. It is in consequence of this that in every half-minute of time, or thereabouts, the entire quantity of blood contained within the body of an adult human being is passed through the heart and issued to all the remote textures and tissues of the frame. At the same time, whatever is introduced into the stomach in a state of solution is taken in through the porous membranes of the alimentary canal and mingled with the rapidly coursing blood. It is desirable to keep well before the mind in relation to these facts the marvellous power, whether for evil or for good, this arrangement places in the hands of the physician. He is able by employing weak solutions of abnormal agents, which are properly foreign to the ordinary constitution of the body, to circulate these, under the instrumentality of the ever-acting heart, through the channels of every structure of the frame in such a way that their agency upon the molecular transformations already explained may be very vigorously exercised. He is able to keep the entire fabric of the varied organisation flushed and saturated with those extraneous and artificial agencies which experience may have taught him to bring into play. It will be understood that the actual introduction in this way into the minute penetralia of the living system of foreign substances is not merely a matter of inference; the fact is capable of the most positive proof. If two or three grains

of some such well-known salt as iodide of potassium are dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water and swallowed as drink, the salt can be detected, by reagents with which chemistry is familiar, within a couple of minutes in the most remote parts of the frame, and especially in the channels through which extraneous and unnecessary ingredients are removed from the system whenever they have managed to effect an entrance into it.

Physiological investigation, then, demonstrates, in these days of exact observation and enquiry, that medicinal substances for the most part are introduced actually into the liquids of the interior of the body—into the streams of the circulating blood—before their remedial effects can be produced. All such as are dissolved in water accomplish this entrance by transuding immediately through the fine porous membranes of the stomach or intestinal canal, until they reach the interior channels of the veins, which are there carrying the coursing blood-stream on towards the heart. If the medicine is not administered in water, but is nevertheless of a soluble nature, it is taken up by the liquid portions of the digested food, and carried by them to be mingled with the blood. Even insoluble substances, such as oils and resins, are so blended with the bile—which, on account of its soap-like nature, has a capacity to mix with such insoluble ingredients—that they can in that combination find an entrance into the inner penetralia of the organisation. Once in the blood, since the blood circulates everywhere, the medicine is quite sure to find its way wherever its influence may be desired. A medicine designed, for instance, to act upon the liver, kidney, or brain, will be almost immediately diffused through the capillary vessels of those organs. That such is the case is again substantially proved by the circumstance that the remedy can be actually detected in the structure of the organ to which it has been accredited.

When medicines are thus circulated with the blood, they exert an influence upon the vital economy in four distinct ways, which are all of them important so far as remedial operations are concerned. In the first place, they alter the condition of the blood itself. It is obvious that they must do this, since they are extraneous ingredients that have no proper place amongst the ordinary constituents of the vital liquid. The blood is changed by the fact, and to the extent, of their presence, and, in virtue of such presence, must in some way act differently upon the parts to which it is so carefully distributed. But many medicinal substances exercise a special influence upon the most highly vitalised parts of the frame, the nerve-pulp and flesh, with which they are brought into

intimate communication. Everyone is aware of the power which narcotic medicines possess of alleviating pain, itself merely an abnormal irritability of the substance of the nerves, and which astringent medicines exert of bracing up the relaxed fibres of muscular textures.

There is, however, another of these ways in which medicines take effect that is even of greater power when skilfully directed. It is a part of the exquisite plan of organisation upon which animal life is made to depend, that extraneous bodies are not tolerated in the penetralia of the vital mechanism. Nature itself immediately undertakes their removal whenever they intrusively present themselves there. They are forthwith expelled by the agency of the secreting glands, which separate them from the proper constituents of the blood, and dismiss them through special excreting ducts, in association with the usual secretions. All poisons are got rid of in this way. If arsenic or corrosive sublimate is introduced into the blood in quantities which are not sufficient to cause immediate death, it is all got rid of by this instrumentality. When the blood is heavily charged with alcohol, the alcohol is all expelled from the circulation within, at the most, a few days. The greater part of the medicinal substances which are administered as remedies are notoriously of a poisonous as well as of an extraneous nature, and stand in the same category. They are, indeed, introduced into the system that they may be expelled.

But when extraneous substances have been intrusively thrown into the blood, their removal entails an augmented activity of the organs that charge themselves with their expulsion. The organ which is best able to cope with the difficulty in each particular case exerts itself to accomplish the removal. In doing this, however, being in a preternaturally active state, it throws out with the expelled substances a considerably augmented quantity of its own proper secretion, and also, in association with it, more of some other of the ingredients of the blood. The physician accordingly learns to employ his poisonous medicines to produce this effect, and to clear away out of the blood depraved products of a less energetically noxious kind, which have unduly accumulated, or even by chance been generated in it out of its normal constituents. The physician also is aware that some poisonous medicines are expelled by one class of glands, and that others excite the expulsive activities of yet others of the natural emunctories—that antimony, for instance, is chiefly got rid of through the sudorific glands of the skin; mercury, through the salivary

glands, pancreas, and liver; and nitre, through the kidneys. He therefore selects the medicine that will stimulate and quicken the action of the particular gland he desires to rouse. This, indeed, is the mode of operation of the very large and influential class of remedies which have been classed together under the well-chosen title of Eliminatives. It will be at once seen how enormously vast a field this opens for the experience and skill of the physician. Considering the delicate and complicated adaptations with which he has to deal, it is not at all wonderful that remedies of this powerful class may be injudiciously employed. The wonder rather is that they are so efficaciously employed as they unquestionably are by competent men, and that mischief so rarely results from their use. The secret of this safety undoubtedly lies in the circumstance just explained, that the substances are self-expulsive, and that there is but a very remote probability of their lurking in the blood, or accumulating there, to any harmful extent, if the quantity that is medicinally administered is kept well within the amounts with which nature and the corrective mechanism of the body are competent to deal.

The employment of medicines, it will thus be understood, is a supplementary power which experience and observation have placed in the hands of the physician, and it rests with his experience and skill to determine in each case how far it may be best to trust to the restorative powers of nature, under a well-ordered system of restriction from hurtful influences and under careful nursing, and how far it may be advisable to bring the remedial powers of medicine into play. The knowledge of the actions of medicines has been raised into a separate branch of medical science, which is distinguished as Therapeutics. But, as Dr. Lauder Brunton, the Lecturer on Therapeutics at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, somewhat sarcastically remarks in the 'Dictionary of Medicine,' therapeutics may be divided into two classes, the therapeutics of fancy and the therapeutics of fact, and in all ages of the world's history the two have been running side by side and so intimately intertwined that it requires a clear insight and a sound judgment to distinguish the one from the other with certainty. The truth nevertheless remains that the therapeutics of fact is that part of the science of healing which has been acquired from experimental physiology and pathology, and from watching and recording the effects of medicines in the innumerable diversity of circumstances in which they have to be administered. Dr. Lauder Brunton alludes to the artificial production of diseased conditions in the lower animals, and to the experi-

mental administration of drugs to determine the part of the body which they affect, and the changes which they produce in the normal functions, as good illustrations of the means by which a rational science of practical therapeutics is being built up.

The animal body has, as is well known, a specific temperature of its own. It is this which the Germans in their expressive nomenclature term the 'Körperwärme,' and which the English physiologists speak of as animal heat. This condition is ensured by means of a very elaborate system of adaptive mechanism, which it is proposed to speak of here in some detail, because it is one of the best instances that could be chosen to illustrate the thorough and effective way in which physiology is being made the base of medical science.

Nearly one half of the weight of a living animal body is made up of its muscles or flesh. One quarter of the blood at any instant contained within the body is engaged in sustaining the work performed by these muscles. The brain and nerves are of considerably smaller weight and dimensions than the muscles, but this inferiority of size is in some measure compensated for by the fact that the blood flows through these even more energetic structures at an exceptionally rapid pace. The muscles, brain, and nerves together constitute what are now often well spoken of as the master-tissues of the body—those, namely, which are ministered to by all the other portions of the organism. The servant-organs of the body—the digesting, secreting, and excreting apparatus, and some supplementary structures associated with them—are mainly engaged with preparing the food, so that it may perform its task of supporting the activities of the muscles, brain, and nerves, with the least possible strain upon their own inherent energies, and with removing out of the way the waste resulting from their action. The body may thus be spoken of as an elaborately constructed machine, devised for the purpose of converting the latent energy stored up in food into the effective energy manifested in muscular movement, sensation, nerve-influence, and brain-operations. The various changes of substance that are carried out in the materials of the living body are all effectively directed to this conversion of the sleeping energy, brought in by the food, into the active energy which is the attribute and immediate purpose of animal life. Not more than one seventh part of the energy which is thus developed in the human body is devoted to the performance of external work; the moving about from place to place, and the operating upon, and holding relations with, the objects of external nature. The remaining six-sevenths are reserved for what may be

rather termed the *internal* work of the mechanism—the operations which are required to keep its own structures in efficient repair and in a fit state for the performance of their proper functions. It has been estimated that the power which is applied in this way to internal work in the human body would suffice, if used for external work instead, to lift six millions of pounds one foot high every twenty-four hours.

All the force which is applied to internal work as a matter of course presents itself also in another form before its routine of labour has been accomplished. It all presents itself ultimately as heat. The temperature of the body is virtually derived from the oxidation and consumption of the substance of its structures. Wherever destruction of organised and associated material takes place, heat is evolved. But it is the destruction of the textures of the muscles which is the chief source of this form of energy. When a muscle contracts, one part of the active force that is developed from the consumption is turned to account in the production of movement and in the performance of mechanical work; but another and a larger part serves for the production of heat. The changes which occur in the secreting glands, the liver and allied portions of the frame, contribute heat also in a less degree. The circulating blood takes all the heat from the parts in which it is most energetically developed, and carries it to parts which are less liberally supplied. The animal temperature is thus to a considerable extent equalised by the circulation of the blood, and it is then scattered from the skin by radiation and by the evaporation going on from its pores, and is absorbed in warming the cold air taken into the lungs in breathing and the cold food and drink which are introduced into the alimentary canal. In warm-blooded animals the production and loss of heat are so balanced against each other that a comparatively steady temperature is maintained in the organisation itself. In the condition of health it stands a trifle under 100° Fahrenheit in the interior portions of the human body, and at 98° in the more external parts, where the cooling effect is beginning to tell. A rise or fall of two degrees from these standard temperatures never occurs unless some abnormal and injurious influence is operating upon the body.

The arrangements by which this steadiness of the internal temperature of the living structures is maintained are certainly among the wonders of the complicated adjustments of the system. There is a provision both for letting off and for concentrating and retaining the heat; and there is at the same

time a contrivance both for damping and for blowing-up the internal fires. In the ordinary circumstances of health, something like seventy-eight per cent. of the heat generated within the body is thrown off from its outer surface into surrounding space, in part by the mere influence of radiation of the heat-vibrations, in part by the exudation of watery vapour, and in part by the cooling contact of the air. The skin, therefore, ranks as the great cooling apparatus. Whatever dilates the capillary vessels of the skin, or augments the speed with which the warm blood is coursing along through their channels, quickens the cooling of the body; and whatever contracts the dimensions of the cutaneous vessels, and enlarges the blood-channels of the interior parts of the body, on the other hand increases its internal warmth. When strong and sustained muscular exertion exalts the interior heat of the body, a quickened circulation throws more blood out into the capillaries of the skin, and a more rapid cooling is there produced. Nearly everyone has experienced how effectively the feeling of oppression connected with excess of internal warmth is removed when free perspiration breaks out on the skin.

It is easy to conceive that to a considerable extent this compensatory inward and outward quickening of the flow of the blood may be brought about by a purely physical agency. But it has not seemed enough, in the adjustment of the vital mechanism, to trust entirely to this. It was discovered not very long ago that there is a special nervous agency, of the most sensitive and delicate character, provided to rule paramount over the operation. The inference that there must be some such provision was in the first instance made from the discovery that more oxygen is consumed by, and more carbonic acid exhaled from, a living animal in cold weather than in warm. This obviously implies that there is a more rapid consumption of the textures of the body during the prevalence of cold. The augmented quantity of carbonic acid exhaled is the product of an increased combustion. By pertinaciously following up this hint, the physiologists have at last come upon the track which seems to lead to the explanation of the circumstance. Under its guidance they have been able to make out that a series of exquisitely fine nervous filaments are distributed to the walls of the capillary vessels, and that those vessels are dilated and contracted by some subtle influence conveyed to them through these filaments. They are like threads which can be pulled to open or to close the capillary flood, according as there is need to cool or to warm the body. It appears, for instance, that when the impression

of too great cold is made upon the skin, this impression is passed on by the agency of the nerves to some central seat of nerve-action, which then issues, also through the nerve-filaments, a mandate to the muscles for the augmented generation of heat, for the stirring-up, as it were, of the smouldering fires of the system; and that when the impression of excessive heat is communicated to the skin, the impression is sent in to a different nerve-centre, and the mandate thence issued for the banking-up of the fires and for the opening of the external channels for the outflow of the excess. The proof of this nerve-action rests upon a very ingenious piece of pathological demonstration. There is a subtle poison known as urari, which possesses the power to paralyse these delicate heat-regulating nerves, and it has been actually found that when the nerve-filaments are thus paralysed, the increased consumption of oxygen and the increased exhalation of carbonic acid are arrested even during the presence of predominating cold. It is now generally believed, indeed, that the excessive heat in fever is in a large measure due to some similar paralysis of these regulating nerves, under the influence of an organic poison generated in the blood, and so far playing the part of the urari employed in the experiment. The heat-stimulating agency then escapes from the nerve-control to which it is ordinarily subject, and runs riot. Claude Bernard, who has studied this process very closely, thinks there is fair reason to conclude that the heat-augmenting nerve-filaments are worked by the great involuntary system of sympathetic nerves, and the cooling nerve-filaments by the spinal cord, and that the heating and cooling operations of the compensatory adjustments are thus under the charge of distinct departments of the organisation.

The considerations and discoveries which have been here glanced at have largely contributed to the formation of a well-considered system of observation of the vicissitudes of animal temperatures on the part of physicians. Thermometers, technically known as clinical thermometers, have been prepared for the purpose, and the heat of the body is ascertained by placing the bulb of one of these in the armpit, or in the mouth, for a few minutes. By this process of observation it has been thoroughly ascertained that the entire range of temperature in which the vitality of the structures of the human body can be maintained lies between 90° and 110° Fahrenheit; and that whenever the temperature sinks to 95°, or is raised to 105·6°, this indicates grave disease of some kind to be in progress; and when the temperature sinks to 90°, or is raised to

110°, that there is the most imminent danger to life. A temperature below 93° or above 108°, indeed, is almost always found to be a premonition of approaching dissolution. The low temperature indicates that the vital forces are in a state of approximate collapse; the high temperature implies that the body itself is being rapidly consumed away.

It will be readily conceived what a valuable power this observation of temperature confers upon the physician. The subject has been so closely followed up that it is now understood there are slight variations of warmth in the animal body, irrespective of abnormal states, which have to be taken into account and allowed for in considering the indications of disease. A large series of the heat-indications in different diseases have been reduced to a tabular form of expression and placed upon record. Any irregularity in the progressive changes of temperature assigned as the usual course in each form of disease can therefore be marked at once, and be taken to imply that there is some disturbance or complication at hand which it is necessary to hunt out and meet. As instances of the practical results which have been adduced from these exact observations of body temperatures, the successful treatment of sunstroke by cold affusion and by the application of ice may be alluded to; and also the beneficial employment of cold baths in certain threatening forms of typhus and typhoid fever, to keep down the abnormal heat. An excellent account of the indications of varying temperatures in disease is furnished in the 'Dictionary of Medicine' by Professor Bäumler of Strasburg.

Dr. Broadbent writes in the Dictionary on the general subject of Fever, which, it need scarcely be said, connects itself naturally with the condition in which abnormally high temperatures—technically distinguished as hyper-pyrexia—are maintained. In referring to its characteristic symptoms, he remarks that it is only in recent years, and since the exact measurement of the 'body-heat' by clinical thermometers has been introduced, that it has been possible to attempt any satisfactory investigation of the febrile state. It has now been shown by direct experiment that a patient in fever raises the temperature of a fixed quantity of water, in which he has been immersed, more quickly and to a higher point than he would if placed in the same water when in the ordinary state of health. This at once establishes the fact that fever is connected with, and almost certainly dependent on, an actual increased heat-production in the body.

In fevers there is unquestionably augmented oxidation of

the blood and the tissues. This is effectively proved by the circumstance that there is increase in the exhalation of carbonic acid, which is one of the chief vaporous products of combustion—the smoke, as it were, of the smouldering fire. There is at the same time increase of nitrogenised waste, and especially of urea, even when the supply of nitrogenised food is materially diminished. This also points to the fact that there is increased tissue-combustion. Dr. Broadbent says that the proper explanation of this augmented febrile combustion is to be found in the circumstance that in ordinary health there is at all times a check established upon the combustion of the body, and that in fever this check is placed in abeyance. Direct experiment has proved, in various ways, that in ordinary health the circulation of the oxygenated blood in the different textures at the ordinary rate would produce a larger consumption of their substance and a higher temperature than is actually found, unless some repressing check were kept in operation. Such a check, most probably, is provided in the nerve-action which has been spoken of, and it is the suspension of this check that constitutes fever. The check is effectively accomplished by the tension which exists in the vesicular or originating centres of nerve-structure, and which is inherent in them in the healthy state. When, from any disturbance in that healthy state, the tension is lessened or destroyed, the nerve-influence and nerve-control cease to act, and the merely chemical forces of the blood and the tissues rise into the ascendant, and there is in consequence augmented oxidation, which manifests itself in fever. In all those forms of septic fever in which some material contamination is introduced from without, this contamination, by its own proper motion as a ferment, increases the oxidation, quickens combustion, suspends the proper nerve-control, and the febrile state is established. When quinine is administered in full doses in such cases, it seems actually to check the too active oxidation and waste. Aconite in small doses produces the same result, merely by lessening the impulse of the heart's stroke and the contractile resiliency of the arteries.

Fevers connected with the introduction of some septic contamination from without are in many cases associated with a specific kind of eruption upon the skin, which is evidently a part of the efforts of nature to rid itself of the immediate cause of the derangement. The well-known instances of measles, scarlet-fever, and small-pox are illustrations of fevers of this type. Such disorders are classed in one connected group as 'eruptive fevers,' and run a specific

course tending to natural recovery, when the diseased action set up is not too strong for the recuperative powers. Their most distinctive character, perhaps, is the circumstance that in each case a specific contagion is generated in the blood, which is competent to reproduce the disease when communicated to previously healthy people. In one subdivision of this group, the eruption upon the skin is, in most cases, not very prominently developed, and the disorder is spread chiefly by an intermediate instrumentality, derived in the first instance from the blood-contamination of the sick, and then lurking in the water-supply of the district and in the air, and from time to time making fresh onslaughts upon other victims. These types possess a great practical interest on account of the habit they possess of sweeping as epidemics through densely crowded masses of the community. They may not inappropriately be termed the pest-fevers, on account of this peculiarity. The disease runs through a specific course, and the febrile state is more or less steadily continued during that course from the beginning to the end, on which account they are commonly also spoken of as continued fevers. There are, nevertheless, three sharply marked types which may readily be distinguished from each other: the typhoid or enteric type, in which it is the discharges from the alimentary canal that are chiefly operative in spreading the disease, and in which the water-supply of the place is the medium of infection mostly to be feared; the typhus or putrid type, in which the contagion is chiefly communicated through the breathing organs and the air, and in which the disease for the most part spreads through overcrowded parts of towns, creeping from house to house, and proving most intractable in winter-time, because the free ventilation of the dwellings of the poor is then most difficult to maintain; and the relapsing fever,* most distinctively marked by its tendency to imperfect recovery, and to prolonged duration by frequent relapse. This latter form, the famine fever of some authorities, is an attendant upon poverty. It needs scarcity of food, as well as overcrowding and uncleanly habits, for its production. Of these three forms, the contagion of the enteric type is perhaps, on the whole, the most difficult to deal with, because it incubates and grows in a quasi-independent way. It does not acquire its most baneful power until it has remained seething for some time with a suitable pabulum in some warm, moist, ill-ventilated place. A small amount of the contagion may be developed in this way into an infection of terrific power.

In the treatment of these pestiferous epidemics of densely crowded life, the primary aim, when they have once established themselves, is very naturally to neutralise the infective contagion, and so, as is not inaptly said, to stamp out the disease. The highest authorities are not yet absolutely agreed as to what the exact nature of the effective contagion is. But this is, happily, of less momentous consequence on account of the fact that, whatever its nature or form, it is amenable to the strategy brought to bear upon it, which aims at the separation of the sick from the sound; at the removal and prompt destruction of all zymotic effluvia generated in the homes of the sick; at the proscription of water that can possibly have been contaminated by emanations from the sick; and at the unrestricted employment of nature's own disinfectants, pure water and pure air. Want of space alone prevents very copious quotation from the exhaustive and exceedingly able article on this subject which Mr. John Simon has contributed to the Dictionary.

The treatment of the individual patients in fever cases of this kind, at the present time, well illustrates the faith which the physician has learned to place in nature. It is expectant and patient in the last degree. The strength is maintained by judiciously regulated food, and by soothing and repose incidental symptoms of a distressing character are relieved, and, as far as possible, the abnormal heat of the body is held under control. There is one way in which this latter object is now capable of being carried out, to which attention is very effectively drawn by Dr. Broadbent, and which is worthy of special mention here. The patient is put into water of the temperature of from 65° to 70° Fahrenheit, whenever it is found that the heat of the body has risen to 102·2°, and is kept in it from ten to twenty-five minutes, or until the heat has been reduced two degrees. This process is repeated whenever the heat has again risen to 102·2°, sometimes even seven or eight times within the twenty-four hours; and this course is resolutely persevered in for three weeks, or until the decline of the fever. If the treatment is commenced sufficiently early, this proceeding seems to possess a remarkably curative power. Dr. Broadbent quotes some carefully recorded results, where the treatment has been adopted on the Continent, which appear to be of a very decisive character; and he himself expresses his belief that in France and Germany the mortality of typhoid fever has been diminished by its employment at least one half. There is one somewhat modified and cautious form of applying this remedy, which certainly deserves all that can be said in its praise, as it entirely obviates the objection of the unpleasant

and possibly injurious shock which attends upon the alternative method of using the bath. It consists in placing the patient, in the first instance, in water at 90° , and then gradually reducing the temperature until it stands at 65° .

The pathology of abnormal animal temperature connects itself organically with another subject, which has recently grown into interest on account of the new lights which are being shed upon it by the advance of science. For a very long time it has been known that one of the services rendered in the animal economy by the liver is the making possible the introduction of the oily and fatty constituents of the food through membranes that are saturated with moisture. The bile, which is so abundantly prepared in the liver, is so far of the nature of soap that it has the power of causing water and oil to blend. It has been found that, after the internal membranes have been, so to say, dressed with this natural soap, oils can transude through them, although quite incapable of doing so without this assistance. This has been experimentally proved by soaking pieces of moist ox-bladder in bile, and then allowing fixed oils to filter through them. After bile has been poured into the alimentary canal, emulsified fats, derived from the digested food, can be freely taken up by the absorbents that originate in the lining membrane of the canal, and can be so passed on into the blood. But it has always seemed somewhat strange that an organ of so enormous a size as the liver should have been required for so relatively simple a task. This seeming anomaly has at length been very sufficiently explained. The liver is now known to be an elaborately constructed piece of apparatus prepared for the perfecting of the food for its force-sustaining work. Its cavities and chambers are densely charged with a product of its own transforming activities, which is termed Glycogen. This glycogen is manufactured out of the sugar of the food. The sugar is taken up from the alimentary canal and carried to the liver by a capacious channel known as the portal vein, and then, in the vesicles of the liver, is elaborated by an effort of vital chemistry into this substance. The liver, in this sense, is now looked upon as a great 'sugar-destroying' organ. But the sugar is destroyed, not for a mere wasteful purpose; it is converted into an insoluble store, and packed away in the chambers of the liver, to be then issued back from the store in regulated and manageable quantities, as it is needed to be turned to account in the blood. The insoluble glycogen is reconverted into soluble sugar, for facility of transport when it is returned to the blood. The name, indeed, is derived

from this secondary change. The word Glycogen means 'the generator of sugar.' The explanation of the purpose of this remarkable process of double conversion is that minute fixed quantities of sugar are needed for special services in the blood, for these services they are supplied from the food in abundant quantity. But the abundance is caught in the liver, and turned into an insoluble state for the facility of retention, and then economically issued as reproduced sugar to the blood. It will be seen how completely this accounts for the circumstance that so large a quantity of sugar is taken in every day with the food, and that so very minute a quantity is at any time discoverable in the blood and in the organs to which that flows. The chief bulk of the sugar is held in the liver in a condensed and masked state, in which even its sweetness is concealed.

But this does not exhaust the account which can now be given of the operations of this really marvellous organ. It has been actually found that, although essentially a sugar-destroying piece of apparatus, it can actually make what its primary office is to destroy, when at any time the sugar is inadequately furnished with the food. Even if sugar is entirely withheld, still the due amount for the purposes of healthy life appears in the blood when it issues from the liver. This is due to the fact that the albuminous portions of the food are split up in the liver into two parts, of which one is transformed into glycogen, whilst the other contains all the nitrogen which was originally in the albuminous food, and is at once converted into urea and passed on to the kidneys, as effete material to be washed away out of the system. The liver is thus a urea-producing, as well as a glycogen-fabricating, apparatus. There is not, therefore, any doubt why it is so voluminous an organ. It is large only in proportion to the weight of the services it has to perform. As a matter of fact, the liver is the great provider of what may be termed vital power through the frame. It completes the elaboration of the fuel of the system. It puts the final touch to those extracts from the food which are destined immediately to feed the vital energies of the mechanism, and gives them that aptness which fits them to be carried in the never-ceasing streams of the blood to all the working parts of the organisation, and to be converted there, under the reducing touch of oxygen, into force and power. The force-generating work of this important organ is to some extent indicated by the notable circumstance that the blood which issues from the liver has a somewhat higher temperature than any that is found in other parts of the organism. The

bile-producing office of this organ, which is the most obtrusive part of its agency, is, therefore, in the new lights of physiological and medical science, but a very subordinate part of its functions. It combines sundry waste products of the system into a saponaceous lubricant, which is turned to account, first, in completing the absorption of the oily ingredients of freshly taken food into the membranous vessels, and is then employed as a kind of supplementary fuel in supporting the temperature of the body. But the liver, at the same time, fabricates a yet higher form of fuel, which is devoted to the working of the delicate machinery of the so-called master-tissues of the body, the muscles, nerves, and brain.

The account to which these very important discoveries of physiology have been turned in the practice of medicine is a noteworthy testimony to the value of the Hallerian doctrine. There is a very grave disease continually coming under the physician's care, in which the most prominent mark of the derangement is the presence of a vast abundance of sugar in various parts of the frame where it should not appear, and especially in the liquid secretion poured out by the kidneys. For a very long time this particular disorder, which is known as diabetes, was looked upon as being a disease of the kidneys. But, from the physiological explanation which has just been given, it will be seen that the primary source of the derangement must be sought rather in the liver. Some change has occurred in that organ which has impaired its sugar-destroying action. The consequence is that glycogen is not stored up in the hepatic cells, and that the sugar passes on through the liver unchanged, in too copious and hurtful abundance. It then saturates most of the other structural mechanisms of the body, and, being itself of a soluble nature, has to be gradually expelled from the system by the natural outlet of liquids. But it is only capable of being disposed of in that way at the cost of a somewhat severe strain upon delicate organs which are planned with a view to other work. When the disease terminates fatally, the liver is almost invariably found to be enlarged, engorged, and to some extent disorganised. The treatment adopted for the cure or alleviation of this disease consists in a careful withholding from the diet of every form of sugar or sugar-making substance, and in feeding the patient chiefly on meat and other nitrogenous matters; the hope being that under such management the liver may be relieved from the burden of work which it is incompetent to cope with until it has recovered its normal powers.

It has been pointed out that one of the offices of the liver is to convert the richer and more plastic forms of food into glycogen and urea, of which two products one, the urea, is at once sent on to the kidneys as merely waste refuse. The consequence of this is, that when too large an abundance of this class of food is indulged in the urea is apt to present itself in a half-elaborated or imperfectly matured condition, in which it is known as brickdust deposits or lithic acid, the abnormal product which presents itself as the constant accompaniment of gout, whether insidious or declared. Gout is very commonly, indeed, dependent, in the first instance, on some faulty condition of the liver. This is the reason why it is so advantageously treated by careful regulation of the diet and by simple evacuant remedies. Dr. Stephen Henry Ward, who writes on *Functional Disorders of the Liver* in Dr. Quain's Dictionary, points out that the chief reason why these disorders, and all gouty derangements, are more successfully treated at the fashionable spas than they are by similar regimen and medicines at home is, that patients are there, under the great change in the conditions of life, more easily induced to submit to disagreeable restrictions. He pertinently says: 'It is remarkable how readily many individuals, who are quite unmanageable at home, submit to strict hygienic arrangements under fresh influences.'

No one who is familiar with the habits of life of the well-to-do and wealthy classes of modern society, and who at the same time is aware what the liver has to do for the orderly management and utilisation of the food-supplies of the economy, can ever be surprised that derangement originating in this energetic and hard-worked organ should so frequently be the fundamental cause of a large number of the complaints that come under the notice of the physician. Such complaints are the altogether natural consequences of luxurious feeding and too sedentary habits of life, and their natural cure is abstemious and simple fare, fresh air, abundant exercise, and the judicious use of mildly evacuant remedies. It is of small consequence what the evacuant is that is selected for the medicinal part of the treatment, so that it is competent to relieve the liver from the accumulating burden of work which it is incapable of dealing with, and so that it be resolutely associated with more moderate feeding and more natural and simple habits of life. Cheltenham, Leamington, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Friederichshall, Pullna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Homburg, and Kissingen have all made their reputation in liver-affections and gouty derangements because they secure these conditions.

The line of illustration which has been here followed to mark how the system of medicine of the present day is being built up on the matter-of-fact study of physiology and pathology, and on the exact observation of the phenomena of disease and of the action of medicines, might be followed, with adequate space and opportunity, to a much larger extent. The subjects bearing upon this theme that are discussed in the 'System' and in the 'Dictionary of Medicine,' are almost without number. One large volume of the 'System,' comprising nearly eight hundred pages, is taken up with an account of the derangements of the heart alone. This will hardly be a matter of surprise when it is remembered that the little organ is the primary source of the movement of the vital stream. As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times every minute, and four thousand two hundred times in an hour, this implies that it does the same thing one hundred thousand eight hundred times in twenty-four hours, thirty millions of times in a year, and more than two thousand five hundred millions of times in a life of seventy years. The mechanical force that is exerted at each stroke amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onwards through the branching network of vessels. According to the lowest estimate that has been made, this gives an exertion of force that would be adequate, in another form of application, to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and do it without a pause for threescore years and ten without being itself worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces. It is in the nature of the case also, it must be remembered, that this little vital machine cannot be at any time stopped for repair. If it gets out of order, it must be set right as it runs. To stop the beating of the heart for more than the briefest interval, would be to change life into death. The narrative of what medical science has done to penetrate into the secrets of this delicate force-pump, so jealously guarded from the intrusion of the eye that it cannot even be looked into until its action has ceased, is nevertheless a long history of wonders. Dr. Balthazar Foster, of Birmingham, in the 'Dictionary of Medicine,' describes how, by means of the sphygmograph—a writing style attached to the wrist by a system of levers and springs—the pulse is made to record actual autographs of cardiac and vascular derangement. He gives, indeed, in the pages of his article, facsimiles

of the signs-manual of eleven disordered conditions of this class. The discoveries that have quite recently been made in reference to what is termed embolism of the heart—which really consists in the drifting of blood-clots, that have been formed in some one or other of the larger veins, with the general stream of the blood into the sensitive chambers of this living force-pump—are revelations of the most startling and momentous interest.

The action of anæsthetics upon the nerves and brain; the ever-increasing list of concentrated extracts of medicinal power prepared by the alchemy of vegetable life; the examination of the digestive ferments, and the manufacture of peptonised food from the ferments of the pancreas—in which the process of digestion is virtually complete before the preparation is introduced into the stomach; the distinctive characterisation of organised and unorganised ferments; the germ-theory of contagion; the action of disinfectants; the construction of the laryngoscope and of the ophthalmoscope, for peering into the deep recesses of the vestibule of the windpipe and of the eye; the application of the spectroscope as a diagnostic of disease; the detection of strychnia, in cases of poisoning, by its physiological action upon living frogs; the fixed laws of personal health, so ably laid down in the 'Dictionary of Medicine' by Dr. Southey, and those of public health codified by the late Dr. Parkes; the influence of the sea on morbid conditions; and the training of nurses, by Florence Nightingale;—are so many subjects which would require to be spoken of before even an outline of the progress and promise of this beneficent branch of human knowledge could be held to have been traced. We should like too to have dwelt on the vast improvement in the science of nursing to which so many women of education and refinement have in our day devoted themselves, in the public hospitals and elsewhere. Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian has shown the strong interest she takes in promoting the interests of medicine by translating from the German of Dr. Esmarch a useful little manual entitled 'First Aid to the Injured,' which may be of practical utility in any household. But we have exhausted the space at our command. It is, nevertheless, hoped that within these limits enough will have been said to establish the fact that medical science is moving in advance with no tardy or uncertain step, by the side of the other sciences which are ministering to human good.

ART. VIII.—1. *Japan: its Architecture, Art, and Manufactures.* By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Ph.D., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated. London: 1882.

2. *A Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design.* With Introductory, Descriptive, and Analytical Text. By THOMAS W. CUTLER, F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. London: 1880.

3. *Japanese Marks and Seals.* By JAMES LORD BOWES. Imp. 8vo. London, 1882.

IN an article published in this Journal in July 1881, while giving some account of the extraordinary revolution which, within the last fourteen years, has taken place in Japan, we intimated that we looked forward to an occasion of entering more fully into the subject of Japanese art. Such an occasion has been supplied by the publication of the work of Dr. Dresser, 'an architect and ornamentist by profession,' who 'went to Japan to observe what an ordinary visitor 'would naturally pass unnoticed,' and who bases his claim for public attention to his remarks on the architecture, art, and art manufactures of that country on the ground that he writes 'as a specialist, and a specialist only.' Dr. Dresser's visit, as we gather with some difficulty from his book, was in the year 1876, two years before that of Miss Bird, and three years before that of Sir E. G. Reed. It is matter for regret that, owing to a long and painful illness, the publication of this work of Dr. Dresser has been so long postponed. It is not that his special criticisms and descriptions have suffered by the delay; but the first part of his book, which contains the description of his tour, fails to possess that element of novelty which would have been so striking had the record been printed before the issue of the other volumes of which we have given some account. This is the more unfortunate because Dr. Dresser has omitted from the journal of his travels those descriptive passages of the various manufactories which he visited, which form the true motive of his book, with the view of treating the art subjects together in the second part of his volume. There is, however, enough of new ground covered by his tour to make it matter of interest even to those readers who have already formed some idea of the interior of that unique country.

It is an advantage, however, to the reader, that, owing to this delay, the publication of Dr. Dresser's volume is more nearly contemporaneous with that of Mr. Cutler's 'Grammar

‘ of Japanese Ornament and Design.’ So far from being rival works, in the sense of being mutually exclusive, the two elegant volumes may be regarded as complementary to each other. Mr. Cutler, if we may judge from the preface, has carried on his ‘ eighteen years’ pleasant study’ of the decorative arts of Japan without the advantage of having observed them in their cradle. The literary part of his work, which is comprised in thirty-one pages, is chiefly drawn from sources with which many of us are familiar. But the beauty of his folio pages of illustrations, the systematic order of their arrangement, and the production of a certain proportion of the plates in the rich gold and colours of the original Japanese embroidery, give instructive value as well as pictorial charm to this beautiful work. Dr. Dresser naturally deplores the inefficiency of language to convey to the mind any idea of the perfect harmony of the Japanese colouring, and Mr. Cutler’s plates very fully bear out the truth of these observations. Mr. Bowes’ magnificent volume on ‘ Japanese Marks and ‘ Seals’ is a complete guide to the various descriptions of Japanese pottery, manuscripts, and printed books, and fancy works in lacquer, enamels, and metal work; it is executed with great care and completeness, and we doubt whether Japan itself could produce a more instructive record of its native arts.

In our former article on Japan we indicated, as the true starting-point for the critical study of Japanese art, the consideration of those autochthonous industries for which the materials were furnished by the natural produce of the vegetable wealth of the country. Dr. Dresser’s arrangement of the second part of his volume very fully illustrates this view; and, indeed, it leads us to carry the classification a step further. Not only will the English founder trace the unrivalled excellence of the metal castings of Japan in great measure to the material placed at the command of the modeller, in the beautiful vegetable wax that is one of the products of the lacquer tree (*Rhus vernicifera*), but the very dash and freedom of design which pervade all Japanese art are thus to some extent accounted for, and we think rightly, by Dr. Dresser. ‘ The absorbent character of the Japanese paper ‘ not only gives precision of touch, but also leads to the simplest form being chosen for the expression of an object. ‘ The Japanese thus acquires knowledge of the value of ‘ touches such as no other people possess.’ (P. 284.)

How freedom of handling is imposed on the artist by the character of his materials, is well illustrated in Italian art. Few mediæval relics have more charm for the artist than

specimens of the majolica faïence known as *Raffaelle ware*. Some of the drawings on these plates are quaint, and even rude, in the execution, almost recalling to mind the earnest work of the cutter of block books or the grotesque illustrations of the broad sheet. Some have high claims to be regarded as fine specimens of drawing. But to the treatment of the whole group, the necessity imposed on the artist of at once a light, a bold, and a certain touch, while painting on wet clay, gives a freedom that has a remarkable charm. The touch needed for the absorbent paper of Japan is of the same order as that required for the painter of majolica ware on the damp and running clay.

The manner of representing natural objects proper to Japanese art covers two perfectly distinct modes of treatment, which differ much as a photograph differs from a hieroglyphic. In the representations of flowers and plants, as in a spray of cherry blossom thrown carelessly on a tray of lacquer, the Japanese painter so mimics vegetable life as almost to deserve the praise—

‘Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.’

But when from still life we pass to the exertion of force or the play of sentiment, we have, not a copy, but a symbol. Driving rain is scored by a few sharp hard lines; but it actually drives before you. Waves are drawn with infinite complexity of curls; yet they all but rise and fall. Divine or human persons are depicted with an extravagance of distortion which the word ‘caricature’ fails to express; but the humour or the passion of the moment is instinct in those quaint lines. In representations of animals, and especially of birds, there is something of a mingling of the two styles—a mixture of accuracy of outline with the symbolisation of flight, of contest, or of repose, which conveys as strong a sense of reality as does the fixed reflection of the flower. As the perfect mastery of colour is a special gift of the Japanese artist, it is far from being fair to him to give examples of his art only in black and white. But let anyone look at the stork soaring on page 293 of the work of Dr. Dresser, at the poultry on the opposite page, at the exquisite softness which fringes the great black blotch forming the body of a stork on page 306, and he will form some idea of the power of the Japanese as a sketcher. This is how the artists work.

‘The artists kneel upon the floor, which is covered with mats, as is usual in a Japanese house. On the centre of the floor is spread a piece

of red felt, on which, held down by weights, rests a sheet of paper, which is smooth, and yet of a somewhat bibulous character. The tools of each artist are: a small piece of charcoal, held in a light bamboo *porte-crayon*, about fourteen inches long and very slender; flat brushes formed of deer's hair varying in width from three inches to one inch and three-quarters, while the hairs protrude from the socket about three-quarters or seven-eighths of an inch; round brushes in bamboo, and formed of white vegetable fibres, and about half an inch in diameter; plenty of water in a large bowl; Indian ink with its accompanying slab; and a few colours.

'There is one old flower painter in whom I ultimately became much interested, for he is full of innocent humour, and his ability as an artist seems as great as his fun. The colours are Indian ink, indigo, gamboge, crimson lake, and red earth. One of the other artists includes in his pigments a kind of dragon's blood colour.

'The artist who is to paint first comes forward, bows in Japanese fashion, and takes his place in front of the paper. He is an elderly gentleman, and, after having looked thoughtfully at the paper for a minute or two, begins his work. Taking the *porte-crayon*, he touches the paper with the charcoal point in four or five places, so as just to leave a perceptible dot; and then with his flat brush three inches broad, charged with Indian ink, makes on the paper, by an almost instantaneous dash, a large irregular mass of grey-black colour. With a smaller brush he now indicates, in close proximity to the grey mass, what appear to be a few feathers; next, at a little distance, the end of a pendent branch. Then, beginning at the top of the paper, he works the branch downwards till it is in the line of the end which was first drawn. Now an eye is drawn, then a bill, then come a few bits of colour, and we see completed in less than fifteen minutes a cock and hen pecking in front of a tree; and, curiously, a great portion of the white body of the hen is rather indicated than drawn, for, as the body of the cock is grey (being the large mass of this colour which was first placed upon the paper), and as the white hen is seen against the black cock, the stopping of the black gives the form of a great portion of the hen's body.' (Page 58.)

The remarks of Dr. Dresser as to the effect of this mode of delineation on the skill of the artist are well worthy of attention. Even the complete forms of the two Japanese alphabets, to which we referred in our former article,* as having been 'immortalised by a Japanese artist, who has chosen as a representation of the first, or noble style, a grave personage enveloped in a flowing mantle, the outline of which is formed by those movements of the pencil which form the Kata-Kana letters,' are regarded by our author as affording a great advantage in the instruction of the Japanese child.

* Edin. Rev. No. cccxv. p. 128.

'In imitating new characters during every day of his school life the Japanese child is constantly learning to draw. Again, the child never rests the paper on which it writes upon a desk or table, but holds it in the hand. Thus the whole arm works, and not the hand only. Motion is got from the shoulder, the elbow, and the wrist alike. Another feature in the education of the Japanese child, which is calculated to influence the character of his work should he ultimately become an artist, is the fact of his writing with a brush, and not with a pen or point. Then the paper on which he writes is more or less bibulous, so that the instant he touches the paper with his brush the ink (always Indian ink) is absorbed. This writing with the brush, and this unrestrained use of the arm, give a freeness to Japanese drawing which can never be got by practice with the point, while the absorbent quality of the paper induces a precision of touch which our method fails to secure; and this power of drawing, this freeness of motion, and this precision of touch, are all got without the child even knowing that he is acquiring the most valuable aids to a high drawing power.

'To me our method of teaching drawing seems altogether wrong. We first give to a youth a hard point, and teach him to imitate forms by the agency of this unpliant pencil. After he has got into the way of using this hard point we give him a brush, which he naturally uses as though it were something hard and unyielding. He should first use the brush, and when he has acquired its free use he might then be trusted with the crayon or the pencil. By this means he would gain the free use of the point and the brush; whereas by our method the free use of both is impaired.'

Dr. Dresser might have supported his opinion by reference to those masterly sketches of Raphael which are executed with the brush or the crayon, and then delineated with the silver point. To a certain extent, we think that the opinion is sound. The view may be further illustrated by observing the effect of the early exclusive study of mechanical drawing, by rule and compass, when it is subsequently desired to introduce free-hand work. The main hesitation that we feel on the subject is due to the consideration that to prescribe a universal fixed course involves the assumption that artistic skill is a mere matter of scholastic acquisition. Yet nothing is more true than that if there be a spark of instinctive genius in the pupil, he will leap over such bounds of routine. To a child who has the gift, while on the one hand all tools and all methods will be more available than to the mere pupil of drill, there will always be one mode of work which is most cognate to his genius. To one it will be the brush; to another, the graver; to a third, the pencil; to a fourth, and by far the most artistic, the burnt stick or bit of charcoal. It is rather by studying the bent and mode of any such original taste, and

encouraging its free development, than by any hard-and-fast rule, that, so far as our own experience goes, the greatest excellence is to be attained.

But while we agree with Dr. Dresser as to the freedom of hand which may be cultivated by the method of drawing thus minutely described, this is far from being the whole truth of the matter. Mr. Cutler has given, in Plate A of his 'Analysis,' as many as seventy examples of diapers, medallions, intersecting circles, frets, and other geometrical designs, which could no more be produced in the free-hand style above described, than metal could be molten without heat. These examples 'are taken from well-known native drawing books.' A draughtsman can see in a moment that this production implies the possession and use by the Japanese drawing-masters of the implements of geometrical drawing: the drawing-board, the compass, the drawing-pen, the bow-pen, the scale, the square, and the parallel ruler or set square. What sort of idea can be formed of Japanese art when so important an element is ignored? It would be of great interest to be shown in what ingenious forms the Japanese have produced substitutes for these instruments, so indispensable to the European draughtsman. Again, 'On Plate B are shown some studies of curve lines made with single brush strokes, which are full of graceful outline and distinctive character.' These curves reappear in various designs, especially in forming the conventional clouds, and again the conventionalised dragons, represented on Plates 6 and 58. We have not a shadow of a doubt that in the Japanese drawing *curriculum* certain oral instructions as to the mode of holding the pencil, and giving the special play to the fingers, or even to the wrist, required for the free production of each of these kinds of curve, are distinctly given. There is all the difference in the ease of their flow between the production of a circle or an ellipse by painful plotting from measured ordinates, or by being struck from a centre or a trammel. The class of curve determined, and the mode of delineating it once known, we can understand how such truth of character should become inseparable from such freedom of touch.

When we pass to the silhouettes or full black delineations of the bamboo in Plate C, we are struck by the masterly combination of the wonderful accuracy and clearness of outline of the mechanical draughtsman, the free rendering of curve lines, and the absolute truth to nature. On page 43 are given, 'from Hokusai's "Mangwa,"' stalks, and ears of barley, millet, vetch,

and thistle, which have all the accuracy of botanical diagrams, and yet all the freedom of the most rapid sketch. The 'Analysis' helps to show by what patient study of first principles this ultimate breadth of style has been attained.

We are not able altogether to agree with Dr. Dresser when he attributes that unsparing finish of every portion of a piece of work, whether likely to be seen or not, which characterises the Japanese artist—and in Japan every workman is an artist—to the influences of either of the ancient forms of faith which are now fading and falling before an unfaith imported from Western Europe. Speaking of the construction of a Shinto temple, our author says: 'Every part of the edifice, whether seen or unseen, manifests an amount of honest workmanship which in its finish is simply perfect. and in no part of the building can we find slovenly work, however small or perfectly concealed the part may be.' Were this a peculiarity of the religious edifices of Japan, some ground might exist for attributing it to a religious motive. But it is the characteristic of Japanese work in general.

'No one can have failed to notice that all good Japanese works, as well as most which are inferior, are as well finished in the parts that are unseen as in the parts that are seen. . . . It is the excellence of the work, whether seen or unseen, that springs from the principles of Shinto. . . . But it is to Buddhism that we must look for that strange love of all created things which characterises the Japanese in such a marked manner.' (P. 231.)

There are many passages in 'Japan' which have a deeper interest than lies on the surface, from the light that they throw on that very ancient, if not most ancient, form of nature worship, the survival of which in Japan is known by the name of Shinto. And in urging that in architecture and in other arts may be found as distinct memorials of prehistoric man as in language itself, the chapter on analogies and symbols, if not so wholly original as the author supposes, is full of interest. But neither primeval nature worship nor Buddhism is peculiar to Japan, while the art that in this noble peculiarity may be said to 'vie with great creating nature' may be so characterised. It is, therefore, to some peculiarities of Japan or the Japanese themselves, in climate, in the productions of nature, in race, or in long-maintained institutions, rather than to the direct influence of religions which they hold in common with so many tribes of the human family, that we should look in the endeavour to discover the source of the untiring conscientiousness of their work.

But whatever may be thought of the theories of Dr. Dresser,

no doubt can be entertained as to the value of his descriptions. Conducted from spot to spot by an official escort which, while apparently intended only to do him honour and to open every door at which he might otherwise have knocked in vain, in truth, as he afterwards found, exerted a most unmitigated espionage over his movements and words, he was able to examine both the ancient art treasures of the State and the cradles of many of the most characteristic Japanese arts. A general description of Japanese art it must be difficult, if not impossible, for any foreigner to give, unless he can command enough of the literature of the country to provide him with the outline of the study. For it is not, as with us, the case that the various chief manufactories of the country have their local capitals, as the steel-works of Sheffield, the brass-fittings of Birmingham, or the ceramic productions of the Potteries. The factory system, which lies at the basis of such grouping together of great industrial provinces, is the very antithesis to the personal artist work of Japan. Thus, while one art, or one ware, may be peculiar to a certain village, and in that to the industry of two or three individuals, the produce of the next hamlet may be something of a widely different order. The observer is overwhelmed by the miscellaneous abundance of the facts which he has to study; and the task of reducing them to system and to order can be only compared to that of a botanist in a newly discovered country, if unprovided with the keys to the vegetable system which were forged by the genius of Linnæus.

Under these circumstances of the dispersal of all kinds of industry, the most interesting part of the art-tour of Dr. Dresser was his visit to the immense wooden magazine at Nara—erected between A.D. 782 and A.D. 794—in which the treasures of the Mikado who reigned at that early date were deposited and still exist. It was ‘the first time that they had been shown to any foreigner save when they were open to public exhibition two years since, and it is certainly the only occasion on which the foreigner has been allowed minutely to inspect and to examine them.’ The ‘Japan Weekly Mail’ of June 12, 1875, says:—

‘This building exists to this day in complete integrity. It is made of massive timbers laid horizontally, being raised from the ground on pillars of solid trunks of trees eight or ten feet high. It is said to have been examined every sixty-first year since its building—that is, at the beginning of each cycle—and repaired when necessary. What is more astonishing is, that the objects deposited there by the Mikados have been kept in perfect safety from the eighth century down to the

present time, having escaped the danger of fire, robbery, and turbulent times, those destroying agencies which in no other part of the world, probably, have ever allowed any building of importance, much less a wooden one, to remain intact for so long a period. Some fresh objects have in the course of centuries been added to the original collection, but those which belong to the first deposit are all named in an inventory made in the eighth century, which was deposited with them, and they can thus be identified, and distinguished from recent additions.'

'Among the curiosities belonging to the Nara Mikados of the eighth century may be mentioned screens, pictures, books, sculptures, masks (of which there is a very large collection), pottery and glass, copper bowls and dishes, spoons, soap in large round cakes the size of quoits, tortoiseshell back-scratchers, beads and ornaments, bells, weapons and utensils of different kinds, dresses, hats, and nondescript articles. Probably the larger part of these things are of foreign origin, and principally Chinese.'

The objects displayed are arranged in plain pinewood cases with glass tops. They are secured by twisted strips of tough paper knotted together, with a red stamp impressed on the knot. (It would be of interest to ascertain the date of the earliest stamp, as it is an example of printing many centuries older than Caxton.) The part of the stamp which is to give the impression is left projecting while the field is sunk, and a red paint is the printer's ink employed. In an alphabet like that of Japan, where every letter is a combination of strokes, this is a very close approach to independent type.

'Through the kindness of M. Muchida these seals are broken,' says Dr. Dresser (p. 95), 'whenever I wish to investigate any object, and I feel it to be indeed a privilege to handle and examine these rarest of antiquities. There are sword blades one thousand two hundred years old, which are made of copper, but these belonged to the gods, and came from a temple called Horia-zi. There is a large iron shield, about six feet in height, in every way well wrought, but its age is unknown. On a saddle, known to be about one thousand years old, is a conventional Persian-like peacock, wrought in repoussé brass, which is very good. A Chinese vase, which has been preserved for over a thousand years, and has a black ground with a spray of bamboo and certain rocks wrought upon it in grey, is interesting. There are wood carvings of lions executed with great spirit and feeling, but the ages of which are unknown; two sceptres, the one being one thousand two hundred years old, while the other is one thousand years of age. There is a thin iron bowl most beautifully shaped, the bottom of which has been patched. This is a thousand years old. Such vessels were formerly carried through the streets by priests, who held them out for the purpose of receiving offerings of rice.'

In the second part of his book Dr. Dresser gives a separate chapter to each of the more important industries of the lacquer,

the pottery, and the metal manufactures. We turn, in the first instance, to the last of these, as it is the one in which the discovery of any valuable process, hitherto unknown, will be of most service to the European artist or workman.

The metal manufactures of Japan are of remarkable variety, and can be traced back to a very remote antiquity. The great figures of Boodha at Nara and Kamakura are the largest metal castings known anywhere to exist; the latter measuring 47 feet, and the former 53½ feet, from the base to the top of the head. The Nara statue was first erected in the eighth century of our era. It was destroyed during the civil war, and was recast about seven hundred years ago. Six attempts were then made in vain to produce the casting, success being attained only on the seventh trial. 3,000 tons of charcoal are said to have been employed; the metal cast weighing 450 tons. It is composed of an alloy consisting, according to Dr. Dresser, of gold 1 part, mercury 4 parts, tin 34 parts, and copper 1,972 parts. (These 'parts,' however, do not make any intelligible whole.) One of the most wonderful specimens of Japanese casting that have been seen in Europe is a flight of birds, which was shown in the Vienna Exhibition, and is now in the Archaeological Museum at Edinburgh. Although the birds seem hardly to touch one another, the whole group is one continuous casting. A peacock sent to the last Paris Exhibition by the same Tokio caster is of equal excellence.

The special charm of the Japanese metal castings consists in the original and uncopied individuality of each work of art. With us, the idea of casting, for any small object, is taken to imply a provision for numerous repetitions. It is thus that the expense of the original mould is paid for; while the unlimited number of fac-simile castings produced from it is such as to reduce the price of each to a minimum. The Japanese conception of the value of this important industry is of a far more artistic, and less servile, character.

'Whether the work be large or small, a model is first made on a rough piece of wood, to which shape is given by the addition of a mixture of wax and resin; but in the case of long feathers or other fragile parts the wax would include such wires or bamboo slips as would be needed for their support. The model being prepared, a thin batter is formed by mixing a sand of exceeding fineness, and almost clay-like in character, with water. This is carefully spread over the wood in such a manner as to coat it all over. But care must be taken to leave no air bubbles between the wax and the sand. When this batter is dry a second coating is given, and then another, but now the batters are formed of slightly coarser sand. If necessary, other coats are placed over the whole or a part of the work. When these are dry,

sand is placed around the mass, and pressed into all the spaces which have been but partly filled with the semi-fluid matter, till the whole appears as one shapeless but solid mass. The next process consists in removing the model, with its surrounding sand, to a sort of kiln or "muffle," in which the heat is sufficient to melt and evaporate the wax, and even to consume the wooden core should any exist. Certain holes have necessarily been left, through which the metal is to be introduced to the mould, and also holes by which the air is expelled at the time of casting. Through the holes any dust or ash can be removed from the mould.'

Dr. Dresser unfortunately had no opportunity while in Japan of seeing the actual process of casting carried on. He was told that the moulds were made hot before the fluid metal was poured into them; a precaution which the delicacy of the castings produced shows certainly to have been adopted. But as Messrs. Barbedienne of Paris are suspected by Dr. Dresser of having learned and utilised the Japanese method, we may hope that our own manufacturers may be enabled to discover it. Great efforts have been made in this country to improve our mode of casting, of which Sir J. Whitworth's plan of casting homogeneous mild steel under the pressure of a considerable head of the molten metal is the most important. But positive practical information as to the details of the Japanese method is still highly desirable.

'The processes employed for the enrichment of metal work 'in Japan,' says Dr. Dresser, 'are more numerous than in any 'other country, and in the case of small objects metal work is 'carried to a perfection unknown to any other people.' Damascening, chasing, hammering, inlaying, and combining metals are all practised. Repoussé work in silver, copper, and an alloy called white copper, is also admirable. Very great attention is given to what Dr. Dresser calls 'texture' (by which he means the variety of surface which the workman gives to metals), being sometimes a gunpowder-like grain, sometimes a toothed surface, sometimes a dull oxidisation, sometimes a brilliant polish.

'The Japanese are the only perfect metal workers which the world has yet produced, for they are the only people who do not think of the material, and regard the effect produced as of greater moment than the metal employed. To them iron, zinc, bismuth, gold, silver, and copper are only so many materials with which things of beauty may be produced, and the one is as acceptable as the other, if perfect appropriateness is seen in the application of the material, and if the result produced be satisfactory and beautiful.'

Thus, 'in many of their works we see gold, silver, copper, 'zinc, black metal, tea-urn bronze, and other metals and alloys

'brought together, and not only brought together, but so arranged that the colours are brightened by reflected lights, and brought into harmony by skilful juxtaposition.' The mixture of true chasing, or chisel work, in one metal, with inlay in another metal, is a favourite mode of enrichment, and is carried out with a minuteness, as well as a beauty, of detail which is almost incredible. Another remarkable feature in that portion of Japanese art which most resembles the work of the goldsmith in Europe is the method of colouring metals; a secret, as far as we are aware, as yet unpenetrated. On some of those small buttons on which the utmost skill of the Japanese metal worker is bestowed, a delicate filament of gold—as in the case of some of the fantastic tentacles of the dragon—passes through a perfect spectrum of tints, beginning, it may be, with a full rich black, and ending with the most delicate rose colour; the gradations being as insensible as those with which Nature herself tinges a fading leaf or an opening flower. By the use of gold or silver lacquer, metal seems to change by imperceptible gradations into lacquer work. Small plates of delicately thin sheet gold or silver, or slips of mother-of-pearl, are embedded in what seems a solid lump or block of iron, or ornament vessels of a priceless lacquer work, the surface of which will resist both boiling water and the file. In his short chapter on the metal manufactures, Dr. Dresser gives us much that is of interest as to casting and damascening, but does not seem to have had the opportunity of gaining any information as to the more special procedures which are the despair of the European metal worker.

The chapter on pottery is to a great extent occupied by indicating the localities and the names of the makers of various kinds of earthenware, the titles of which are unfamiliar to the ordinary English reader. Dr. Dresser visited upwards of seventy potteries, but 'came to the conclusion that his knowledge of Japanese ceramics was most limited.' The most systematic information contained in this chapter is taken from Japanese writers. A member of the Tokio Legation of the name of Satow—it looks droll to see the English conventional 'Mr.' prefixed to the unreadable Japanese names—is cited for an account of the Korean potteries in Satsuma; and from the Catalogue of the Philadelphia Exhibition is copied a native description of the porcelain manufactures, which, as Dr. Dresser justly remarks, 'is so accurate that it needs little comment.' The greater number of the potteries of Japan, including those from which the most celebrated works proceed, have, as workmen, the master and a son, or the master and an

apprentice, or, at most, the master and one or two others. Thus the art and industry of Japan may be correctly regarded as the absolute antithesis of the English factory system. Excellence, not cheapness, is the aim of the workman. The natural productions of each locality are utilised in the locality itself; and the individualisation of the craftsman is carried to a higher pitch than has been witnessed under any other circumstances.

The Banko ware of Japan is said by Dr. Dresser to take its name from the first maker of an unglazed stone ware, of either a purple brown or a yellowish colour, who lived in the province of Isé. 'He used a clay of such toughness that he could form small objects, such as teapots, of extreme thinness; but the great peculiarity of his ware consisted in his ignoring the use of the wheel and the lathe, and forming his vessels by pinching the clay into shape between the finger and the thumb.' A similar ware, covered with a grey-brown glaze, is called Soma ware, being stamped with a horse, which is the badge or cognisance of the Prince of Soma. Satsuma ware is made of what may be called a semi-porcelain clay, which does not undergo fusion to any considerable extent by firing. It is of a pale vellum-like colour, and its surface presents a sort of network of cracks. Old Satsuma ware, which has now become rare, was generally made in small pieces, and decorated with birds, flowers, and bands of conventional figures. The chrysanthemum, the peony, the domestic fowl, the pheasant, and the peacock are most generally introduced, and the character of the drawing is as excellent as are the tones of the reds and greens introduced, and the solidity of the gold enrichment. An imitation, at one time very close, of Satsuma ware was made in a suburb of Kyoto named Awata, and most of the specimens now sold in England as Satsuma are really Awata ware. For further varieties of Japanese pottery and porcelain we must refer to the volume itself, as the result of any attempt at compression would be a mere string of unpronounceable names, of no interest to the general reader. The descriptive portions of these chapters are, as before mentioned, copied from Japanese writers, and are both detailed and clearly intelligible.

Chapter V. of the second part of the book is devoted by Dr. Dresser to the lacquer manufactures of Japan. The subject is one to which it would require a volume to do justice, but it is also one which is so thoroughly local in its conditions as not to excite the same interest in the European artist or workman that attaches to the Japanese mode of working in metal, or in any material not special to Eastern regions. Lacquered wares

are not peculiar to Japan, as they are made in China; and the Japanese themselves assert that the industry was originally imported from Corea. The tree from which the vegetable extract that forms the basis of lacquer is obtained (the *Rhus vernicifera*) is found on the Asiatic continent, but is said to flourish best in Japan. The tree is dioecious, and wax is extracted from its seeds, as well as from those of the *Rhus succedanea*. The lactiferous vessels, unlike the wax, are found in both the stamiferous and the pistilliferous trees. The quality of the lacquer depends in some degree on the nature of the soil in which the tree grows. Incisions are made in the stem, the punctures being repeated every fourth day at successively higher parts of the tree. The juice which oozes out is scraped off by a flat iron tool. When the tree has been thus tapped to the topmost branches, it is felled. The lop is cut into lengths, which are tied into faggots, and steeped in water for from ten to twenty days; after which the bark is pierced, and the oozing lacquer is collected in the same way as from the stem. One or two plants besides the true cultivated lacquer tree also produce both lacquer and vegetable wax.

The juice thus collected is a tenacious fluid of a greyish-brown colour. It is allowed to stand and settle when first obtained. A kind of skin forms over the surface; the better quality rises to the top, and the impurities sink to the bottom. It is thus easy to separate the finest from the inferior qualities, and the former are strained through cotton or porous paper. By stirring in the open air the lacquer partially dries, absorbs oxygen, and gains a brilliant dark colour. In the fluid state it is highly corrosive, and if a drop falls on the skin it will produce a serious sore, often eating its way to the bone. There is even said to be a particular kind of fever caught in the lacquer manufactories. Not, however, that any special buildings are used for the purpose of this industry, which Dr. Dresser tells us is carried on in ordinary houses. The lacquer workers kneel on the usual matted floors, and the chief care taken is to keep the apartments clean and free from dust. The lacquer is spread on the substratum employed, which is almost invariably wood, in coats of successively increasing fineness; the first coat usually being mixed with powdered earth. Each coat, when dry, is rubbed down with a cutting stone. In an object intended to be of excellent quality, as many as eleven coats are thus laid on before the decoration is commenced. After the application of the last coat the surface is ground down with lumps of hard charcoal, which are kept wet, and the final polish is given by the ashes of deer's horns.

The pattern to be borne by the object is sketched in outline in lacquer upon fibrous elastic paper; the paper is warmed and fitted to the surface to be decorated, and the pressure of the hand is enough to transfer the pattern, after which the paper is removed. If the pattern is to be in gold, the outline is then followed by a fine hair pencil, dipped in lacquer, which is intended to act as a size. When this has so far dried as to be sticky, fine gold dust is shaken on it from a spoon. The gold dust looks grey at first, but its yellow colour is brought out by burnishing. In addition to gold dust minute squares of gold of about the thickness of writing-paper are prepared, and placed in their proper positions in the pattern by means of a pointed stick. As an illustration of the almost infinite minuteness of this kind of work Dr. Dresser describes a little medicine case, three and a quarter inches long, two and a quarter inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch in greatest thickness, which is decorated with fifty-nine heads of flowers, each of which is half an inch in length, and three-sixteenths of an inch in width. On each eighth of an inch square of these flower heads are about one hundred and twenty distinct pieces of gold, making six hundred *tesseræ* for each head, or above thirty-five thousand on the box. In addition to these flowers, the little heads of grass on the case are also tipped with these little golden squares.

A sort of clouding in gold is produced by the use of a series of reeds, covered at the end with silk of various degrees of fineness, and containing gold dust, pearl powder, or colour. By the intermixture of the dust that falls from these reeds when tapped with the fingers, the clouded effect is produced at will, and with the utmost delicacy and variety.

Over the gold, however it is applied, at least one coating of lacquer is spread, and the interstices between the edges of the minute particles of metal, pearl powder, or colour, are thus filled up. After the application of the last coat of lacquer, the object thus treated is handed over to female artificers, who rub it down with a flat piece of charcoal. The charcoal used for the purposes of the lacquer manufacture is made from different woods, of different degrees of hardness—a rough kind being used for the first coats, and finer and finer sorts being successively employed as the work approaches perfection. The successive application of coats of pigment and of mechanical smoothing is not unknown in our country, being carried on to a considerable extent by the coach-builders. But the finest work thus effected by the use of paint is coarse and poor, as well as deficient in durability, when compared with that in which

this rare gift of nature is made the most of by untiring human industry and skill. The Japanese, moreover, are not contented with the effect of metal and of colour on a level surface. They produce raised work, often approaching to the boldness of carving, by mixing oxide of iron with the lacquer. The mixture is applied by the brush, or by the spatula, and the finish is given by repeated grinding by small strips of charcoal. It is thus that one of the most beautiful classes of workmanship, at first sight quite unintelligible to an English workman, is produced. Plain turned boxes of ivory are adorned by beetles, spiders, and other insects, which might be mistaken for living forms, but which on closer inspection seem made of metal. To produce, or even to fix, metal work of this nature on ivory would be impossible, as the requisite heat would be destructive to the animal product. The insects are slowly built up by lacquer thickened by metallic and other powders. Gold lacquer on embossed tortoise-shell is another beautiful combination. At the other extremity of the scale of size lacquer is applied in some cases with greater freedom and richness than is attempted in any material by ourselves. The temples are often decorated with lacquered panels, of large dimensions, and with designs in bold relief. Not only so, but the floors of some of the great temples are covered with lacquer, giving a surface as bright and smooth as that of the best trays; and polychromatic effects of wonderful richness are produced by the application of gold, silver, pearl, and various pigments under the protection of transparent lacquer.

Small lacquered objects are dried in cool cupboards, which are washed before use. The presence of moisture in the air is said to be necessary to insure drying without cracks. The extreme humidity of Japan, at all events in certain seasons and localities, is thus probably a condition for the execution of the large lacquered surfaces of the temples—Miss Bird, we think, tells us of a bridge covered with red lacquer—not elsewhere to be found. The addition of powdered beans, or of the albumen of eggs, to lacquer, is used in order to give plasticity to the material. But not only is the industry, from climatic causes, limited in its range of execution, but the principal workers are possessed of various secrets, which they jealously guard. Thus, although the price of raw lacquer is as low as eighteenpence a pound, the art of using it is one which the European workman may admire for its excellence, its beauty, and its extraordinary durability, but which he can in no way hope to acquire.

The art of paper-making, now practised with such sedulous

rivalry in different parts of Europe, is one on which we might naturally expect much light to be thrown by Japanese experience, as paper of various kinds has there for many centuries been produced directly from the bark and pulp of various vegetables. The range of paper-making in Japan, moreover, is extraordinary—reaching from substantial roofing substitutes for tiles or slates, or the rough tarpaulin or rain-coat which the Japanese wears in the winter, to the most delicate lace-like fabric for kerchiefs or personal under-garments. But little information on this important industry has been collected by Dr. Dresser. Little more than a month after his landing he passed through a village (p. 82) where

‘Much paper of an inferior character is made from waste paper, which has been collected and reduced to pulp by little more than wetting. Upon entering the village we stopped at the door of a paper mill, but on being told that there were two much larger manufactories farther down the village, we went to one of them. Our first feeling was of wonder. If this be one of the largest mills, what must the smaller mills be? For here is but one vat, and that no larger than an ordinary washing-tub; one hand frame on which the paper is made, and this only seventeen inches by twelve; while one woman and a boy constitute the entire staff of the establishment. The frame which the woman uses has a margin of wood, while a layer of bamboo threads, about as thick as the shank of an ordinary pin, covered by a sheet of hard silk, forms its centre. She was sitting in front of the vat, which was in shape a parallelogram, and in size three feet six by two, and about eighteen inches deep. In this vat was the pulp. She had the frame in her hand, and by her side rested a pile of the wet paper which had just been formed; but here the sheets were not separated from one another by layers of flannel or any other substance. Having stirred the contents of the vat, she simply dipped the frame into the pulp, and collected as much as she wanted, and by a dexterous movement caused it to flow evenly over the silk surface of the frame; allowing it to rest for a few minutes to give time for the water to drain off, she added this newly formed sheet to her wet pile by inverting the frame, and thus went on making sheet after sheet. On the top of the pile of wet sheets of paper a board is placed, and upon this a few large stones; thus a quantity of water is squeezed out from the newly formed sheets, and the fact that the sheets do not adhere the one to the other must be explained by the great lengths of fibre of Japanese paper, and by the small amount of size used in its manufacture. The size employed at this paper manufactory is obtained from a small conical root of which I do not know the name, the glutinous matter being extracted by soaking it for a long time in water, and then crushing it.’

This account very closely tallies with the mode in which paper was made in England, even after the introduction of machinery for tearing the rags and mixing the pulp. The

bottom of the frame was made, not of silk, but of wire gauze. But on the deposit of each sheet by the dipper, a thin sheet of flannel was laid smoothly over it by a boy or girl, and thus the loss of time above referred to was avoided. In the Japanese factory the sheets of paper are removed one at a time from the pile, and spread individually on boards to dry. The introduction of the flannel allows of the more rapid and inexpensive drying of the paper by pressure, in a heated room.

The only other reference to this important industry that we have found in Dr. Dresser's book—in saying this we must protest as to the great injustice that the author of such a work does to himself, as well as to the reader, by the omission of either index, list of illustrations, or detailed table of contents—is the reference to crape paper (on p. 453). This kind of paper is 'a tough fibrous material to which a crape-like surface has been given; but the process of manufacture,' says the author, 'I did not see during my stay in the country.' An exact description of the process, however, is cited from the Japanese Catalogue of the Philadelphian Exhibition, which before (p. 403) was laid under contribution for the account of the manufacture of porcelain. Paper leathers also receive their textures in the manner described in the catalogue, 'and in the last Paris Exhibition some pieces with the coarsest of grain were shown. The patterns which are embossed upon these leather-like surfaces are almost always due to the fabric being hammered with hard brushes upon a matrix in much the same manner as we form the moulds in the process by which our newspapers are stereotyped.'

The last two chapters of 'Japan' are on the means by which fabrics receive patterns, and on some minor manufactures of Japan. From the latter we have just extracted all that is original on the important and interesting subject of the paper manufacture. As to this, we cannot but be of opinion that there is very much to be learned from the Japanese that might be of the highest importance to the European manufacturer. It is true that Nature has not endowed our climate with the paper mulberry or with either of the five or six other plants from which the Japanese derive the materials for their ingenious manufacture of an article of such varied utility. But it remains to be ascertained, first, how far these precious plants can be reared in any European district; and, secondly, how far their bark, wood, and juice, may be susceptible of use if exported, whether in the raw condition or in a partially prepared state. The possibility of the reproduction of paper

from its own *débris* is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of that artificial substance. We have seen that the process is carried on in Japan much as it was done in our own mills a third of a century ago. But while the reader of some of the daily newspapers has occasion to invoke anything but blessings on the uncomfortable ingenuity that has produced, out of Esparto grass, sawdust, and various other waste, a paper that will neither hold together while it is read through, give a fairly clean and legible page, or even afford a cheerful blaze if thrown on the fire, there must be an ample reward, we should conceive, ready to be reaped by anyone who would really master the subject of the origin and the utilisation of the paper-making vegetation of Japan and other Eastern countries, and then put his knowledge out at interest by enabling the manufacturers of England, of France, and of Switzerland, to feed their costly mills with a better raw material than they at present command. We need name no names; but our readers will be not unlikely to concur in the view that much of the paper now devoted to the distribution of the news of the day is a disgrace to modern civilisation. It is, no doubt, well to have cheap paper; but when cheapness is attained at the cost of every other quality, it is, perhaps, not out of the way to enquire into the lessons that may be learned in a country where the natives seem to manufacture this prime need of modern society almost with the facility of the wasp.

We trust that the volumes of which we have thus given some account are calculated to whet, rather than to satisfy, the curiosity of the English artist and artificer as to the wonders of Japanese art. We are glad to believe that each of the writers we have cited aims at something far higher than the mere catering to a fashionable and fleeting taste. If they have done little more than touch the fringe or raise the hem of the veil of Japanese art, they have shown us that this is owing not so much to neglect on their part, as to the magnitude of the subject and to the admirable originality of its prodigious detail. They have shown the enquirer, too, in what direction to look for more light. In citing the descriptive text of Japanese writers and in reproducing the figures from Japanese drawing books, they have shown that it may be possible, as it is highly desirable, for Europe to obtain a Japanese account of Japanese art. How far we are yet from being able to appreciate the philosophy of this unique form of art, we have endeavoured to show. That the Japanese only attains his masterly freedom of touch by a careful study of the minutest details, as well of true geometric drawing as of reflecting the

forms of nature, has not, so far as we are aware, been hitherto pointed out. That to this untiring industry is added an oral teaching as to the movement of the hand and pencil in producing certain curves, so that the artist gives the proper sweep—not by any measurement on paper, but, like the fencer, by an almost instinctive movement—is another new indication of the mode of attaining that perfection in the delineation of plants, flowers, birds, and insects which is special to Japanese art.

While thus we look forward to the formation of a better conception than has hitherto prevailed of the principles of Japanese draughtsmanship, we point again to the desirability of distinguishing between those industrial arts which are the children of the climate and of the soil, and those in which, common as they are to the human family, the Japanese have attained a rare excellence, by methods as yet quite secret from the rest of the world. If the imperishable lustre of the best lacquer work is due as much to the climate of Japan as to the infinite skill and patience of the lacquer workers, if the varied shades and colours of the faïence and the pottery, known by so many special names, depend as much on the local variation of the clay as on the hereditary secrets of the potters, this can hardly be supposed to be the case with the paper makers or the metal workers. To distinguish what we can imitate, or at least follow, and what we can only admire, in the industrial arts of Japan, appears to us to be the first step towards erecting the landmarks to be kept in view by those writers from whom we hope to receive hereafter an account of Japanese art described by Japanese men of letters.

ART. IX.—1. *Life of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford and Winchester*, with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence. By REGINALD GARTON WILBERFORCE. Vol. III. London: 1882.

2. *Letter to the Dean of Ripon containing Strictures on the Life of Bishop Wilberforce.* By the Rev. C. P. GOLIGHTLY. London: 1881.

THE concluding volume of Bishop Wilberforce's Life covers the term of twelve years, from the beginning of 1861 to the middle of 1873. No abatement of activity, no narrowing of interest, marked this closing period of a life of wonderful labour. He left the diocese of Oxford, of which he had completed the organisation, overcoming by degrees all obstructions to his will; and, with a light heart and unabated energy, undertook to repeat the task in another diocese, in which the arrears of work were great. But shadows began to fall over the face of a prosperous career. Three attacks of illness, threatening life itself, did not daunt him. His new diocese comprised the Channel Islands, and the sea was always cruel to him; but he faced the rough Channel. Sorrows and disappointments began to gather round him. In 1862 the appointment on which he had set his heart, that of Archbishop of York, was given to another; and he had been taught by his friends, and had taught himself, that such a post was his almost as of right. The Church was a profession, and he was the foremost man in the profession, and had a right to its prizes. Yorkshire he called his county; it was not his by right of birth, nor by work or residence. But his father had adorned it, and his grandfather dwelt there, and he loved to call himself by its name. He never forgave the disappointment: the hard words for Lord Palmerston, and for all concerned, may be traced to this cause. In 1861 Mrs. Sargent was taken away—the unselfish sympathising companion, who had for years served as a last link between him and the lost wife, opened anew by her departure the fountains of that old sorrow. In October 1868, his son-in-law, never a companion on whom he could lean, went over with his daughter to the Church of Rome. The cry of anguish at this long foreseen and dreaded calamity is pitiable. It had echoes, perhaps, in the father's heart, during every day for the seven years that remained. Those who knew the bishop well, were accustomed to observe how readily his face, so mobile and easily animated, fell back into lines of sorrow when excitement ceased.

Life, during this period, came to the bishop in the shape of defeats and disappointments. He faced them in a mixed spirit. They did not diminish his devotion, they did not lessen his activity; but the harshness of his judgments on men and things, the stout hatred with which he regards statesmen and ecclesiastics, who have stood in his way, have seemed to many readers not very consistent with the devotion, and little conducive to edification.

Why, it is asked, are these things paraded here? The writer is a son; the materials for the book in great part a private Diary. In the Diary there are no signs of careful composition, showing, as in the case of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences,' that there was an intention to publish. The suddenness of his death forbade all last wishes and instructions as to Diary and letters. Most characters have their darker side as well as their brighter. It is permissible to any biographer to pass somewhat lightly over the facts that lower the estimate of his hero. Nor is it inconsistent with truth to do so; for the angry word, the cherished bit of gossip, the scorn, are not so deliberate nor so deep as the acts of a life, and the general drift of a great career. If opportunity had been given, many of these judgments on men, much of this trivial gossip which are now enshrined in a widely circulated book, would have been condemned to the fire. The mischief can never be repaired. It is impossible that it should not have been foreseen. Indeed, we learn from the 'Quarterly Review' that an earnest attempt was made to expurgate the book by the publisher, and in vain.

The book is inaccurate, as gossip always is. Lord Clarendon was not Foreign Secretary under Lord Melbourne,* and the error reduces a story to confusion. The Bishop of Gloucester, who was 'very disagreeable' to the bishop on June 20, 1861, in Convocation, was not, as the index and the biographer allege, Bishop Thomson. Bishop Baring remained at Gloucester till the autumn of 1861, and was succeeded by Bishop Thomson in the following winter.

Of two letters to himself, Mr. Golightly says: 'The copies produced by Mr. Wilberforce are strangely incorrect, and the signature, I do not like to say falsified, not knowing who may have been the copyist, but not unintentionally altered, the motive of the alteration being not far to seek.'† The motive being to put a little more consistency into the bishop's epistolary leave-taking. Lord Amphilh writes: 'Bishop Wilberforce, in collecting and placing on record the ill-

* Vol. iii. p. 231.

† Pamphlet.

'natured gossip current in Rome . . . has omitted, to my great regret, to note also what my own views and comments on these reports were, thereby creating an incomplete and painful impression. . . .' A parish clerk in Scotland was drunk on the 'sacrament wine stolen on the morning of celebration; and when he was dismissed, all the Presbytery petitioned for his restoration, for fear he should join the Free Church.' The point of this lies in the implied restoration of the offending clerk, but he was not restored. 'Dr. Macleod, after being ten years minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, said he had never but once been at a deathbed, and then by accident.' A statement too absurd to have needed the refutation which Dr. Norman Macleod's brother has administered in the papers. The late Dean of Wells, Dr. Johnson, is described as a 'neologian;' he never wrote a neologian word in his life, and his Commentary on the Psalms, in the 'Speaker's Commentary,' is his vindication. Professor Heurtley is a Low Churchman; Mr. Golightly qualifies him as a Churchman of the school of Hooker. Of Bishop Fitzgerald, a man of great power of mind, but of a kind which Bishop Wilberforce was hardly able to appreciate, 'strong leaning to Arian or semi-Arian opinions—' kept him long from priests' orders—a mere Whatelyan; but 'a strong will and overbearing—would be very unpopular very soon—is so now at Cork.' A mere Whatelyan he certainly is not; and the Arian or semi-Arian imputation is quite unfounded. But the attitude of the biographer towards his own mistakes, and those of the Diary, is quite original. Usually, when an error is exposed, the author of it apologises, and hastens to get rid of it; Mr. Wilberforce clings to it as having a vested interest. The Dean of Chichester is credited with having written a letter to Bishop Wilberforce, saying that, 'sooner than read the mutilated Bible,' i.e. the new Lectionary, he would 'cheerfully go to prison.' The dean asked for the letter; there was none. The editor wrote that he should regret if the publication of a good story had in any way annoyed the dean: 'but look at the book, and you will see that it is given as a story only.' It is certainly given as the extract from a letter; but with this explanation Dr. Burgon, if not satisfied, must remain disgusted.

The case of the Mackonochie judgment in the Privy Council is stronger, and one of more public interest. The bishop wrote to Sir Charles Anderson, 'I hear the lawyers were two and two, and the Archbishop of York gave the casting vote.' This story was first published by the Rev. Dr. Littledale in a daily

paper, and it detracted very much from the weight of the judgment if believed. Bishop Wilberforce must have known that it could only rest on the testimony of a member of the council, if true, and that to give such information was against the sworn obligation of a privy councillor. Here were reasons for a man of the bishop's experience refusing to credit it without some further enquiry. However, he adopted it, lending it too ready a credence. When the diary appeared, the Archbishop of York wrote to the 'Times': 'There is no foundation for the words, whether applied to this judgment or any other.' That seems plain, but on Mr. Wilberforce it had no effect. 'Does the Archbishop of York mean to imply that Bishop Jackson, only just appointed to London, and who had not heard the argument, voted? Such an insinuation is not worth answering.' It had an answer, however. Bishop Jackson was not on the committee; nay, could not have been, as bishop of the diocese where the complaint arose. But, for that matter, he was not Bishop of London at all till the following year. Undaunted and unshamed, Mr. Wilberforce puts forth a hypothetical account of the exact way in which the members voted, and will consider the Archbishop of York 'quibbling' if he cannot deny it. He then learns that the report was 'ludicrously inexact.' Meanwhile, a garbled copy of some notes for a judgment by Sir W. Erle in that case had found its way into the public prints; and it was thought expedient to obtain leave to publish a fuller account of the steps by which the judgment was reached. Instructed by the surviving members of the Board, Mr. Reeve, the Registrar of the Privy Council, wrote, with the permission of her Majesty:—

'The judgment of the committee, which was read by Lord Cairns as Lord Chancellor, had the entire concurrence and approval of the Lord Chancellor himself, the Archbishop of York, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Westbury, and Sir James Colville. The late Sir William Erle, shortly after this argument, and before he was informed of the conclusions or reasons of the other members of the committee, wrote and sent to the Council Office a paper for circulation among his colleagues. This paper was printed and circulated accordingly, as is customary in committees of the Privy Council. It is the same which has been recently published in some newspapers, but it contained at the end the following sentences not included in that publication: "Sir W. Erle requests his colleagues to excuse the unfinished form in which these—which he calls—reasons are expressed. He thought it best to send them without delay before opinions were fixed. If all can see that there is nothing in them, it would be waste of trouble to make them more judicial." The judgment, substantially in the form ultimately

delivered, was subsequently sent to Sir William Erle for his consideration, and a meeting of the committee, at which Sir W. Erle was present, was held on December 11, 1868, to finally settle it. Sir William Erle also attended the delivery of the judgment on December 23, 1868, and he did not press the view taken in his paper or divide the committee, nor was there any voting from first to last.

Such were the facts, yet within a few days an account most circumstantial and entirely opposite to the truth was published. Some one must have invented it; it was too wide of the mark for accidental variation of a report. Bishop Wilberforce did not invent it; he was too truthful for such a supposition. But he was eager to discredit the mixed tribunal, so he received the false account in too uncritical a spirit. The wish was father to the thought. If a great issue could be decided by the one vote of a bishop, which was to bind the practice of the whole Church, then much was already gained for showing the mischief of the system of a mixed tribunal.

Of the bishop's account of the Scotch National Church, Dr. Donald MacLeod says, 'I question whether it could be possible to string together in an equally small space a greater number of misrepresentations.' Lord Amphill's complaint that the bishop 'had omitted to note also what my own views and comments on those reports were, thereby creating an incomplete and painful impression,' is met by Mr. Wilberforce with his usual courtesy. 'The bishop,' he says, 'recorded Lord Amphill's story, and omitted Lord Amphill's views and comments, probably because they did not interest him.' Apart from the insolence of these words, they contain the true explanation of the nature of gossip. The stories are flung abroad, but they are accompanied with some sensible views and comments. The views and comments are not thought worth preserving. Thrown on the filter, the views pass through in solution, and leave behind the filtrate of gossip, the dregs and lees of falsehood.

This theory at all events makes somewhat more possible to conceive how some of the scandalous stories found their way into the diary as they stand. In Ireland the bishop falls in with the late Dr. Todd. The relation of Dr. Todd to most of the Irish bishops was that of an intimate friend; to the bishop he stood as a casual acquaintance and nothing more. The outcome of their interview is a picture of the Irish Church and its bishops, attributed to Dr. Todd, with some interpolations from the Dean of Limerick, which reads like a dialogue from the 'School for Scandal.' 'If anything happens to the Primate, I see no hope unless they will appoint you; not one of

'our bishops fit.'* The report is admitted to be inaccurate as to Bishop Higgins; as regards Bishop Fitzgerald, one of the ablest of Irish ecclesiastics, it is a mere caricature. But the bishop himself would never have given it to the world.

So much for Ireland. The account of the Scotch Established Church is still more wild and inexact. We read that the condition of the Church was getting worse and worse; the morality of the people had sunk to so low an ebb that, if the marriage law of England were in force, one-half of the children would be ranked as illegitimate; the 'meenisters' never visit, and Dr. Norman MacLeod had stated that during ten years of his incumbency in the Barony parish he had never attended a death-bed but once, and then by accident. Dr. Donald MacLeod comments thus on this astonishing account:—

'The National Church has increased and is increasing in numbers and influence with marvellous rapidity; the clergy were never more energetic and efficient; the condition of our agricultural labourers, bad as it is, is certainly not getting worse, and will bear favourable comparison with that of a similar population in the English counties with which the bishop was best acquainted; and as regards my brother not visiting the sick and dying, the statement is as outrageously false as if it were asserted that during ten years of his episcopacy Bishop Wilberforce had never entered a church.' (*Times*, January, 1883.)

Enough has been said to show that the gossip of the book cannot be relied on, and that its publication has cast a permanent shadow over the memory of the great bishop. It is undeniable, however, that the book brings out in strong relief the powers as well as the failings of a mind of many endowments. It will set him right as to one most general opinion, of those who did not know the bishop, that he was always acting a part. This was not the case. Mr. Mozley bears witness to the truthfulness of his character in early life; and he was bold and outspoken to the end.† But his impulses were strong, and he did not resist them, and his mind was many-sided; and from this it came that he was found maintaining two positions in succes-

* Vol. iii. p. 25.

† 'One result of a private education on the Wilberforces was their truthfulness. A public school, and indeed any school so large as to create a social distance between the masters and the boys, is liable to suffer the growth of conventional forms of truth and conventional dispensations from absolute truth. Loyalty to schoolfellows warps the loyalty due to the master. The world has had many a fling at Bishop Wilberforce's ingenuity and dexterity, but his veracity and truthfulness cannot be impugned.' (Mozley's '*Reminiscences*,' vol. i. p. 112.)

sion, with more zeal and keenness than any public man of this generation. The Hampden case was the most conspicuous example of this. It is assumed that when the Bishop opened proceedings against the Professor, he did so without having read the 'Bampton Lectures' which were objected against, and that afterwards when he read them, or gave them what he called 'judicial reading,' he found nothing to condemn, and retreated ignominiously from a position he had ignorantly taken up. He was then new to his office, and he burned with zeal to gain power and weight for it, and above all to make himself felt in the University to which he was so near, yet in which he had no jurisdiction. Experience had not taught bishops at that day how difficult it is to carry through the courts an ecclesiastical suit. In a letter to Lord John Russell, who had refused to listen to a remonstrance from the bishops, the Bishop of Oxford advises Lord John not to withdraw the appointment, nor to assume or admit that Dr. Hampden is unsound in doctrine; but, allowing that there is a suspicion of unsoundness, to promise that Dr. Hampden should be tried for heresy, so that he might have the opportunity of clearing himself, adding, 'I press this the more earnestly because I see the very high probability of the question being brought *very speedily* to legal issue before an unsatisfactory tribunal, through the agency of my own Court, unless your Lordship's timely interference prevents the step.' (Vol. i. p. 445.) What strikes one most in this advice is its thoughtless character. Dr. Hampden, with or without his consent, is to be sent by Lord John Russell for trial, not because he is a heretic, but because some think so. And thus Lord John Russell is to plead guilty to having hastily submitted to the Crown the name of a suspected man for a bishopric; the name and fame of Hampden are to be stamped permanently with the mark of this trial, of doubtful issue, his usefulness in his new charge is to be lessened, not because he is certainly a heretic but because the trial will clear him, and the motive for trying him is a threat that he shall otherwise be tried. By this time the first step into the water is taken, which shall soon rise high enough, and shall not again subside without unhappy stains. What was the 'competent tribunal' which the bishop had in view is uncertain; Lord John Russell seems to have thought that the Bench would be the tribunal. 'Dr. Hampden may be kept suspended between the cap and the mitre for years, to the infinite amusement of the idle crowd, but to the detriment of the Church and of the Royal Supremacy.' After correspondence with Hampden, which drew forth no concession—after the Bishop

had administered to him a set of queries which would have been thought somewhat humiliating to a young curate coming into the diocese, whereas they were put to a Regius Professor whose lectures had been delivered for years to some hundreds of candidates for holy orders without reproach—the Bishop consented to issue ‘Letters of Request,’ sending a complaint formally made against Hampden into the Archbishop’s court. War was begun. No sooner had the blow been struck than the Bishop was most anxious to retreat. He had come into conflict with the Crown and the royal prerogative; he had been severely handled in the correspondence by those who, inferior as orators and debaters to the bishop, wrote much better letters, and letters which showed they knew exactly what they wanted. He was sick of the whole business. He had actually expected that his sounding periods would have induced the Prime Minister to consent to a trial. There was no hope that Crown or bishop would budge an inch; and so the suit was abandoned, and a long letter written which had the effect of disgusting those who had acted with the bishop, without conciliating one of Hampden’s friends.

The Bishop had the impression that he was obliged to send on the ‘Letters of Request,’ and treated the doing so as a mere ministerial act. But he could have controlled the proceedings, as appears from the threat held out to the Prime Minister, and from the fact that he was consulted about them by Mr. Marriott and others, the promoters; and still more from the fact that he was able, when he changed his mind, to recall or disarm the ‘Letters of Request,’ in which process he had no legal discretion whatever. The proceedings were against a rector of Ewelme, whose rectory, with which alone Bishop Wilberforce had to do, would be void by his confirmation as bishop long before the case against him could be ripe for hearing. They were in respect of a book which had been published years before, and which had been left unread by almost all the world as well as by the Bishop of Oxford; and by that time Hampden was known mostly by his lectures from his chair of theology, of which many had said that they were dull, but none that they were unsound in the faith. But the punishment was greater than the offence. The Bishop was not the deceiver that the world thought him. His nature was pugnacious; as a very young speaker he had assailed Palmerston in a public meeting, and even shaken the iron nerves of Wellington in the chair. To bring Lord John Russell to reason when a general remonstrance of bishops had failed, to

invest a new bishop with the garb of penance and humble him for having, not assailed the faith indeed, but written so obscurely and crudely as to cause some suspicion on that head, were feats to which he thought himself equal. The object that was most constantly kept in view through his versatile career was to give to the Church more power of action in synods and in judicial proceedings; and the thought of all the bishops being asked to sit in judgment on the candidate for a see had attractions for him. Many of the most prudent bishops were not at his back; the Archbishop of Canterbury disapproved the proceedings; yet the Bishop expected the Crown to give way. But the suddenness of the Bishop's change of front is the most notable, as it was the most hurtful to him, of all the features of these strange proceedings. On December 20, 1847, a letter was written to Dr. Hampden which seemed to indicate that the case must proceed. Within a day or two at furthest, an intimation from the Provost of Oriel that a certain pamphlet of Dr. Hampden's was no longer sold, was thought by the biographer, strange to say, to 'alter the whole 'complexion of the case.' It left the Bampton Lectures where they were; it only altered from that moment the Bishop of Oxford, or, at least, was made the pivot on which he veered round. From that moment he sought to withdraw from the prosecution, and to quash it. As the bishop assumed that he could stop it, even when it had passed into the archbishop's court, it is clear that his command of it was more than ministerial; and it is not too much to say that a few words from him would have checked it at an early stage. The bishop would have done well for his reputation if even at this point he had admitted his error of judgment, and confessed that he was wrong. The long letter in which he retired from his position of defiance to the Crown, of resistance to Dr. Hampden, was a lamentable production.

What a different part a peacemaking Bishop of Oxford might have played! Dr. Hampden was placed by this dispute in a peculiarly false position. For a couple of years he had plunged into the scholastic philosophy, how far influenced by the conversation of Blanco White there is no need to enquire. The lectures were as original as other like productions, but they did not proceed from a very profound study, and we shall presently give high authority for their obscurity. For years since their publication the scholastic philosophy had been dropped by the writer, and a somewhat dull round of lectures from the chair of the Regius Professor had occupied

his time and partly his mind. No one thought these were unorthodox. They are reported to have been much taken up with an enormous list of books in theology, which there was hardly time for the students to write down, and which no student ever thought of going through. Virtually, Bishop Wilberforce republished the Bampton Lectures when, relying on some extracts, he took up that prosecution. If he had devoted a week to the study of them, and had then given a decided opinion that they might safely be let alone, the Hampden controversy would have died an early death.

Dr. Hampden received in later years two apologies from opponents which were not quite consoling. One was a letter from Mr. Gladstone, thirty-four years after the lectures were published, 'written in the very abyss of penitence and humiliation. He had done his best for a whole generation to understand the lectures without the slightest success. As it was utterly past his power to understand them, he had been clearly wrong to condemn them on the information of others.'*

As he walked down St. James's Street a well-known 'pervert' crossed the street in haste to speak to him. 'Dr. Hampden, I have to make a confession and an apology. I opposed your appointment as Bishop of Hereford on the ground of unfitness. I was wrong, and I apologise. I now see that you were a fair representative of the communion to which you belong.'

The Rev. C. Portalis Golightly, known to every Oxford man as one who, without holding or seeking preferment, lived in Oxford, making it his business to resist all that he thought tended to Romanising in the Church of England, seems to have been regarded by Bishop Wilberforce with mixed feelings of affection and dread. The admixture is amusingly shown in the divers forms of address which the bishop adopted in his letters. Both his character and standing deserved respect. He had maintained a somewhat leading position as an undergraduate in the palmy times of Oriel. Accident brought him back to Oxford after some time spent in country curacies. He was consistent, kind, liberal, and a helper in all good things; except his pronounced hatred of Rome, he was not a party man; a moderate Evangelical, and old-fashioned Churchman. The bishop wished to conciliate him, but failed to do so in consequence of the suspicions which sprang up in 1858 of the object and management of Cuddesdon College. An article in the 'Quarterly Review' directed public attention to the

* Mozley's 'Reminiscences,' vol. i. p. 376.

matter, and the bishop felt the charge of Romanising so keenly that he sent no less a messenger than Mr. Gladstone to the editor of the 'Quarterly' to procure some sort of recantation, which mission met with very moderate success. The bishop commissioned his archdeacons to investigate the charges against the College, and their report is omitted from the biography. It was not quite what would bring comfort to the bishop. In the whole chapel—

'We think it right to express our opinion that there is too lavish a display of ornament; and we consider that excess of decoration in the chapel of such an institution has a tendency on the one hand to strengthen a prejudice which already exists in some minds against theological colleges, and on the other hand to encourage in the students a disproportionate regard for the mere accessories of public worship, and to invest them with an over-prominent importance.'

Of a book of prayers, which was alleged to bear too close a resemblance to the breviary, they say:—

'We have examined the psalms and hymns, and think them not only unexceptionable but highly valuable. . . . It has, however, been cast in a form which bears an unfortunate resemblance to the breviary of the Church of Rome; and we think the book would be much improved if the compilers would abandon the title of Antiphon,' &c.

Three or four things had been discontinued—these might be quoted as a triumph for either side. On the whole the archdeacons honestly did their duty, but the result was not quite what the bishop had wished. 'I must say,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'that they seem to have put their thoughts in a clumsy dress.' After much angry controversy some concessions were made, the greatest being the removal of the eminent vice-principal, the Rev. H. P. Liddon, upon whom seems to have fallen the blame of most of the changes that had taken place. We pronounce no judgment on the dispute or its issue. It is a pity that Mr. Wilberforce has roused the slumbering wrath of Mr. Golightly, and revived the bitterness of the past. But the account of the ebb and flow of the Bishop's wrath and regard for Mr. Golightly is amusing.

'I hope favourable allowance may be made for distinguished ecclesiastics, such as our versatile friend Dr. Wilberforce—if indeed it were possible to find another like him—who was never a good hater, sometimes wrote sixty letters a day, and I may add was not always in the same mind three days together. Thus, after my public protest against Cuddesdon College, in a letter to the Principal on February 1, I was still his "excellent but not very judicious friend;" and in a letter to myself on the same day and signed "yours affectionately," he addressed me as his "dear friend." On February 15, immediately

upon the publication of the archdeacon's report, I became his "gossiping friend." This was a thunder-clap; but three days afterwards the skies cleared and I became his "dear friend" again. On April 24, no fresh offence having been given, the clouds came up again, and a furious storm burst upon me. In a letter, no copy of which, luckily, has fallen into the hands of Mr. Wilberforce, he prayed for me, he assured me, "among persecutors and slanderers!!" The following year I was "the anonymous calumniator of the diocese." At length, at a public meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre with the vice-chancellor in the chair, he likened me to a "snake in the grass" and the "serpent in Paradise." It has been my hard fate to be twice compared to the devil, once by a bishop and once by an archbishop, but the archbishop was not an archbishop at the time, much less a cardinal, but an archdeacon in the Church of England.' (Pamphlet, p. 7.)

This variety of address, which, as we have mentioned in the outset, the editor has somewhat concealed by altering the endings of some of the letters, shows clearly the impulsive mind with which Mr. Golightly had to deal. The correspondence about the College began in this gushing fashion on the bishop's side:—

‘September 23, 1857.

‘My dear Golightly—I thank you heartily for your kind and honest note. Oh! how I value people for speaking out to me with love and plainness instead of growling behind my back!’

To have within a month, for your excellent friend, ‘affectionately’ regarded, one who is a persecutor and slanderer and anonymous calumniator of the diocese, is to change too suddenly. A much-respected clergyman of more than fifty summers is not to be treated with alternate strokings and pats, as a child treats its kitten. The bishop went further; he charged Mr. Golightly with the ‘disingenuous’ suppression of the fact that he had been invited by the bishop to ‘come over to the palace, to stay there as long as he pleased, to attend the college lectures and chapel services, and, in short, to make every enquiry upon the spot that he thought proper, as to the way in which the college was conducted.’* The charge was made before the rural deans, and one of them told Mr. Golightly, who at once took steps for his vindication. Confronted with his own letters, the bishop admitted at once that no such invitation had been sent. ‘I never was more astonished than by not finding the passage in my letters. I am so entirely certain that I wrote it that I can only suppose it was upon a separate page, and was not put in, as you have never seen it. I kept no copies of my letters to

* Pamphlet, pp. 46, 47.

‘you; but I am as confident of having written it as I can be of any such matter.’ The bishop does not retract the charge of disingenuousness, however, and Mr. Golightly kindly supplied an excuse for the oversight as to the specific charge by saying, ‘The bishop wrote sixty letters a day, and could not fail now and then to get into a little confusion.’*

The discussion about Cuddesdon drew forth from the bishop some strong Protestant utterances, as this:—

‘I utterly disapprove all attempts to introduce any such unusual ritualistic developments as those referred to by the anonymous writer calling himself a senior clergyman of the diocese. I deem it unpardonable that we who are charged with the all-important work of seeking to win souls for which Christ died, should waste our energies and estrange the hearts of our people by giving ourselves up to such childish frivolities.

‘You well know that I have a jealous dread of every Romanising tendency, and that I have not the slightest sympathy with those who wish to restore among us such a ritual; for that, in my opinion, such attempts both breed on the one side in some weak minds a longing first for the gorgeous ritual, and then for the corrupt doctrines, of Rome; and on the other tend far more widely to alienate our people from sound Church of England principles, and give occasion to such calumnies as those which you have condemned.’ (Pamphlet, p. 58.)

Words of wisdom, but unhappily they did not carry conviction to most people. In the light given by these volumes their sincerity is manifest. The bishop suffered too cruelly from Rome not to abhor her tenets and all that drew him nearer to her. The gorgeous decoration of the chapel, and the book of devotion which *happened* to be so like a breviary,† were not introduced without the bishop’s knowledge or power to prevent, but he did not mean Romanism by them, and his Protestant utterance was quite in earnest. Here, as in other cases, it was the suddenness of the changes, and the seeming opposition of the two sides of the bishop’s mind, which left him after this controversy without the confidence and support of the friends or the foes of Cuddesdon College.

* Pamphlet, p. 48.

† ‘The expression “*unfortunate* resemblance to the Romish Breviary” was thus commented upon in a pamphlet entitled “Thoughts on Church Matters in the Diocese of Oxford, by a Layman and Magistrate of the County:”—

“It reminds me forcibly of the excuse given by Aaron for the Israelites when they had made them a calf to worship it, when he says to Moses, speaking of the melting of the metal for the making of the idol, ‘Behold, there came out this calf,’ an *unfortunate* accident, for which no one could be called to account.”’ (Golightly, p. 37.)

Before leaving Mr. Golightly's amusing yet indignant pamphlet, it may be mentioned that two letters from the bishop are there given, which show that within a few months of his coming to the see, he wrote to encourage Mr. Golightly to prosecute Dr. Pusey in the vice-chancellor's court for heresy. 'I cannot but believe that if you or anyone articulated Dr. Pusey in the vice-chancellor's court for publicly printing and teaching doctrines contrary to the Articles, and exhibited the strong passages to which you referred' (in a letter to the vice-chancellor), 'there must be a very different conclusion of the business'—the conclusion actually reached being the refusal of the vice-chancellor to interfere. Two days later, on January 18, 1846, he supplies Mr. Golightly with a passage from the 'Guide to Passing Lent Holily,' which he thought open to prosecution, and added, 'I shall be glad to be of any use to you by advice should you determine on any further measure, and think that I can be of use to you.'*

In the 'Essays and Reviews' case, the bishop was most attracted by the opportunity of assuming or reviving for Convocation the power of sitting in judgment on a book—a legitimate development, in his opinion, of that revival of Convocation which he had done much to bring about. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Convocation itself, that the precedent may long stand alone. The 'Essays and Reviews' was a fortuitous concourse of literary atoms. The 'Oxford Essays' had been undertaken by Mr. John Parker, the publisher, partly, as it was thought, to efface the recollection of a certain lawsuit with an Oxford man, in which he had been worsted. There was nothing unorthodox or suspicious in the essays. Each annual number was not unlike a number of this Journal. Among the contributors to the first collection of essays were such men as Froude, F. Palgrave, Henry Smith, Phillips, the geologist, and the Archbishop of York. 'Each writer is responsible for his own opinions, and for none but his own.' The tie that binds the different contributors is not that they think alike, but that they belong to the same university.† A similar collection was set on foot for the University of Cambridge; the conditions which bound the writers were the same. Successful at first, the interest of the venture fell off with years, and Mr. Parker resolved that they must be discontinued. But, before the final severance with his contributors, he proposed that a volume of theological Essays from Oxford should be published. Only some of those whom he

* Pamphlet, pp. 12, 13.

† Preface.

asked were able to comply with the invitation; but among those who were invited were some who would not have been thought of, if the object had been to undermine the faith. The actual contributors wrote without compact or system. It is thought that hardly any of them saw the essays of the rest. The essay of the present Bishop of Exeter was supposed to systematise the volume. It was in fact the substance of a university sermon, written and preached before the essays came together. No one suspected the sermon of transgressing the limits of Christian liberty; no one would have suspected the essay but for the assumption that those of Williams and Wilson were supposed to throw light on its dark places. About the policy of prosecuting those two, opinions may differ; there were startling things in them, and they were put forth with a defiant air. But about the policy of a condemnation of *the book* by Convocation there will not be much doubt among men of ordinary powers of judgment. A book may be reviewed sufficiently in a few sentences; if it is to carry with it the criminal condemnation of its author, it must be dealt with fully by competent people. And if many authors are to be condemned, the share of blame must be apportioned for each; nothing should be assumed that is not provable. Nor is it consistent with justice that the culprits should remain unheard. The Convocation of Canterbury did not number in its circle many accomplished theologians. The condemnation was a foregone conclusion. The book was condemned; its importance magnified. 'For the first time since 1711 the Church of England had pronounced synodically upon a question of doctrine. The silence of 150 years had been broken, and she had again asserted her position as having authority in controversies of faith.' These words of Mr. Wilberforce point to one great motive for the condemnation. The 'Essays and Reviews' are now left behind on the stream of time, and perhaps have gone, with many books and pamphlets and unwise speeches, to the bottom. It is pleasant to know that the late Archbishop Tait and the present Bishop of London opposed the mode of proceeding to the last.

Amongst the many books published in this controversy were two volumes of essays, one called 'Replies to Essays and Reviews,' we think, and the other, which did not pretend directly to answer the 'Essays and Reviews,' called 'Aids to Faith.' Bishop Wilberforce had been probably asked to write in both. He gave his name, about March 1861, to the latter, and to that he was to contribute an Essay on Evolution. In July he lost Mrs. Sargent, to whom he was as a devoted

son, and whose presence in his home softened the gloom of her daughter's absence. When it was time for the essay to be printed, he explained that his domestic sorrow had prevented his doing anything. But the sympathy of some was modified when his name was announced about the same time as the editor, or at least the preface writer, of the other collection. Probably to him alone it did not occur that the severe domestic trouble, which was quite sufficient to release from one engagement, scarcely served as a reason for going over to another camp. It must be said, however, that the bishop only wrote a preface, and did not read the 'Replies' which he introduced, so that the plea which he would not admit in Convocation for Dr. Temple, he used when men like the Bishop of St. David's called on him to defend the scientific views of the new volume which bore his name.

Out of this condemnation of the 'Essays and Reviews' sprang the encounter with Lord Westbury in the House of Lords. The Chancellor held that all appeals must be to the Crown, and that as there could be no appeal from this condemnation of a book, though there might be personal injustice to the writers, the condemnation was therefore illegal. Opinions differed on that point, no doubt. Lord Houghton in July 1864 raised the question in the House of Lords, Had the Convocation of Canterbury power to condemn books written by clergymen or laymen? Were they protected in the exercise of such powers, so that those who were condemned could not take proceedings to vindicate themselves? In what form was Convocation bound to exercise the jurisdiction, if it existed? Lord Westbury dealt with the subject with jocularity, and held up the bishops to ridicule, threatening them with the pains of *præmunire*. 'What is called a synodical judgment is simply a series of well-lubricated terms, a sentence so oily and saponaceous that no one could grasp it. Like an eel it slips through the fingers; it is simply nothing; and I am glad to tell my noble friend (Lord Houghton), that it is literally no sentence at all.' At this and much else, the House laughed; and such words from the Chancellor did not accord with the dignity of the House or of the subject, which was at least worthy of sober treatment. The Archbishop of Canterbury made a dignified reply, repudiating the suggestion of malice which the Lord Chancellor had made. For the dignity of the bishops the matter might there have ended. But it was not in human nature, certainly not in the nature of the Bishop of Oxford, to let pass such an affront; his speech, if hot, was very ready. 'If a man has no

‘respect for himself, he ought at all events to respect the ‘audience before whom he speaks,’ and so on through words that are still well remembered. He spoke of ‘ribaldry, which ‘those to whom he addressed it have too much respect for their ‘characters to answer in like sort.’ The effect might have been more powerful if the injured had refrained from replying not only by ribaldry, but by invective too. But it was a surprise :—

‘Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.’

The Chancellor provoked the blow. It was heavy, but it fell upon a subject not too sensitive to moral pains.

Many years before the passing of the Act of 1874, called not very appropriately the ‘Public Worship Regulation Act,’ the bishops had been pressed to take some steps to check the changes of ritual which appeared in many dioceses. The feelings of the laity were unmistakeably pronounced. Lord Shaftesbury proposed to bring in a bill himself for this purpose; and as this would give the movement a party character, many bishops preferred that the episcopal body should act for itself. If the Archbishop of Canterbury were empowered to say so, Lord Shaftesbury would be estopped. It was essential to this, that the attitude of the Bishop of Oxford should be ascertained, and his neutrality, at least, secured. The bishop is asked,* ‘If the archbishop should bring in such a bill? I said I ‘should deprecate any such measure, but if the archbishop ‘thought it necessary and introduced it, I should not oppose ‘it. It was thereupon agreed that Shaftesbury should be ‘hounded off, by being told that the archbishop was preparing ‘such a bill, and a committee was appointed to draw it up.’ There was an express agreement of secrecy, besides the usual understanding that such arrangements were confidential. Within two days from the writing of those words, the bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone: ‘My dear Gladstone, I hear to-day ‘from Phillimore that the archbishop has spoken to you concerning the great crisis into which party spirit and timidity ‘are hurrying us, and so my lips are unsealed so far that I write ‘in confidence to you about it.’ Thereon it may fairly be said that the bishop did all in his power to induce Mr. Gladstone to suppress the archbishop’s bill. The bishops charged with the preparation of the bill met Mr. Gladstone, by appointment, at London House, and there learned, no doubt with surprise,

* Vol. iii. p. 205.

that the bishop was in full communication with Mr. Gladstone, and doing his best to enlist Mr. Gladstone's opposition; which, no doubt, he thought consistent with the undertaking he had given not to oppose. 'They were all,' i.e. the two archbishops and the Bishop of London, says Mr. Gladstone, 'under the belief that you had agreed to support, or not to oppose, the bill.'

From the burst of wrath against the Archbishop of York at this point, it is probable that the archbishop had been outspoken in his opinion of the bishop's course of action.* But the promise not to oppose does not rest on the archbishop's impressions. The bishop says so in the passage just quoted. Upon the faith of the promise, the Archbishop of Canterbury had given a public undertaking to bring in a bill. 'I think it possible that the idea that I should not oppose in the House of Lords our present archbishop was what lodged in their minds.' It was not an idea, but an undertaking, and that could not have been accepted or acted on by anyone, if it were limited to the House of Lords, and if it allowed the bishop to enlist a party of guerillas under so potent a chief as Mr. Gladstone to oppose it in the lobbies and without. It is much to be regretted that the bishops were not then suffered to do something, on the basis of the resolution of the Canterbury bishops; 'our judgment is that no alterations from long sanctioned and usual ritual ought to be made in our churches until the sanction of the bishop of the diocese has been obtained thereto.'†

The expedient of a Royal Commission was resolved on. The twenty-nine ritual commissioners began to sit on June 17, 1867; and nearly sixteen years have elapsed without any legislative step being taken for the main object of its sitting. It cannot be denied that the dilatory policy of the bishop was crowned with success. Immediately on the formation of the commission we find from the 'Life' that a caucus of about eight commissioners began to hold meetings *pari passu* with the commission itself. No doubt this gave the High Church section of the commission a considerable advantage. The Bishop of Gloucester, 'after one or two meetings, deserted, and went over to the other side.'‡ He is severely handled for the apparent crime of ceasing to belong to a private section of the commission, and acting with the main body. He is 'hot and intemperate'—'as usual, all the heat of a deserter

‘against me.’ We fail to see the desertion. The report of the commission seemed to the bishop a victory for the High Church party. Dr. Pusey said of it, however, ‘It seems to me a complete extirpation of the vestments, root and branch. I cannot conceive the work done more completely, though it might have been done in a more painful way. It is an absolute and complete defeat. It would have been far better to have had all Shaftesbury’s bill, and let him do his worst’ (p. 215). How the bishop manages to pluck from this nettle danger the flower of safety for the vestments is a study. The main body of the commissioners failed, as he thought, to perceive the elasticity of this word ‘restrain,’ which in fact did leave a loophole for the regulated use of vestments. That wish to leave a loophole may account for something in the style of the bishop otherwise hard to understand. His son points out with pride how frequently the bishop is asked to hold the pen at great gatherings of the clergy. If he thinks that it is owing to his mastery of the English tongue, he must want some critical faculty. Lord Westbury’s cruel criticism, if too hard, is not without ground. ‘The sentence is no sentence at all.’ An eminent living dean used to say, ‘If you want to get Bishop Wilberforce to agree to anything, you must get him to write it himself.’ The late archbishop understood that, and probably his predecessor. The combative bishop was disarmed of sword and shield by putting a pen into his hand. In some of the documents so prepared there is a pulpy exuberance of language which leaves much to be desired. ‘Whether the language in which those views are expressed is such as to make their publication an act which could be visited in the ecclesiastical courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the book which contains them, is still under our gravest consideration. But our main hope is our reliance on the blessing of God, in the continued and increasing earnestness with which we trust that we and the clergy of our several dioceses may be enabled to teach and preach that good deposit of sound doctrine which our Church teaches in its fulness, &c.’ This relates to the ‘Essays and Reviews.’ Half the words are superfluous. ‘We are thinking whether such views so expressed can be prosecuted in the courts, or should be condemned by Convocation.’ Twenty words instead of forty-three. And all ‘the rest is leather and prunella’—no, not quite; for these scattered particles make a mist to guard us against giving a positive promise of action. ‘Our main hope is our reliance on the blessing of God’ is rather grudging

faith. St. Paul says, 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;' here 'the clergy may be enabled to teach and preach that 'good deposit of sound doctrine which our Church teaches in 'its fulness.' If a 'deposit' is capable of being preached, no doubt 'sound doctrine' is a 'good deposit.' The biographer takes credit to the bishop for having guided the unconscious ritual commissioners to a conclusion for which they were not prepared. There was probably not one commissioner who did not understand the tactics pursued. If the bishop had not been so many-sided, he might have been one of the most eminent preachers that the Church of England has produced since the Reformation. The Diary shows what his notion of preparation was in his later days; it was of the briefest. To produce the desired effect, recourse was had to laboured emphasis and studied tones, and often considerable effect was produced—all, indeed, that the means employed deserved; whilst those whose standard was somewhat higher deplored the causes which prevented a very able man from doing his best.

The sermon and service of Bishop Wilberforce at Glengarry, called by Mr. Wilberforce in his index, with the filial piety which has often governed his pen and his scissors, 'the 'Glengarry scandal,' was an act of indiscretion, which found a follower in the Archbishop of York on the following Sunday; but the indiscretion has not been rightly explained by the English comments. An English bishop might well think himself entitled to preach the word of God, and to lead the prayers of any Scottish congregation that wished to have his help; but it seems that the building in which the two prelates officiated could not lawfully be lent for any purpose but for services according to the order of the Established Church of Scotland. Neither prelate probably knew this when the offer of the church was made to them, or they would have officiated elsewhere. But, when all is said and done, the disturbance made about it (one excited gentleman offering 100*l.* towards the prosecution of the bishops) surely exceeded the needs of the case. An eminent preacher like Wilberforce was in that quiet little glen, and the natives, as matter of course, wished to hear him. There was hesitation whether it should be in school or church that he should address them; somehow the church prevailed. He gave them a good and edifying service. No doubt he would have used the Prayer-book if it had not been inapplicable by reason of want of use by the congregation. Of all the supposed politico-religious motives that some reverend *quidnuncs* in Scotland saw in the

transaction, the bishop never dreamed; nor would one word have been said. But even in that valley, retired as it is,

‘A chiel’s amang ye taking notes,’

and a London paper had an account of both services, as quickly as the post allowed. The Synod of the Episcopalian Church of Moray and Ross took up the matter somewhat hastily, and asked for explanations. Hastily, for they assumed that Glengarry was situated in that diocese; whereas it was in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles. The mistake was made, and was incurable; it was not very generous to endeavour to throw as much blame as possible on his brother bishop, whose offence was the same as his own, that they had preached and prayed with attentive congregations who could not possibly have gone to an Episcopal church, and should have tried to shift the blame from his own shoulders. But what end can be served by bringing to light now the bishop’s comparison of the church to ‘a Jewish prayer-house’? ‘I no more encouraged Presbyterianism in that, than if I had preached the gospel in a cow-house I should have encouraged vaccination.’ ‘If I was in fault, it was rather in thinking myself in heathendom in a kirk, than anything else.’ These insults are keenly felt, and we cannot believe that the bishop, when undertaking and performing so effectually the service in question, really meant to rank in heathendom a number of pious quiet people who invited him to preach to them. He should have rested his defence on much broader ground. The Synod of Moray and Ross received the explanation, unexpected by them: that one of the bishops held a written permission to officiate in the diocese of Argyll, and that the venerable bishop of Argyll, in whose diocese the occurrence took place, sent an emphatic written approval of the act of the two bishops, and a notification that the Synod of Moray and Ross had no rights in Glengarry. The geographical inclusion or exclusion was technical, not so the fact that the Synod of Moray and Ross had no church of its own in the glen. If such had been the case, the bishops would have officiated therein, and the ‘Glengarry scandal,’ and the bitter words of the bishop’s defence of it, would have had no existence. In this business the same impulsive change of front appears as in so many of the bishop’s acts. In the first instance no thought of blame occurred to him; afterwards his whole mind is given to throwing the blame off himself.

From the candid descriptions of the ‘Life,’ we see what was the ground of the mistrust with which, for a long time, the

Bishop of Oxford was regarded in spite of his high qualities. The accusation that was often made of conscious hypocrisy is utterly untenable. He was not acting a part before the world, but his was a character with impulses which the world was not quick enough to follow; and he was, therefore, accused of insincerity because, to use the Hibernian expression, he so often 'turned his back upon himself,' a description which suggests how painful and self-punishing must have been that kind of contortion to the operator. The exuberant style of greeting his friends, his well-known hand-shake—a considerable physical exertion when continued through a whole evening of a reception or meeting—became habitual to him; if not quite real—and Mr. Golightly has shown us they were variable—they were not consciously unreal. He had a kind heart, and he wished people to know how kind he was by making his gestures somewhat kinder. He never lacked the courage of his opinions, and there was nothing smooth or oily in his words in debate; indeed, he often deplores in private the 'hits' that he had given. The reason of the mistrust was that it was difficult to follow him in his various changes. Add to this, that he was always devising to manage the world, political and ecclesiastical; and he was not a very good dissembler in his diplomacy. The 'Life' shows how persevering he was in pursuing his objects, and what a vantage-ground his intimacy with Mr. Gladstone afforded him. But there are limits to the effect of diplomacy. It was one great object to him to get rid of the bishops from the tribunal of the Privy Council. A proposal was made that the two senior bishops not in the council should be added to that body; and if this had taken effect, his coming in as Bishop of Winchester might have changed his views. But the plan was not pursued, for reasons that need not now be sought. It would have been a manifest improvement; for by the rule that a bishop could not sit upon a case that came from or through his own court, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were excluded in all cases that originated in London and went through the Arches Court: and as most of the trials for ritual and doctrine originated in that way, the Archbishop of York was left to sit as sole ecclesiastical member. The passing of the new Judicature Act gave the desired opportunity for the *coup*. The bishop wrote to Mr. Gladstone, and no doubt assisted in getting the change moved on the Tory side of the House; and the bishops were turned out by a neat surprise. It was the bishop's last act; within a few days, perhaps before the Bill had left the House of Lords, his voice was silenced for

ever. The next year the bishops were in the council in larger numbers, but as assessors not as members of the committee; and the surprise had been labour in vain. But it was a characteristic piece of management, and though no one till the 'Life' was published knew the steps in detail, every one gave the bishop credit for it. The summary of the bishops' discussion on the Irish Church Bill is given with spirit, and, no doubt, it was not long before Mr. Gladstone had it in his hand. But the late archbishop must have known very well, and must have cautioned others, that the bishop was in constant correspondence with Mr. Gladstone; and so there was less to report. 'All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear.' He had too many plans on hand, and his ideas moved too rapidly for the cordial co-operation of any but devoted followers. Those who differed a good deal from him, yet desired to work with him for some common object, found themselves sometimes left breathless in the distance.*

Bishop Wilberforce was a warrior born. Sometimes he is conscious of this and sometimes amusingly unconscious. He laments that he gave 'Golightly a hit and provoked him to 'this sinful revenge.' At the Ecclesiastical Commission he met Mr. Goulburn, and gave him some offence in debate, afterwards trying to remove the impression. In the Diary he comments on himself thus: 'I tried to soothe, and went and 'shook hands with him before I left, when he melted and 'spoke very kindly; but it left me sad. How I hate stirring 'up strife! I could lay me down and let all walk over me, 'rather; so gladly.'† This was most sincere, but most mis-

* Mr. Wilberforce says that 'of course' the nickname of *Soapy Sam*, to which 'apt alliteration's artful aid' gave universal currency, arose from an inscription on Cuddesdon College of the initials of the founder and the first principal, the Rev. Alfred Pott; but the name was much older than the college, as many writers in the 'Times' have proved. And is there such an inscription at Cuddesdon? Probably the bishop would have allowed no rival in the episcopal seat, and not S. O. A. P. would have been put up, but S. O. S. O. It is curious that the letter to the editor of the 'Record' has not been noticed in connexion with this. 'Your unceasing endeavour to represent me as "slippery, &c.," is an instance of your retailing accusation for conduct of which you must approve. For that charge was brought by the ultra-Tractarian party, when having become convinced by a judicial reading of Dr. Hampden's book that Mr. Newman's extracts, to which I had trusted, were garbled, I dared to retract my steps so far as to say, that whilst I disapproved of his appointment, I was convinced that there was no legal ground for proceeding against Dr. Hampden.' (Life, vol. ii. p. 220.)

† Vol. ii. p. 229.

taken. It has always been said that at the Ecclesiastical Commission the prowess of the bishop was at its most glorious height: that he sat there, shedding round him freshly written letters, thick as autumn leaves, until the question for which he had specially come was to be brought forward. His eloquence and adroitness were then the terror of the officials, and were too much for others besides Mr. Goulburn. But he never showed the slightest symptom, probably, of a wish to lie down—morally—that the other commissioners might—morally of course—walk over him. Was his conception of himself in that attitude an obscure reminiscence of Mr. Mozley's story of the boy, Samuel Wilberforce, lying down in the road at Nuneham Courtney, in the full track of the London coaches, and refusing to move from that place of peril until he got a promise that he should be sent home? But there the boy's object was that he should walk over his tutor; and he succeeded. In the debate on the Canada Clergy Reserves the bishop taunted Lord Derby with the words, 'wrest by force,' and 'shuffle by chicane,' explaining afterwards that he had spoken it with a smile and not in earnest. 'A man may smile and smile and be a villain,' was the strange retort. 'I came home utterly desponding, and thinking I never would speak again till I could so command myself as to provoke no one.' Want of courage was not his failing; and if he spoke rashly, as no doubt he often did, his judgment on himself was often unsparing.

The disappointment of the bishop at seeing men who were his inferiors in many things preferred before him was not unnatural. But his unconcealed eagerness on the subject of advancement was expressed to all sorts of people without reserve. He tells the editor of the 'Record,' who, according to him, is living on something worse than 'the wages of prostitution,' that he has sacrificed his 'worldly interest'* by his course. 'If I had joined their following,' meaning Lord Shaftesbury's, 'they would have lauded me to the skies and opened easy paths for me to any heights in the Church.'† 'Lord Aberdeen thought of offering me Durham.'‡ But he had set his heart on York; his disappointment in that matter seemed to taint all his estimates of men and things afterwards. That he said hard things of the curate whom he had selected from his Archdeaconry of Surrey to take with him to Cuddesdon, when the curate was moved to York, it was not left for

the 'Life' to reveal. To a friend of Mr. Disraeli's he poured out his grief: 'Gladstone should have made a Cabinet question 'of it.' Complaints like this went all over London, for the Conservatives were under no bond of secrecy as to Lord Palmerston's appointments. Lady Waldegrave, in 1854, had wished to see him Bishop of London. In short, every appointment to the more important sees was watched by him with the keenest anxiety in relation to his own prospects, and, until Winchester fell, with constant disappointment. The world seemed in a conspiracy against this man, whose potent eloquence, unwearied energy, and constant devotion to his work placed him above his fellows. In 1868 this idea seemed to get some countenance from without, if the conversation with the late Dean of Windsor is to be accepted as exact. But if it is exact, then the most discreet of counsellors, and one who on that occasion was 'reserved,' according to the bishop's own showing, must have suddenly become indiscreet and gossiping beyond the limits of the conceivable. We give the passage in full, so far as Mr. Wilberforce has quoted it:—

'Much talk with the Dean of Windsor. He talked with great reserve about the late appointments, but said: "The Church does not know what it owes to the Queen. Disraeli has been utterly ignorant, utterly unprincipled: he rode the Protestant horse one day; then got frightened that it had gone too far, and was injuring the county elections, so he went right round and proposed names never heard of. Nothing he would not have done; but throughout he was most hostile to you; he alone prevented London being offered to you. The Queen looked for Tait, but would have agreed to you."

"Disraeli recommended — for Canterbury !!! The Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait. Disraeli then proposed Wordsworth for London. The Queen objected strongly; no experience; passing over bishops, &c.; then she suggested Jackson and two others, not you, because of Disraeli's expressed hostility, and Disraeli chose Jackson.

"How can — have got that secret understanding with Disraeli? You are surrounded by false, double-dealing men. Disraeli opposed Leighton with all his strength on every separate occasion. The Queen would have greatly liked him, but Disraeli would not hear of him. You cannot conceive the appointments he proposed and retracted or was overruled; he pressed Champneys for Peterborough; he had no other thought than the votes of the moment; he showed an ignorance about all Church matters, men, opinions, that was astonishing, making propositions one way and the other, riding the Protestant horse to gain the boroughs, and then, when he thought he had gone so far as to endanger the counties, turning round and appointing Bright and Gregory;

thoroughly unprincipled fellow. I trust we may never have such a man again." (Pp. 268, 269.)

The name given in blank is by this time well known. That bishop already stood distinguished among the bench for his learning in exegesis; and he has since accomplished a work of the greatest labour in the revision of the translation of the New Testament. He was on the Conservative side in politics; and probably Mr. Disraeli knew his qualities better on that account. His name was put before the Queen, and after some conversation, which we do not think the extract will fully enlighten us upon, the name of Tait was fixed on to fill the vacant seat. What is there in all this to justify the supposed assertions of the Dean of Windsor? Why should it be necessary to conjure up a conspiracy of 'double-dealing men' in order to account for the Prime Minister having found the name of this bishop and regarded it with favour? What 'double-dealing men' had any interest in this matter to be served by their conspiracy? The Bishop of — may be said to have had an interest, and the whole Church had an interest, in the appointment of a good man; but in the existence of an organised conspiracy to secure the appointment of — it is impossible to believe. If the Bishop of — had been in correspondence with Disraeli, the crime, if crime it was, may be set off against the constant correspondence with Gladstone which the bishop had carried on from the first. It is said that when the correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield comes to be published, evidence will be forthcoming that another prelate carried on a correspondence with him, the purpose of which was not at all disinterested, and which is not consistent in its tone with the hard words used of that statesman by that bishop. The biographer has the same idea about the conspiracy: 'Bishop Wilberforce was represented to him, Disraeli, by one who knew better, as an extreme High Churchman, whose appointment to London would estrange many votes from the Conservative party, and this fear was, it is clear, worked on by others from motives which it is hard to believe to have been wholly disinterested.'* The truth is that Lord Beaconsfield, as we see from this volume, was not so blind to all Church matters as we are here told. He unfolded his Church policy very clearly to the bishop himself; and it is little to say that it is not at all unprincipled or ridiculous. The letter should be read at length. It is given below. In Bishop Wilberforce he had no confi-

* Vol. iii. p. 268.

dence ; and neither for Canterbury nor for London was there any likelihood of his recommending him. The dislike with which he regarded the bishop is recognised in this book. If Lord Beaconsfield could be what the dean is supposed to have described him, his dislike would be a compliment. But he was not such a one. The picture supposed to be drawn by the dean is no doubt partly the projection of images from the bishop's own disappointed mind upon the white screen of the Dean of Windsor's reserve. The account of the Irish bishops and of the Church of Scotland has been shown to be of a gossiping character, and in serious particulars inexact. Gossip and inaccuracy here reach their climax, and fill one with a double regret—that the wise dean, of whose reserve and discretion so many testify, does not remain to us to revise the report of his 'reserved' conversation, and that at least the hand of Mr. Wilberforce did not spare the name of the Queen, and omit this hasty jotting from his pages. On the subject of preferment, the bishop could not judge calmly. Durham, York, Canterbury, London—each vacancy sounded for him a note of disappointment ; men of far less shining powers stepped in before him ; and few can fail to see that if the bishop had done less to secure high positions, and had not thought of them or calculated upon them, one or other of them might have fallen at his feet.

Two distinguished names are connected with the history of the Church for the last two-and-twenty years ; those of Bishop Wilberforce and of Archbishop Tait. One of them became a bishop in 1846, at the early age of thirty-nine ; the other became Bishop of London ten years later ; but the archbishop survived the bishop by nine years, so that their length of service was almost the same. Neither life was exempt from afflictions ; the archbishop had seen his house, full of the joy of children, swept almost bare in a few weeks. To losses of that kind the bishop had to add the passing over to another creed of all his brothers, especially of his eldest, to whom he looked up with both affection and respect. If one excelled as dashing speaker and preacher, the other attained to the praise from the experienced Lord Granville that he was a most persuasive speaker ; and if the bishop shone as a sparkling *raconteur*, it must be admitted that the archbishop threw into his stories, of which there was no lack, a fine Scotch humour which made his conversation delightful to his friends. Both were devoted to their profession, and full of personal piety and religious zeal. But here the parallel seems to end. The archbishop was calm of mind and steady of purpose ; the changes in the bishop

were many and sudden. The archbishop was far-sighted; the bishop was impulsive and looked but a short distance ahead. The archbishop did well and earnestly the work that fell to him, leaving to others a good deal of detail; the bishop seemed to feel that what is to be done you must do yourself, and that nothing could go quite well unless he looked to its minutest details himself. The bishop had a taste for the pomp and splendour of worship, for the great gatherings and sermons on high occasions; the archbishop was too simple in his tastes to take the same interest, though he did everything with dignity and reverence. The bishop grew in popularity with the clergy, including the great body of moderate High Churchmen who make up perhaps three-fourths of the clergy of the Church of England. The archbishop gained the confidence year by year in larger measure of the laity, including not only Churchmen, but a large body of Nonconformists who recognise the power of the Church, and look to her as a bulwark against the rising tide of Rome. The great meeting at the Guildhall testified more than anything else to the influence he had gained with the laity. The bishop aided at the revival of Convocation, and regarded it with parental affection, as the true exponent of the Church's life; the reverence of the archbishop for that important body was never quite so deep, and he felt that his vigilance was more needed in Parliament. The bishop, though he wished, no doubt, to see the bond between Church and State preserved as long as possible, did much by his action to make the relation of the two more difficult; the archbishop felt deeply that the union of Church and State was at once important for the nation and for the Church, and that religious freedom, to which his heart was devoted, could flourish best in the Church as united to the State.

The bishop, notwithstanding many sudden changes of purpose, which made him an unsafe leader, was, true to one main purpose, to strengthen the Church as a body corporate by claiming new and extended functions for its Convocation, by sending forth missionary bishops, by keeping the Church in the colonies in close relations with the see of Canterbury, by protesting against 'Erastianism.' The archbishop, as chief of a Church which aspired to be national, desired by moderation and charity to conciliate all the interests, sects, and modes of thought in a great community. These volumes show that the bishop was very sensitive to public criticism, and anxious to stifle, by threat or persuasion, any comments that he found dangerously severe. The archbishop, especially about the year 1875, was subject to venomous attacks from the extreme

High Church party; but he passed them by without a word of reply. The bishop succeeded for a moment in expelling the prelates from the Court of Final Appeal, with the ulterior design of erecting a spiritual tribunal of the Church itself, to which he hoped that a certain class of cases would be made over. The archbishop recognised that the mixed Court, however anomalous and unsymmetrical, best represented the conditions under which the arrangements of Henry VIII. had left an edifice which, however unsatisfying to a mind formed on pure ecclesiastical theories, had lasted three centuries, and was now working better than ever in its effects on the people. The bishop was full of ambition; not of vulgar cupidity, but he was actuated by the motive that Plato describes, 'the fear of being governed by the worse.' It is probable that if ever the diaries or letters of the archbishop are given to the world, there will not be visible one side-glance towards a higher position for himself. The bishop watched with interest the effect of his excellent preaching and his powerful speeches, and noted the popularity that gradually rose around him; the archbishop seemed to take no pride in his speaking, but aimed at results. It may be said that here the contrast was between the abilities of the two men; for a very popular preacher the archbishop never could have been, and some of his efforts on great occasions might almost be counted failures. From the bishop, all parties of the clergy but one, and that the largest, gradually fell off; his few Evangelical rural deans were weeded out, probably without violence; an Evangelical in one of his great towns complained that the bishop showed him no sympathy. One well able to judge said that he left the diocese 'with nine out of ten of the clergy High Churchmen, and nine out of ten of the laity the other way.' The archbishop had no wish thus to alter the balance of party, and left it more as he found it. The bishop made, as his son rightly alleges, a fine speech at St. James's Hall in favour of retaining the Irish Church; but his hearers did not all regard him as its hearty supporter, as it seems he was not, and his speech was interrupted. So at Liverpool, at the Congress, Mr. Wilberforce gives an extract from his speech to the working-men; but he pardonably omits to mention that only by the entreaties of the presiding bishop and of the archbishop of the province could a hearing be at all secured for him; and though we are told that he was cheered in the street by working-men on some occasion, he certainly was not popular with any class in Liverpool. At different times the Ritualist party regarded the bishop with different feelings. He was their

most powerful and consistent friend. Towards the very end he had to learn of what they were made. A new church was to be consecrated; and the bishop had to insist on alterations on several points. He was so vexed at the way in which he was met that his nerves were a good deal disturbed. In celebrating the Holy Communion he spilt a drop or two of the consecrated wine, an accident which had not happened to him during forty-five years of ministry. One of the clergy went down and licked up the drops or drop on the floor, and after the service he scraped the floor where the wine had fallen, and ate the scrapings. The preacher at one of the services spoke of the 'desecration' which had occurred. This incident deeply distressed the bishop. The archbishop, always tolerant towards the ritualists, was better able to gauge their claims. The notion that they were doing all the work in the Church, and that all other parties were idle, found no favour with him. He saw in their earlier time that they had hardly any preaching power, a defect which no longer exists. Their attacks on him in 1874 and 1875 he bore with an equal mind. To sum up in few words the contrast of the characters of the two, one might say that the bishop was a Churchman, determined to strengthen and to make felt the order to which he belonged; whilst the archbishop, a devoted Christian bishop, had the mind of a statesman too, and felt himself to be the custodian of a Church with large privileges, tenable only whilst they should be prevented from conflicting with the rights of the State to which she was allied. To the ecclesiastical movement of the last twenty years the bishop contributed more; but it was his advantage that he never had to act for it in one of the chief places. Had he been appointed to Lambeth in 1868, the confidence of the laity in the Church would not be what it now is, and some violent misunderstanding would have probably arisen to endanger the relations of Church and State.

What has been the work of those twenty years? and how does it affect the prospects of the union between Church and State? However difficult the answer, the questions are very important, and especially at this time. The two Convocations had been revived in 1861. In Canterbury the Lower House assumed a position of much more independence than in old times it had been allowed to enjoy; whilst in York, a year or two later, the fusion of the two Houses gave the Lower House much more immediate means of making its opinions known. License from the Crown had brought them into action as to a canon concerning Baptism, and as to the Llection-

ary, and as to the regulation of Ritual. The canon has not been passed; Lord Westbury defeated it. The new Lectionary was adopted with general approval. Much conscientious pains was taken with the question of Ritualism; yet the reports of the two Convocations in that matter have never been made the ground of legislative action, and the reason has, no doubt, been that Convocation itself hesitated to submit to Parliament all the rubrics of the Prayer Book; for though they knew in what shape their measure might enter Parliament, they could not presage the condition in which it would come out of that assembly. The claim is now made by the Convocations that no measure affecting the clergy shall pass through Parliament which has not received the assent of the national synod made up of the two Convocations. No recognition of such right has ever been accorded by Parliament; once, when the consent of Convocation was recited in the preamble of a bill, the reference to Convocation was peremptorily struck out in the House of Lords. On that side lies a real danger. Convocation contends that she is the only representative body of the Church; on the other hand, her representation is very imperfect. In the Convocation of Canterbury the number of elective members is small; the representative principle is overlaid by the presence of a number of dignitaries, enough to swamp the action of the elected members. The laity are not represented at all in either Convocation. Such a constitution is not calculated for doing the work of the Church as it exists in its modern activity. Two out of the three opportunities of action have been lost to Convocation; the one from mistrust of that body on the part of the advisers of the Crown, and the other from the mistrust of Parliament on the part of Convocation. A fresh opportunity of testing the relations of Convocation to the State may arise out of the report of the Commission now sitting on the subject of Church Courts. Under the most favourable circumstances this subject will draw largely on the forbearance of the clergy and the Legislature. The former will expect that their new claim to sanction the new Courts and procedure shall be recognised; whilst the latter, knowing that with the formation of the Courts that exist Convocation has had little or nothing to do, from the time of Henry VIII. to the present, and with no great confidence in Convocation, are not unlikely to refuse to allow so much weight to that body, whilst according her a hearing and a certain consideration. Who is to be the pilot of the next great Church measure through the Imperial Parliament? The name of Mr. Gladstone at once occurs; but would he undertake the task? In 1874, his signal

defeat on the Public Worship Regulation Bill showed that his mind was not in harmony with the national will in respect to Ritualism; and though the aspect is somewhat changed, and that question is in abeyance for a time, it is probable that neither Mr. Gladstone nor the country has wholly changed in opinions. A measure that would satisfy the Protestant feeling of the country Mr. Gladstone would not undertake. The Church may have to look round in vain for a lay advocate with equal qualities to steer its measures through the straits and shallows of Parliament. Failing such guidance, the danger of a complete deadlock may arise; of a condition where the Church, for her connexion with the State, has to pay the price of obedience to past enactments of the State, without the aid of the State to adapt those enactments to the wants of the time.

The responsibility of that condition of things, when it comes, will rest in some measure on those who, desiring to retain the union of Church and State, have helped the Church to use language that suited only the 'Free Church in a Free State,' which is the dream of many, and have made demands on behalf of Convocation which are inconsistent with the paramount authority of the Queen in Parliament. Amongst these, Bishop Wilberforce must be reckoned. In trying to destroy the constitution of the Final Court of Appeal, he desired, as we see from this book, to establish a spiritual Court for ritual and doctrine. Destruction was easier than reconstruction, and he saw the bishops out of the old tribunal, but the new Court of reference, or Board, which was to consist of spiritual persons, is no nearer; and as assessors the bishops, and more bishops, have gone back into the Court. We leave to other hands the construction of a Final Court; but, assuming for a moment that the nation proves unwilling to agree to a two-headed Court of Appeal, we will say that there is something to be pleaded for the present form of Court as an attempt to give expression to the relation between Church and State. The mixed Court is of high antiquity. After a short interval, one year, during which Convocation was intrusted with judicial functions by Henry VIII., the Court of Delegates, a mixed Court, was instituted, and prevailed almost down to the present time. The Committee of the Privy Council, which took its place, is a mixed Court. It is not rational to refuse to laymen who have to determine, not theological questions, but whether certain words and acts are on the whole consistent with the theological documents of the Church of England, the assistance they might derive from the presence of theologians by profession, which, to say the least, would be valuable to them

in giving form to their conclusions, and in using aright the forms of an art or science in which they are not necessarily conversant. Whether bishops should wish to be present as assessors and advisers only is a question for them; until the change of 1873, they could not only advise but could aid in giving force to their advice in the judgment itself. No doubt that position is the stronger; but, on the other hand, experience has shown that, as members of the Committee, they were exposed to much attack. However fair they might strive to be in time of party strife, the praise of fairness would not be allowed to them; and Bishop Wilberforce's story of 'the casting vote' is not without its instruction.

The course of the argument leads us near theological regions, into which, however, we shall scarcely put our foot. In our pages the name of Disraeli has often been mentioned with adverse comment; but when Bishop Wilberforce, under cover of a conversation, holds him up to contempt and execration, the following letter shows that he was not the thoughtless, reckless, ignorant creature in matters ecclesiastical that Bishop Wilberforce gives him out:—

‘Balmoral Castle, September 28, 1868.

‘My dear Lord,—Since we separated in Bond Street I have not had a moment, or I should have noticed before this Dean Hook's letter. I read it with great pain. It seemed to me so violent, and written in such complete ignorance of the times and what is happening. It is the spirit of a provincial hand.

‘Notwithstanding the fine sentiments in which it is very easy to indulge for those who are not responsible, it is all over with the Church of England if she be disconnected with the State. Even the Roman Catholic Church without Rome would be weakened.

‘I think the chief minister of this country, if he be ignorant of the bent of the national feeling at a crisis, must be an idiot. His means of arriving at the truth are so multifarious. Now certainly I hold that the long pent-up feeling of this nation against ultra-Ritualism will pronounce itself at the impending election. The feeling has been long accumulating; its repression might have been retarded; circumstances have brought an unexpected opportunity, and what I presumed to foretell at one of our church meetings some years ago in Bucks has come to pass. The questions of labour and liberty are settled, the rise of religious questions may be anticipated in an eminently religious people, undisturbed in their industry and secure in their freedom.

‘It will be a Protestant Parliament, though it may not be a Church Parliament.

‘But there can be no doubt that every wise man on our side should attract the Protestant feeling, as much as practicable, to the Church of England. It has been diverted from the Church of England in Scotland. There the Protestant feeling is absolutely enlisted against us. If we let it escape from us in England, all is over.

'It appears to me that if we act in the spirit of the Dean of Chichester, we may live to see the great Church of England subside into an Episcopalian sect. I will struggle against this with my utmost energy.' (Pp. 266, 267.)

This letter expresses with clearness the policy of Mr. Disraeli in Church matters. During his short tenure of office in 1868, nothing took place to fulfil his prophecy. He returned to power in the beginning of 1874; and the Public Worship Act was passed in the same year. The pent-up feeling of which he speaks had broken forth in many ways. Lately, on May 5, 1873, an address, signed by sixty thousand influential persons, drew attention to the magnitude of the changes that were being made in many churches, unrestrained by Courts or bishops. In 1867, the first report of the Ritual Commission had recommended that certain changes should be 'restrained,' and that there should be some easy mode of affording redress for parishioners who were aggrieved. The bill introduced by the archbishops was quite different from that which passed through Parliament, and the title alone remains as a monument of what the archbishops intended. 'The Public Worship Regulation Bill' aimed at giving power to the bishops, with certain checks, to regulate more directly what went on in their dioceses. Earl Cairns engrafted on it all the main clauses from another bill, with the effect of making it a measure for the *punishment of offences* against the ritual prescribed by the Prayer Book. A series of mishaps, many of a technical kind, which the very complex arrangements of the measure led to, befell this Act. It is true that all such suits, under other statutes, had been subject to mishaps. Thus, Mr. Mackonochie had been monished in vain as early as 1868, and had been the subject of many suits; yet he resigned his benefice, having held it against Courts and monitions, in 1882, at the request of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Behind all this movement lay a theological question of much moment; and whilst this would lead us into depths both of theology and philosophy, if we allowed ourselves to pursue it, a few words may be said about it upon the one point of its bearing on the position of an Established Church. That theological movement is the desertion of the old Anglican view of the Lord's Supper, and the adoption of Transubstantiation and of the Mass. It is no question of tendency, of opinions that are somewhat nearer those of Rome. The language often held goes quite as far as the Church of Rome, though with far less knowledge and precision. The want of precision is well shown in the case of Mr. Bennett, who spoke of 'the real actual and visible presence of our

‘ Lord upon the altars of our churches ’ in a first edition of an inculpat ed essay ; also of himself : ‘ Who myself adore, and ‘ teach the people to adore, the consecrated elements, believing ‘ Christ to be in them.’ In speaking of the ‘ visible ’ presence and of ‘ adoring the elements,’ the writer showed that he knew not the very rudiments of the doctrine ; for adoration of ‘ the elements ’ would be idolatry, and it is impossible to speak of the ‘ visible ’ presence for one who holds any doctrine of Rome. The phrase goes far beyond Rome in the matter. A young and zealous curate informs his parishioners that, through his act in consecrating, the elements of bread and wine are ‘ changed into ’ the body and blood of Christ. An uninstructed layman is pained and estranged, and, according to his disposition, he writes to the bishop, or stays away from Holy Communion. A more instructed and thoughtful man is brought face to face with painful questions. Is it not mere materialism to say, with Cardinal Humbert de Langres, in his discussion about Berengarius of Tours, that the bread and wine are the body and blood ‘ *sensualiter, non solum sacramento* ’ ? How is it that the bread and wine seem to be there with all their accidents, if in substance they are annihilated ? What becomes of the bread and wine at the moment of consecration ? Do they return by a miracle into nothingness, as Peter Lombard says ? Our curate warns us against these too curious questions ; but who began ? All the whole scheme of materialism is imported into the subject by the affirmation of the change of the elements ; a change against which it is admitted that the senses protest, for the ‘ breadness ’ and the ‘ wineness ’ remain after consecration, to speak as Innocent III. spoke. Through faith, then, this daily and weekly miracle is to be accepted ; but the Articles teach the contrary, the Prayer Book knows it not, the bishop tells the parishioner that it is the very doctrine of Rome that severed us from her, and the Bible has not a word to countenance such a notion. Faith must rest on some testimony ; and the testimony of a curate, probably in a state of doctrinal transition, will hardly content the lay parishioner. We have no intention of trying to plumb the depths of this great mystery. But one question must be asked, How will it affect the position of the Established Church, if the doctrine of Rome as to the Eucharist is preached year by year in a larger number of our churches, and is accompanied and commended by ceremonial acts and ornaments ? To reply to that it would be necessary to understand the composition of an ordinary congregation. The squire has been, like most country gentlemen, brought up in

the Church of Hooker and Waterland, and he is what would once have been called a steady Churchman. The curate thinks him low—a ‘Zwinglian’—a term of reproach which happily the curate has not the task of defining. Echoes from the Royal Institution and from the British Association have told him something of natural science. The names of Darwin and Huxley are not unknown. These are leaders whom he does not mean to follow. Probably at times he speaks of them with contempt, tempered with alarm. His sons, lately from the University, know many things which they do not feel obliged to discuss at their father’s table. The feeling towards college chapel, the vaunted religious education of Oxford, are somewhat modified; one of the tutors is as far as John Stuart Mill, and another is supposed to have read through a whole book-case full of Herbert Spencer, ‘but that’s a fable.’ Some of the rest of the congregation, with true religious instincts, nevertheless are not above going to the Dissenting chapel when it happens to be open. What they listen to at church as sound doctrine they will hear next Sunday condemned as flat Popery; and, if not Popery, it is Romanism at least. Religion has not decayed from among this mixed mass. There are more works of charity in the parish than ever were known before. There is a missionary society; a branch of the Girls’ Friendly; mothers’ meetings; clubs for the poor. If religious activity has increased, religious intelligence is the cause. He must indeed be blind to the drift of ordinary thought who does not see that the modern aspiration is to be led on to good works, and to be led through simplicity of doctrine. A few there are who hail in every new religious posture and ornament a fresh means of showing reverence, without discriminating curiously its precise significance. But, for the most part, men are weary of religious disputes, and now a fresh source of weariness comes in—the difficulty of reconciling the laws of science with religious mysteries. Hence there is a craving for practical guidance and an evident distaste for doctrinal niceties. We do not rejoice that this is so, but we think we see the fact.

When the dialectic of Aristotle prevailed in the schools, it lent itself easily to the doctrine of transubstantiation; the change in the substance could not be challenged, seeing that the accidents were all that we could discern, and these remained unchanged. But the distinction of substance and accidents fell with the scholastic philosophy, and now there seems no answer to that objection, that that which looks like bread, feels like bread, tastes like bread, nourishes like bread, is bread according to all the evidence available to us, and has undergone

no change, conversion, nor transubstantiation. Transubstantiation no longer rests on dialectic, but on faith in the Church's miracle, daily vouchsafed. But modern science has pushed further; there is not a nook in the system of materialism in which this adopted doctrine can find room or shelter. A materialist doctrine it must be; for at least it deals with the conversion or transubstantiation of matter into the glorified body of Christ. To a trained physicist the doctrine is inconceivable. He may have no difficulty in admitting a miracle; the Anglican doctrine of the sacrament he may find tenable; but for the Roman explanation there is not a corner in his mind to give it shelter. And the worst state would be that such a person should relish and tolerate a high ritual (which springs out of this sacramental doctrine, or it is meaningless), having come to be indifferent to all doctrine alike, but wishing that worship should be grand and stately, and disinclined above all things to raise disputes with his clergyman as to the meaning of certain acts of worship, from want of interest in details, to none of which he feels committed by belief.

It is the gradual advance of this doctrine which is marked by what is called Ritualism, which has caused most of the lawsuits, which has been the subject of loud protests for more than twenty years. With many this dogma seems to swallow up the rest. The practices complained of seem to stand or fall with this. Confession, the use of the chasuble, the lights, the incense, all belong to the Mass. With its advance the true Anglican doctrine recedes, the spiritual view of the presence giving place to one which cannot but be mechanical and material. Bishop Wilberforce never gave in to this unwholesome change. A chain of illustrious theologians of our Reformed Church, such as Hooker, Mede, Andrewes, Taylor, Hammond, Cosin, Bramhall, Ussher, Waterland, Patrick, Bull, Beveridge, Pearson, had a definite doctrine of the real presence. It is of these, as of others, that the present Bishop of Winchester writes:—

'All have coincided, with but very slight diversity, in the substance of their belief. We have agreed, as Hooker says, that Christ is *personally* present, albeit a part of Christ be *corporally* absent; that the fruit of the Eucharist is the participation of the Body and Blood of Christ, but that the real presence of Christ's most blessed Body and Blood is not to be sought for in the Sacrament (i.e. in the elements), but in the worthy receiver of the Sacrament.' (Browne on the Articles, 1865.)

In its demand upon our reverence, in its elevation of this mystery to a high place, the Anglican doctrine seems to leave

the Romish, with its human definitions, its quips and subtleties of argument, far behind. But this point of the subject is beyond our scope. Have the people of England so changed that, having wrenched themselves free of the Church of Rome, expressly to escape from the dogma of the Mass, they will so far entangle themselves therein as to sustain a State Church wherein the same doctrine not only may be taught, but is actually taught, and that without effectual rebuke?

At the present moment the laity are quiescent; the tens of thousands who have complained make no sign. The causes of this are probably many, and hard to distinguish. Weariness of all controversy, fruitlessness of past complaints, scandalous cost of litigation, large increase of scientific indifference, inaction of the bishops, respect for the labours of those who introduce new teaching—all these have some share in the result. Some would hail this condition as a sign of the increase of toleration, and of a desire for peace. Toleration, to be true, must be reciprocal; if a Mr. Bennett teaches his people to ‘adore the elements’ and adores them himself, and his parishioners or some of them think it idolatry so to adore, reciprocal toleration would require that the questionable adoration should be repressed out of respect to those who think it sinful. What is it that makes the church at Bordesly a bear-garden at this moment but want of such toleration? What has plunged the parish of Miles Platting into all the evils of a contested election for the place of a churchwarden, with an ex-incumbent and a rich patron unlawfully interfering? It may be that toleration has increased and has extended itself to practices once thought Romish. On the subject of toleration Bishop Wilberforce has said—

‘I do not hold that the liberty of introducing unusual rites into the Church stands in the least on the same footing as the liberty of preaching doctrine.

‘Now, *that* is an important distinction, and one which the persons concerned seem to me to forget.

‘When a ritual, long established and standing on the *mos pro lege* principle, is altered in a Church, it is not only that the man who does it advances his views as a teacher of the Church, but, taking advantage of his position to make actual manual alterations in the services, he makes all the congregation of the Church who acquiesce in those alterations parties with him in his particular view. And there must be a distinction between the larger license given in preaching and the smaller license given in any alterations of an existing ritual.’ (Bishop Wilberforce in Convocation, 1868.)

Those who have the power and duty of coping with these questions and of sustaining the Church of England in her present high position with reference to the State, will do well

to reckon with that old hatred of Rome which has so often spoken out, and they would be rash to suppose that the feeling is extinct.

No one would wish that the clergy of the Church of England should truckle and serve the times; yet it is much to be desired that they should sometimes listen to the advice of a statesman-bishop, such as Archbishop Tait was, such as Bishop Wilberforce scarcely was. The solution of the ritualistic difficulty would have been found in a return to the old *nil sine episcopo*; whereas the power to disobey the bishop seems still to be regarded by some of the clergy as the charter of their rights. The position which the clergy assign to the laity is not one which the laity are likely to accept. The hostility to 'clericalism,' in almost all countries, on the part of the ultra-liberals is another of the forces with which the clergy must in future reckon. In every Roman Catholic country in Europe almost, with the notable exception of Portugal,* there is a clerical and an anti-clerical party. In the current literature of France you look in vain for any general influence of Christian thought and Christian teachers. Many of the trades unions and clubs are violently anti-clerical: it is an article of their union that they shall never seek the aid of a priest. No such sharp division has as yet been drawn amongst us; and the influence of the clergy, intertwined with the people by ties of marriage and of kin, is still great.

The existence of the Church of England as an established Church is still precious to Christendom as a bulwark against Rome. Mr. Disraeli was right in thinking that the fact of her establishment as a State Church constitutes a part of her importance for this end. Exactly one hundred bishops obeyed the summons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury to the Anglican Conference. The seat of Canterbury, recognised by England as part of her Constitution, serves as a rallying point. Those prelates represented one hundred dioceses scattered over the English-speaking world. The Church at home teems with life, that has been waxing through the last half-century. The Church in America enjoys an influence and respect out of proportion to her numbers. The Missionary and Colonial Churches have grown more and more independent. No one has done more than Bishop Wilberforce to further the growth of those Churches. Brave, disposed for conflict, devout, affectionate, full of ambition, and of resentment of a womanish kind against those who thwarted that ambition, he was not formed to strengthen the strained bonds that unite laity and

* De Laveleye, 'L'Italie actuelle,' p. 278.

clergy together. Archbishop Tait, far-sighted and sagacious, sweet of nature, single in his aims, won the confidence of laymen of every class. Each of the two men had his work to do, and contributed his share to make the Church of England strong and far-reaching. Neither could avert the great struggle that must sooner or later come upon us. These men have passed away; and others will have to endure that struggle and to keep united the Church and the State of England. If that can be done, the Church must represent worthily to the world the truths of the Reformation; she must enjoy in a certain measure the respect of Nonconformists, so far at least that the religious among them must be convinced that the existence of the Church in her present position is on the whole beneficial for the cause of truth; she must keep up an alliance with the highest thought and education of the country, and must not array herself against it. The two whom we have mentioned are taken; but good men are left; and as these pages pass through the press, another occupant is found for the Chair of Augustine, and clear notes of hope are sounded at his installation. 'Is the Church of England worth preserving?' has been answered by a great statesman in his manner. She is worth preserving. It is sometimes brought against her that she had her origin in the political ambition of one of our least estimable rulers. No doubt her existence began in political struggle, and her theological position was established gradually in successive reigns: if that objection is fatal to her claims, what shall we say to the history of the Church of Christ, and the gradual and painful struggles by which it was made firm and strong? Divine productions are often more beautiful than the soil in which they grow, are fairer and greater than their builders meant them to be. The Church of England, overthrown in the great Revolution, was restored presently more firmly than before, the will of the people showing how they trusted her for a defence of the Constitution and a religious teacher. She has witnessed more than one struggle since, and more than one religious revival: her activity has been greater than ever in the present generation. Her destruction could not be accomplished without a national convulsion. But if she is worth preserving she must be sober and prudent. The proposal to revive the transitional Prayer Book of Edward VI. as an alternative use with our own reformed Prayer Book would probably be thought to indicate a first step in the return journey to Rome; and the first overt step in that journey would not be taken with the national consent, nor with the charter and sanction of the nation.

ART. X. - *Dieu, Patrie, Liberté.* Par JULES SIMON.
Cinquième Edition. Paris : 1883.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since we last attempted to comment on the political state of France. It is a difficult, and sometimes an invidious, task for a critic to express opinions on the institutions of a foreign and a sensitive people. They are apt to be limited by imperfect information, or ascribed to motives of national rivalry. But the publication of the work we have placed at the head of this article supplies us with ample information, and we need not say that the sentiments of the British nation, and especially of this Journal, have undergone no change in the deep interest and friendly regard with which we contemplate the varied fortunes of the French people. The most important result of the policy of the nineteenth century, as affecting the intercourse of nations, is, that for nearly seventy years the ancient hostility of France and England has ceased; that they have been united for the most part by cordial ties; that the two States have followed in the main the same broad lines of conduct, and have defended the same liberal principles; that their arms, which had been opposed for ages in frequent and desolating warfare, have been united on more than one field of battle, and always in defence of the liberties of Europe; that when transient difficulties have arisen they have been overcome by mutual consideration and forbearance; and that the common interests of the people in both countries are as closely allied as the relations of the two Governments, by frequent intercourse, by commercial ties, and by personal familiarity. Paris and London are united by the railroad and the telegraph to a degree which would have seemed impossible fifty years ago. They are the two centres of a common civilisation, far more closely connected by the bonds of peace than any other foreign cities and communities. To strengthen these amicable relations is the desire and the duty of every good citizen in both States, for on their maintenance depends much of the prosperity of each of them, and the peace of the world. At the same time it must be confessed that the institutions of France are so little in harmony with those of the rest of Europe, and the spirit of the present Assembly is so hostile to the best traditions of French statesmanship, that France has for some time past ceased to be on terms of close alliance with any other State or nation.

Nowhere out of France is the political condition of that country watched with deeper interest than by ourselves, and

nowhere in Europe is the establishment of a wise, strong, and liberal French government more sincerely desired than it is by us. This feeling is so universal in England, that the public on this side the Channel have shown a disposition to regard each successive phase of government in France with even more favour and confidence than the French themselves. At a time when King Louis-Philippe and his ministers were assailed in France with rancorous opposition, they continued to enjoy in England the reputation of the wisest politicians in Europe. In spite of the acts of violence and perfidy which disgraced the revival of the Empire, in spite of the profligate and arbitrary measures of that government, a large portion of the British public were content to believe that the French had got the Imperial rule which suited them; they put faith in the *plébiscites* and the popular demonstrations of a servile multitude; and the attachment of Napoleon III. to the English alliance was regarded by some as a sufficient palliative for the eclipse of freedom itself. The fall of the Empire changed the scene again, and the name of the Republic was hailed as the harbinger of renovated liberty. France was now mistress of herself. She had shaken off the bonds of Cæsarism; and although she had suffered incalculable ills from the horrors of foreign invasion and civil war, she never stood higher in the estimation of England and of the world than in the hour of adversity, when she applied herself with dauntless courage and perseverance to repair the breach, to pay her debts, to heal her wounds, and to re-establish a government on the broad basis of liberty and law. At the present moment it is much easier to find educated persons in England than educated persons in France who believe in the efficiency and stability of the Republic. The former are disposed to regard it as the final result of a series of revolutions; the latter look upon it, almost without exception, as a raft hastily constructed to save a crew from shipwreck, which is only held together because there is nothing to succeed it. These are the very terms in which the Republic was described some years ago by no less a statesman than the late M. de Rémusat.

We have said thus much to prove that we approach the consideration of the political state of France in no unfriendly spirit, and that, on the contrary, we are more deeply interested in her prosperity, her freedom, and her good government, than in that of any other foreign nation. But the warmest of her friends and the stoutest of her patriots must acknowledge with regret that these objects have not been permanently attained. If we look back on the vicissitudes of a century, in the course

of which France has lived under three forms of constitutional monarchy, three empires, and three republics, each of these governments has passed away like a phantom. None of them has survived so much as twenty years; none of them has possessed the elements of stability; the Revolution is still at work that has dissolved and undone them all. It may indeed be said with truth that every one of these abortive governments has perished more by its own faults than by the fault of the people. The French like to be governed and even to feel a strong hand upon the helm of the State. The spirit of insubordination and revolt which breaks out at times is not the normal character of the French people. It is a curious characteristic of France that the nation has been singularly submissive to the worst governments, but fractious and insubordinate to the best. It yielded an entire obedience to Louis XV., but it belheaded his virtuous successor; it was mute and abject during the Reign of Terror; it accepted with enthusiasm the rule of the Bonapartes; but it rose against the constitutional monarchy, and it has overthrown two or three republics. At the present time the great majority of the nation would rather submit to almost any form of government than pay the price of another revolution. The rulers of France have fallen by the abuse of their own powers, by the passionate collision of rival factions struggling for power, and by a strange incapacity to meet the exigencies of the times by prudent reforms. Nowhere have the great principles of freedom and progress been more loudly and eloquently expressed; nowhere have they been less consistently applied. M. Jules Simon sums up the history of his country in a few words when he says, 'Our Revolution has oscillated between philosophy and hatred;' that is, between reason and passion, and in the long run passion has unhappily gained the upper hand. The result, as far as a result which has no finality can be known to us, is that a great nation is left for weeks together without any government at all; that offices of state, far from being eagerly sought for by the most eminent men in the country, are repulsive to statesmen of honour and experience, and therefore fall into the hands of contemptible adventurers or obscure partisans; that the authority of the Republic itself is lost; that it has no definite policy at all either at home or abroad; and that the land which has borne countless generations of statesmen and warriors has sunk to the level of M. Jules Ferry and M. Thibaudin. It is worth while to consider some of the causes of this unparalleled degeneration. As for the fact, it is not denied by any intelligent Frenchman. It is

written in every page of the work before us; it is the daily theme of the lamentations, the invective, or the ridicule of the press. The vessel lies like a log upon the waters without the force to propel her or the intelligence to guide her. That is the present aspect of the French democratic Republic. M. Jules Simon exclaims: 'And what is the result? At home 'there is no government, abroad there is no France.'

Nor is this the passionate language of a political partisan. In the pages of the most judicious and temperate chronicler of French affairs, the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' for March 15, we read the following passage:—

'It is vain to create fresh illusions, to take refuge in a hollow optimism, to disguise the character and the significance of the course of events; that will not change the reality of things. If there be anything certain and manifest at the present time, it is that everything becomes difficult and obscure in the affairs of France, that an indescribable lassitude prevails, an increasing distrust, a vague presentiment of a crisis not yet acute, but which may at any moment become so. People expect that anything may happen, ignorant of the results of a situation in which political passion, infatuation, and blindness have accumulated every form of inconsistency.'

We do not apprehend in the present state of France a renewal of that universal outbreak of fury and passion which marked the course of the Revolution at the close of the last century, and threw the whole country into convulsions of anarchy. Such explosions of popular folly and violence may occur (as indeed some have recently occurred) amongst the proletariat of Paris and Lyons, but they would probably be put down with a strong hand. The present danger of the nation lies in the opposite direction—in the extreme indifference of the mass of the people to the form of government and to the exercise of their political rights. The Chamber of Representatives would not be what it is, if the bulk of the moderate party had not adopted the fatal policy of abstention. At least two-fifths of the electors have not cared to vote at all. The violent party exerts all its powers; the conservative elements of society remain listless and inactive. The bulk of the population of France is not revolutionary; they desire nothing but tranquillity, order, and peace. But they are intimidated and submissive; and they refuse to give an active support to their own opinions. Hence they throw the game into the hands of their enemies; and government after government is overthrown because the nation is indifferent to its fate.

The general causes of this strange abortion must be sought partly in the tendencies of extreme democracy, and partly in

the peculiar character of the French people. Public opinion when it is independent, and public spirit when it is active, are the two main elements of popular government. But, though it sounds like a paradox, neither public opinion nor public spirit exists in France in the sense we attach to those expressions. The public opinion of French society is almost entirely artificial—manufactured by the press; and the press is, without exception, governed by personal and party influences. We believe that we do the press of France no injustice when we say that no such thing as an independent journal exists in the country. Every fraction of a party has its own organ; every aspiring politician has his newspaper; every newspaper has its owner; and the newspapers themselves are supported by strange bargains for the sale or exchange of their influence on the public. The support of such a press is as worthless as its criticism.

When we speak of ‘public spirit,’ we mean that zeal for the welfare of society which prompts, in this country, large numbers of men to devote their time, their talents, and even their fortune to the public service, from the sole motive of doing a public duty. In France there is a vast competition for places in the public service, which give not only power and importance, but pelf. Few men dream of unrewarded public duties; few men desire to do, or to assist in doing, what they expect the Government to do for them. The great object of all classes is to make as much out of the Government as they can. Hence the inconceivable amount of exactions pressed by his constituents on the representative, and by the representative on the minister of the day. The spoils of office are insufficient to satisfy each succeeding group of famished partisans, and the passionate desire of those who are unprovided for is to eject and evict their more fortunate rivals. In a country in which hundreds of thousands of paid offices exist, most of them in the gift of the State, private enterprise is discouraged, even the legislative functions have their price, and the party which is in possession of authority disposes of unlimited means of corruption. They look more eagerly to their own interests than to the common interests of others. The doctrine of absolute equality begets in the lower ranks of society a passionate envy of those who are more favoured by the gifts of fortune, ever unequally distributed, and to the higher classes it holds out the possibility of acquiring and exercising supreme power. The French democracy of 1883 may be addressed in the same eloquent language which Mallet Dupan applied to their predecessors

just ninety years ago, which we shall not attempt to translate :—

‘D’ailleurs il ne faut pas s’y méprendre ; de toutes les formes de gouvernement, la démocratie, chez les peuples corrompus, est celle qui généralise le plus fortement les passions en les électrisant. Elle charme la vanité, elle exalte l’ambition des âmes les plus vulgaires, elle ouvre mille postes à la cupidité, à la participation du pouvoir ; elle développe chez les brutes comme chez l’homme d’esprit, dans les greniers comme dans les salons, cet amour de la domination qui forme le véritable instinct de l’homme, car il n’aime l’indépendance que comme moyen d’autorité, et une fois soustrait à la tyrannie, son premier besoin est de l’exercer.’

When the Republic was established in 1870 upon the ruins of the Empire, it was accepted by all classes as the form of government which divided the nation least, and which promised to embrace all parties on the broad ground of patriotism, tolerance, and freedom. Each of the monarchical parties was too weak to assert its own ascendancy, although the spirit of the National Assembly was more monarchical than republican, and it was certainly fortunate that the obstinacy of one of the claimants of the throne prevented the fatal experiment of a restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbon family from being accomplished. And here we may say at once that, in our opinion, the day of restorations (always a doubtful experiment) is in France irretrievably past. A hundred years of revolution have effaced the traditions of past greatness. The idea of monarchy as the symbol of national power, and the sentiment of loyalty to a royal race, are both extinct among the people. Thirty-five years, the life of a generation, have elapsed since the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy which had been erected on a limited electoral basis. The military glory of the First Empire and the administrative genius of Napoleon have lost their spell, and are now obliterated by the profligacy of the Second Empire and the catastrophe which laid it in the dust. These institutions cannot be revived. For good or for evil, France is bound to universal suffrage and a purely democratic government, which leaves her but two alternatives—that of a popular assembly swayed by revolutionary passions and factions, or an arbitrary authority established by the direct vote of the army and the people.

Nevertheless, in 1871, at the close of the war, and after the defeat of the audacious and sanguinary revolt of the Commune, the influence of M. Thiers preponderated, and M. Thiers undoubtedly conceived that the republican form of government was that in which the largest share of power would fall into

his own hands. Some one said to him, 'How comes it that you, who are not a Republican, should have established the Republic?' 'La République!' he exclaimed, 'certainement je veux la République! Sans la République que serais-je, moi, Adolphe Thiers, bourgeois?' We can guarantee the accuracy of these expressions, for it was to ourselves he addressed them. The Republic was founded partly by the impossibility of finding anything to take its place, and partly by the ambition of those who hoped to rule it. M. Thiers was throughout his life animated by an intense desire to govern, united to a singular inability to serve. He never learned that the duty of the minister of a free State is the severest form of service. The Republic, as he conceived it, was a species of constitutional monarchy without a king. He was himself to be the sovereign, and his policy was as anti-revolutionary as if a despot had been on the throne. He uttered and believed in the apophthegm, 'La République sera conservatrice, ou elle ne sera pas.' Unquestionably his government, which lasted from February 8, 1871, till May 24, 1873, rendered great services to France. It paid the indemnity to the Germans; it obtained the evacuation of the territory; it proceeded to reorganise the army; and it restored the position of France in Europe. But it stood upon a shifting basis, and shortly fell. From that day to this the progress of the Jacobin party in the Assemblies has been marked and rapid. Marshal MacMahon was no politician, and he resigned after an ill-judged attempt at reaction, which aggravated the mischief. Power passed into the hands of M. Grévy, whose fixed determination was not to use it; and the course of events, or at least the fate of ministers, was controlled by the occult influence of M. Gambetta, who, without assuming the direct responsibility of office, contrived to make himself master of the councils of France.

It is too soon to form a just estimate of this remarkable man, too much lauded by his adherents, too much feared by his opponents, too much honoured in *opportunitate mortis*. He was a man of low extraction, more Italian than French in character, imperfectly educated, and of a coarse sensual nature. But he had the energy and impetuosity of the Southern races. He obtained notoriety, just before the fall of the Empire, by a vehement harangue at the bar, and in the universal collapse of men and institutions which followed the siege of Paris, he sprang into fame; he escaped in a balloon, and from Tours he exercised a dictatorship over France. He succeeded in prolonging the war; he organised resistance in the departments of the West; but he entirely failed in his design to raise the

siege of Paris, and some of his measures only enhanced the misfortunes of the country. Yet he unquestionably showed an undaunted patriotism; and his spirit in a great emergency, joined to remarkable gifts of popular eloquence, made him the most conspicuous personage in France. His design was an obvious one. He was content to wait the termination of M. Grévy's Presidency, being about thirty years younger than that venerable politician. Meanwhile his position in the Chamber gave him an almost absolute control over the majority, and he could make and unmake ministers at pleasure. He had ample means to gratify his love of luxury and of power. Whenever M. Grévy, as was probable, came to an end, whether from natural or from political causes, Gambetta relied on succeeding to the Presidency of the Republic, and he certainly did not intend to make it a sinecure, but rather a dictatorship. Armed with the *scrutin de liste* which he meant to carry, he would himself have designated all the Republican candidates for the Assembly. None would have had a chance without his assent. He would therefore have returned the Chamber itself, and he would have been master of the situation. But events forced his hand and spoiled his game. He was compelled to accept the unwelcome task of forming a premature government. Not one single man of eminence, character, or experience, would accept office under him. They knew him too well. He filled the ministries with the contributors to his newspaper and with men whose names were an insult to the President and to France. M. Grévy let him alone, foreseeing that the trial would not be a long one. It ended even sooner than was expected, and M. Gambetta, who had already quarrelled with the supporters to whom he had addressed the *programme de Belleville*, found himself deserted by the Chamber. With the exception of energy and eloquence, we believe that M. Gambetta had none of the qualities of a statesman. The influence he had acquired in France, and the fame he had obtained abroad, were purely adventitious. He was entirely deficient in patience, in application to business, in command of detail, in knowledge, in practical acquaintance with the great springs of government, and even in judgment and penetration. We doubt whether he ever had any policy or political system, except his own advancement. He was in fact, as he professed to be, an 'opportunist,' borne along by the current of events; and, as it happened, the current of events speedily ended his adventurous career. To compare him to Mirabeau appears to us to be preposterous; for Mirabeau, with all his vices, had the stamp of genius and has left behind him marks of it. But if it is desir-

able that France should escape from the grasp of a dictator, and Europe from a very dangerous neighbour, the early termination of M. Gambetta's life is an event more to be deplored by his personal friends than by the world. M. Gambetta owed his importance not to what he really was, but to what he was supposed to be—*dignus imperii nisi imperasset*—he might have governed if he had never been a minister. Had he lived, he would probably have sought to establish an autocratic government on a democratic basis, with small regard to liberal principles. He owed his elevation to the expulsion from public life of all that is still eminent in France, and from his superiority to the feeble race of his associates and successors.

But whatever may have been his merits or his failings, his death has left for the moment a singular void in the politics of France, since for the first time in her agitated history it is hard to say that any man exists in civil life or in military service who can be said to possess the confidence of the country, or whose name is even known to the bulk of the nation, setting aside those members of the Senate who are at variance with the party in power. The dominant faction in the State is literally without a leader; for M. Jules Ferry can hardly claim that title. His colleagues are even more obscure. It is an anonymous government. The army itself is without a chief. General Chanzy might have filled that position, but he died within a few days of Gambetta. Whatever else may exist in its ranks is unknown. The present Government reminds us in some degree of the Directory of 1795, in which Lareveillère-Lepeaux and Rewbell occupied the first rank; and this is the first time since the Directory that the Jacobins have been in complete possession of power. But, as far as we know, there is no General Bonaparte behind them; and, instead of the victorious armies of the Italian campaign, there exists, as every Frenchman remembers with pain and dread, beyond the Rhine a military organisation superior to their own.

The mention of the Directory recalls to our memory a striking passage in M. de Barante's Introduction to his history of that period, which is so applicable to the present state of affairs that we shall venture to transcribe it. The remarks of a cultivated and liberal Frenchman on his own country, and on the events in which he has played a part, are of more value than our own.

‘It is no longer possible to attribute these changes to the conduct of the governments which the Revolution has created and overthrown. The power or the influence of this or that man, of this or that party, fails entirely to explain this succession of crises without a conclusion.

A more general cause must be sought out. We must ask whether the French nation is not charged with an element of instability, a disposition to provoke and to submit to continual vicissitudes. Does not the spirit of the Revolution, after having destroyed and upset the institutions of France, still subsist in the heart of a society composed of the ruins of her former social condition? . . .

'Thus it came to pass that after having crushed and extinguished the factions of the time, restored order, and created a powerful administration, the most eminent genius of modern times only succeeded in suspending the course of these revolutions. He had chained the spirit of the Revolution to his service, but he had not cast it into oblivion or closed the chasm. To what form of government, to what sovereignty, will it belong to accomplish this immense and lasting benefit? How will the spirit of envious equality be cured, the repugnance to all superiority, even without a shadow of privilege? How will society be classed when classes can no longer be defined? How shall we lose this habit of instability, this sense of the provisional in which disaffection is content to dwell? When will the ambitious man, who thinks he is not so powerful or so high as he deserves to be, cease to look to revolution as the means of aggrandisement? How shall we secure liberties which have been too often used as means of destruction? How will the authority of law regain its ascendancy, when laws and constitutions are the result of circumstance and have not been bequeathed to us by time, consolidated by a long prescription and corrected by experience? As long as the revolutionary spirit is not extinguished and continues to aim at the creation of a new order of society, political order cannot be re-established.' (M. de Barante's '*Histoire du Directoire*,' p. xvi.)

These reflections were written about twenty years ago, under a different *régime* from the present, but they are precisely the same as now occur to every reflecting Frenchman, to every man who sincerely desires the establishment of permanent liberty in France, to every patriot who is jealous of the honour and safety of his country, and who writhes under the conviction that the destinies of the nation are more than ever entrusted to unstable institutions and to unworthy hands.

These are the views expressed by M. Jules Simon in every page of the volume before us. He writes as a Liberal of advanced opinions. He has no connexion with any of the monarchical parties in France. He accepted the Republic frankly, and he has served it ably; but he recognises in the ascendancy of the Jacobin party the destruction of the true liberal principles to which he is devoted, and he brings his charges home by examining their policy in relation to religious opinions and to the system of public instruction.

'Unhappily,' says M. Simon, 'our great Revolution has left behind it a twofold trace: it has given birth to two races of men. One of

them clings to 1789, and would save and consecrate the conquests of the Constituent Assembly by defending them against a reaction towards the past and against the exaggerations of the future; the other, still fixed at the date of 1793, admires nothing in the Revolution but its destructive power, still seeks to destroy when all that was pernicious is already destroyed, and therefore to destroy for the sake of destruction, which is, both in politics and in socialism, the sovereign evil. The revolutionists of this class are the real enemies of the Revolution, not only because they prevent by their agitation its definitive settlement, but because they combat the principles established by the Revolution, because they are actuated by passions not by reason, by transitory interests opposed to the general and lasting interest of the nation, by hatred without an object, which has produced but too many calamities in the past, and which at the present time threatens the very existence of social order.

‘More especially with reference to religious liberty, it is curious and painful to witness in 1880 the same exaggerations and the same excesses as in 1793. That past, from which we are divided by almost a century, is still so near to us that we cannot explain our own condition without reverting to it.’ (Simon, p. 26.)

If ever there is a time when the old Whig rallying-cry in favour of civil and religious liberty throughout the world deserves to be repeated, it is when the religious institutions and opinions of a nation are assailed by a government without any religion at all. The intolerance of fanaticism is detestable, but the intolerance of unbelief is still more hateful. That, however, has been the leading characteristic of the men who now govern France. The cry which M. Gambetta raised to excite the passions of the Assembly and the people was, ‘*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l’ennemi!*’ And by ‘*Cléricalisme*’ he meant not only the ancient faith of the nation, but all belief in divine authority. Of his own opinions it is not our business to speak, but we know from his admirers Mr. Frederic Harrison and M. Reinach that they inclined to what is called ‘*Positivism*.’ He ostentatiously rejected every form of belief; he chose for his Minister of Public Instruction an avowed atheist; and he was borne to a charnel-house to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. The worst passions of the Convention and the Commune were not more fiercely hostile to the Church. M. Simon thus sums up this anti-clerical policy:—

‘The Catholic religion is threatened with a reconstruction of the organisation and discipline of the Church by the Parliament; the candidates for holy orders are threatened with compulsory military service, absolutely incompatible with their clerical education; it is proposed to suppress the revenue granted by the State to the Church (which amounts to rather more than two millions sterling), or at least to diminish it considerably; to take from the Church the buildings

devoted to public worship or occupied by religious establishments; to prohibit all public manifestations of worship, and to suppress the emblems of the faith in public places; to disperse all the religious orders; to seize the property or estates the Church has acquired by gift or otherwise; to expel the ministers of religion from the schools, barracks, hospitals, and charitable institutions, and to render them liable to exceptional penalties. Some of these threats have already been transformed into laws; others have been voted by one of the two branches of the legislature; others have been discussed in commissions and advocated by persons of weight. And after all this we are told that religion is not threatened, that these dangers are the invention of the clericals, and that the Government will not consent to fresh aggressions.' (Simon, p. 292.)

Whilst we are writing a fresh attack has been consummated. The municipal councils have been allowed to appropriate to themselves those casual fees for religious services which serve to eke out the slender stipend of the French priesthood.

The modes of attack on the Church are various. Some are for disestablishment and the suppression of the subvention to the clergy; some are for a stricter application of the Concordat, to place the Church in closer dependence on the State. M. Jules Roche and thirty-nine of his colleagues advocate the secularisation of the property and buildings of the religious orders, which amount, it seems, to no less than 40,520 hectares of land, producing a revenue of about 1,200,000*l.*, and valued at nearly thirty millions sterling. M. Paul Bert, on the contrary, would place the bishops and clergy under the control of the penal code, and limit the garden of the priest to a space of six *ares*, less than a quarter of an acre, to grow his salad in. These absurdities would not deserve notice if they did not indicate the spirit of intolerance and cupidity to which they owe their origin.

We are not writing a defence of religion or morals. They need no defence from us. But is it possible to conceive a permanent government in a free State, when the rulers not only repudiate all religious belief themselves and ostentatiously deny the great sanctions of morality, but when they make the offices and the ministers of religion the avowed objects of their hatred, and deny as far as they are able to the bulk of their countrymen the right to worship God in their own manner, to form religious associations, and to educate their children in the faith of their fathers?

The first care of the Assembly of 1871 was to free the education of the country from the restrictions placed upon it by preceding governments. The monopoly of the University of France had long been attacked by the Liberal party. Down

to a recent period no man in France had been allowed to open a school of higher instruction or to teach in public without the permission of the Government. But in 1871 the Assembly was resolved to sweep away the last traces of these fetters, and in 1873 the right of free teaching was conceded to all classes and to all opinions. This measure was bitterly opposed by the advanced Republicans, because the liberty it granted was favourable to the influence of the Church. Free universities, they exclaimed, mean Catholic universities; and Catholic universities are hostile to Republican ideas. The country must have Republican institutions and Republican ideas, since it has got a Republic. But, says M. Simon, what more do you want? You have all the instruments of a Republic—universal suffrage, compulsory instruction, and compulsory military service.

‘What renders your demand ridiculous is that you have in your hands what you are asking for. What renders it odious is that you have nothing to erect on your *tabula rasa*. You are in complete nihilism, both political and social. Still more are you nihilists in religion and philosophy. You do not choose that the priests should govern. When have they governed? They tried it under the Restoration with but little success. Suppose they try it again; you have all the laws required to prevent them. And the facts prove it. They are beaten, you say, but not conquered. Take care. This reflection may speedily lead you to persecute all beliefs and all believers, and thence to atheism. The Commune shot a file of priests against a wall, and others as they jumped a fence, like game, not because they were the enemies of the Republic or the Commune, but simply because they were priests. As individuals they were accused of nothing. They were shot for their cassocks.’ (P. 171.)

There is no exaggeration in this language. The primary object of the revolutionary party is to secularise, or, as they term it, to laicise, the education of the country; and this is carried to all lengths. A mild proposition that the teachers in primary schools should be legally bound to teach children their duties ‘to God and their country’ was rejected by the Lower Chamber, and eventually surrendered by the Senate. A member of the Lower House argued that as the existence of God could not be demonstrated, it was wrong to impose on teachers the duty of speaking of an *imaginary being*! At the same time a voice was heard to exclaim, ‘Il n’y a plus de ‘morale!’ M. Jules Ferry, the present Prime Minister, said, in the course of that debate, ‘What God is it they mean? ‘The God of the Christians, or the God of Descartes and ‘Malebranche?’—being apparently ignorant that Descartes was a Christian, and the Père Malebranche in holy orders.

Even a writer like M. de Pressensé says (to our great surprise):—

‘L’enseignement officiel du théisme ne nous paraît pas à sa place dans les écoles primaires de l’Etat. . . . Nous préférons infiniment l’élimination de tout enseignement systématique de la morale dans l’école publique. Nous n’admettons la morale dans l’école de l’Etat qu’à titre éducatif.’

M. Simon remarks that, in fact, the authors of these laws are trying to establish a State Church, in which Nihilism is to be substituted for Christianity. A dogma is not the less dogmatical because it is negative, and such schools would not be less denominational if they belonged to the denomination of atheists. The secularism of France is inspired by dread and hatred of the clergy.

To this anti-clerical passion the Radicals sacrificed the first principle of the Liberal creed, and in 1874 M. Challemel-Lacour led the attack. For his part he declared that he did not believe in freedom of instruction. The question, he said, concerned the ‘moral unity of France.’ He would tolerate no divided empire of thought in the schools. He drew a formidable picture of the Catholic schools. He affirmed that it was necessary to secularise the country in order to reduce it to one pure standard of republican faith. This remarkable speech was the forerunner of the policy which has since prevailed. It was answered by M. Laboulaye in an eloquent protest. ‘To demand liberty for yourselves, and to refuse it ‘to others,’ he said, ‘is the definition of despotism. No one ‘is so free as a despot: but he is free for himself alone.’

The fundamental doctrine of the revolutionary party is absolute intolerance of all opinions at variance with their own. This is the principle which inspired Robespierre and his associates with boundless arrogance, and led them to the insane attempt to extirpate by any means whatever stood in their way. The ‘moral unity of France’ means, on their lips, universal submission to the doctrines of their sect. It matters little that their principles are abhorred and condemned by all that is most eminent and enlightened in the nation, and have no hold on the majority of the population. The nation is to be educated to adopt their creed, and whatever is opposed to it is to be proscribed. The desire of M. Challemel-Lacour to perfect ‘the moral unity of France’ by ejecting every element which might conflict with republican ascendancy, and by subjecting the beliefs and the education of the people to the direct control of the State, is precisely analogous to the theory of the Spanish Inquisition. That holy brotherhood sought to

perfect the moral unity of Spain by burning heretics and banishing Jews, and rejecting all modes of thought at variance with the ascendancy of their own faith. The forms of procedure in our times are less ferocious, but the spirit of intolerance is the same. M. Challemel-Lacour has learned a lesson from the Church he abhors. And, indeed, the philosophy of M. Comte, which is the evangel of the new democrats, teaches that the authority of the State is to mould the nation, and exert a universal influence over the thoughts and actions of men. Tyranny once wore the garb of religion; it now assumes the dress of universal suffrage and popular power. But whether in the guise of the caucus, or the 'ring,' or of majorities intolerant of control, this is the spirit most adverse to true freedom and personal independence.

In 1874 M. Challemel-Lacour stood almost alone in these opinions. In 1879, thanks to the ascendancy acquired by M. Gambetta and M. Jules Ferry, they were incorporated in the legislation of the country, accepted by the Republican party, and forced over the head of a reluctant Senate. The seventh article of M. Ferry's law proscribed the associations most actively engaged in free teaching, and sacrificed a principle to drive 1,500 Jesuits out of France. And to make it worse it was carried into effect by the arbitrary decrees of March 29, 1880. These measures were followed by attempts to abolish oaths and to prohibit all the emblems of religion, which, in many parts of France, are still dear to the people.

M. Jules Simon, who is a philosopher and a professor as well as a statesman, has devoted the greater part of his work to a defence of the liberties of the Church and of public instruction. But in summing up the results of the existing political state of France, he might, we think, have made some remarks on the debased condition of popular literature. We know that men are not wanting in France who carry on, in the silence of their cabinets, profound researches into the past history of their country, and into the problems of speculative philosophy. The Institute of France still upholds its great position in the world, and defends the truths of science and of morals against the materialism of the age. But these honourable labours are far removed from the literature of the day, and command comparatively a small circulation. We must be permitted to say that the tone of the most popular French works of fiction, some of which find their way into periodicals which have hitherto borne a high character, is simply detestable. They are polluted by gross obscenity and the extravagance of vice. They cannot be read without disgust and a

sense of degradation, when it appears that such books meet with favour in France ; and if these are the current productions of modern French literature it will deservedly be banished from the tables and libraries of the cultivated classes in Europe. This is the poison to which secular education affords no antidote, because it stimulates the most brutal instincts of mankind. There is no surer mark of the degeneracy of the age and the fatal consequences of a revolution which has perverted the taste and shaken the convictions of society.

France, happily, still retains one great bulwark of the rights and liberties of the nation. She has an admirable system of jurisprudence, based on the ancient laws of the country ; and the most palpable and lasting gain of her revolutions is the establishment of a code of civil laws which survives them all. It is remarkable that, amidst all the political changes of France, scarcely an article of the codes has been modified or attacked, whilst England, undergoing no great changes in her political constitution, has carried into effect changes in her civil legislation which alter the forms of procedure, the criminal law, and the rights of persons and property in all classes of society. The law of France is far more stable, and it is administered by a numerous, upright, and learned judicial body. Only on two or three scandalous occasions have the civil laws of the land been set aside by acts of arbitrary authority. Here then is a barrier not easily to be surmounted. The judicial power is the most independent institution in France, and the best safeguard of her liberties. The magistracy of France is therefore the body most exposed to the attacks of the Revolution. Amongst the absurd provisions of the Constitution of 1791 one of the most mischievous was the second article of the fifth chapter, in these words :—

‘Justice shall be gratuitously administered by judges elected by the people and appointed by letters-patent of the king, who cannot refuse them. They can neither be removed nor suspended without trial. The public prosecutor shall be named by the people.’

The consequence was, that these elected judges soon ceased to be lawyers at all. Some of them could scarcely read and write. The object was to place the judicial power in the hands of the Jacobins, as has been demonstrated by M. Taine.

We do not suppose that so extravagant a proposition would now be entertained, but in some respects it has been exceeded. A demand has been made that the judges should be elected by the people, and M. Gambetta himself was in favour of abolishing the inamovibility of the bench. The magistrates of France

are not a body swayed by political passions; few probably of the number have much faith in the Republic; a crowd of aspirants are ready to take their places, and the proposal to make them removable at the pleasure of the Ministers has been advocated. That is, in other words, to place the most respected body in France, upon which the security of property and the personal freedom of all men depend, at the mercy of the faction exercising supreme power. There can be no greater outrage to public liberty. The threat, which compromises the professional rank and emoluments of a whole class of able and honourable men, has not increased their attachment to republican institutions.

We turn from the administration of justice to finance. It was long held to be a cardinal virtue of democratic governments that they are economical and have an especial regard to the expenditure of money drawn from the pockets of the people. That fallacy at least must be abandoned. The sovereign people, as Sir Stafford Northcote said the other night, is a very expensive sovereign. The more democratic governments become the more they spend; and this for the obvious reason that the expenditure is demanded and sanctioned for the benefit of the masses and in the name of the progress of society. It therefore becomes more difficult for the exchequer to resist claims made no doubt for laudable purposes, and backed by the influence of the representatives of the people, who think more of what they can get from the Government than of what they can save to the nation. It is always the interest of a minister to be as economical as he can; it is generally the tendency of a popular body to increase expenditure. We might quote a hundred instances of this truth at home, in our school boards, in the enormous loans contracted by our town councils, and in the demands continually urged on the Government by the House of Commons. But in France this reckless extravagance exceeds anything we have an idea of. M. Simon tells us that from 1815 to 1827 the revenue of France seldom exceeded 40 millions sterling. In 1853 the cost of the Empire was about 60 millions, but it rose rapidly to 100 millions in 1855 (the year of the Crimean War). Ever since 1877 the budget has exceeded 120 millions; and M. Leroy-Beaulieu has recently demonstrated that if the local taxation be added, the annual expenditure of France is above 150 millions sterling—five times and a half what it was in 1789, and twice as much as it was in 1852. The ordinary budget of 1883 recently presented by M. Tirard is estimated at 124 millions sterling, to which must be added about 32 millions of local

taxes, and we know not what amount of supplementary credits. Whilst these lines are written the Minister of Finance announces that he will require a fresh loan of at least 12 millions sterling to balance his ordinary budget; and the Town Council of Paris announces a loan of 10 millions sterling to be spent on public works, in order to employ the necessitous workmen of the capital. That is the modern form of bribing a turbulent democracy; in Rome it was done by distributions of corn.

Thus the public debt continues to increase with extreme rapidity. At this moment an enormous floating debt weighs upon the market. Meanwhile the Government engages in prodigious public works in order to employ labour, to protect certain industries and navigation by bounties, to come to the relief of embarrassed financial companies, to draw closer the toils of the protective system, and even talks of buying up the railroads. France no doubt is rich, industrious, and in private life frugal. But she has lost enormously by the destruction of her vines and the bad harvests of recent years. The agricultural depression, which has affected all Europe, has ruined many of the small landowners of France, who have no other resources to fall back upon. There is a marked decline in the foreign trade of the country in the first three months of the present year, as was to be anticipated under the restrictions of the general tariff. Unless all we have ever learned of political economy is a delusion, so extravagant a superstructure on so artificial a basis must one day fall to the ground. A spirit of speculation in financial companies, and those associations which profess to make money out of nothing, has for some time been rampant in France. It has infected the highest ranks of society, and it has penetrated to the peasantry. In the towns it is universal. But the day is not distant when these bubbles will burst. The Government has made efforts and sacrifices to support the credit of these rotten institutions, but they cannot last or succeed. In the long run imaginary values sink under the test of reality. If, therefore, a financial crisis takes place, it will produce serious social and political consequences. The building and other trades, which have drawn vast numbers of the population to the towns, and reduced the agricultural population to an inconvenient degree, will be suddenly checked. The wages of artisans have risen, we learn, in Paris 60 per cent. in the last twelve or fifteen years. A time will come when wages must fall, work decrease, and the workmen be thrown on the streets. Perhaps that time is come already. But that will be an evil hour for the Republic, for nothing can eradicate from the minds of the French that '*le Gouverne-*

'ment' is an institution which can and ought to supply from some occult source all the wants of the people. The most certain cause of political revolutions, though not the most apparent, is the influence of financial blunders and the violation of sound principles of political economy. The protective system in France has contributed to raise to an exorbitant pitch the rate of living and the rate of wages; but the rise in wages has not increased the well-being of the people, because the cost of food and clothing has risen in the same proportion. This increase of cost must limit trade and production. The more the workmen are paid, the less work will there be for them to do. Hence we are told that there are now 60,000 *ouvriers* on the pavement of Paris without employment, many of them without bread, and that number is more likely to increase than to diminish. The state of things in the capital may then remind us of the scenes of 1790, 1848, and 1871. In England all the necessities of life are untaxed, with the exception of beer and tea, for spirits and tobacco are not necessities. In the cities of France the large municipal revenues, amounting to 30 millions sterling, are chiefly raised by the *octrois* levied on the food of the people. Moreover in France the indigent classes have no poor-law relief to fall back upon. Hence, whilst everything has been done in England for the last forty years to reduce the cost of living to the poorer classes, in France (at least in the towns) prices have risen inordinately, and the burden falls with great severity on those who are least able to bear it. The Republic has done nothing to alleviate distress; the prodigal administration of its finances, both by the State and by the communes, has rendered reductions of taxation impracticable. The general tariff has been raised. Fresh rates have been imposed on house property. Perhaps the most serious danger to the tranquillity of Paris lies in this direction. A riot is always formidable which begins with the pillage of bakers' shops. Disturbances are always falsely attributed to reactionary conspiracies. It was so in the first Revolution. They more often arise from the conspiracy of indigence and hunger against luxury and wealth.

The police of the metropolis is a matter of primary importance, for in France it concerns the safety of the State. The 'Préfecture de Police' is an important department of the Government, though the city of Paris contributes one-half—about a million sterling—to the expenses of the establishment. One of the chief objects of the present Municipality of Paris is to get possession of the whole system of police, to abolish the Préfecture, and to place the capital under the control of a

single mayor. That is a precise repetition of the changes demanded and obtained in 1790. We know to what political results the communal independence of Paris has invariably led; and it has been said with truth, that whenever this measure is carried the victory of the Commune will be accomplished.

Of the state of the French army we speak with great diffidence, for it is imperfectly known to the world; but there are a few circumstances connected with it which deserve observation. After the disasters of 1870, great and laudable efforts were made to put the country in an efficient state of defence and to reorganise the army. Large sums of money were spent on fortifications and *matériel*; the education of the younger officers was vastly improved; discipline was better enforced in the ranks. The commands of the military divisions were given by M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon to officers of high character and experience. But these eminent men became objects of suspicion to the succeeding Governments, and they were superseded by officers chiefly selected for their supposed attachment to the Republic. This led to a singular result. We are not aware that any general officer in the French army is sufficiently known by his past services to command the confidence of the troops or of the country. Probably many of them are gallant and able soldiers, but it is a misfortune to a commander to be comparatively unknown. The whole series of generals, from Marshal Bugeaud to Changarnier, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Leflo, Ducrot, Chanzy, and others, has passed away. Not long ago we have been informed that M. Victor Hugo exclaimed, in his rhetorical language, ‘Mon-
‘ sieur le Duc d’Aumale est l’épée de la France.’ Certain it is that no officer ever served the army with more zeal and ability. But, for the present, M. Thibaudin has thought fit to replace that ‘épée’ in the scabbard, as well as that of his not less gallant nephew the Duc de Chartres. Yet there are not in the whole army two officers better known or more respected. Nor does this jealousy stop at royal personages. M. de Gallifet, the smartest cavalry officer in the army, has been placed under the ban as ‘dangerous,’ and others will probably follow.

The effect of the law of compulsory and universal service on the population is remarkable. It has produced, instead of an army eager and ready for war, an army and a people passionately desirous of peace. That is a result of which Europe has no reason to complain, but it has singularly enervated France. Armies are most easily recruited from that

class of the population which is without property. But when the conscription takes the peasant and the son of the peasant from his acres and his home, it becomes a grievous burden; and although he may consent to serve for the defence of his country, it is an intolerable hardship to be sent to die in the sands of Africa or the forests of Madagascar. The popular demand, therefore, embodied in a bill now before the Chambers, is the reduction of the service to three years and the suppression of all exemptions and limitations in favour of the educated classes. Even the priest would have to shoulder his rifle for three years, and from twenty-one to twenty-four every man in France would have to live in the barracks. Such is the law of absolute equality, most unequal in its application, for though the peasant or the artisan may go back to his farm or his trade, the loss of those three years is fatal to professional and intellectual life, and highly injurious to the liberal professions themselves. A man is not the less useful to his country because he serves it in a civil capacity. But this law of conscription takes the lawyer, the priest, the doctor, the artist, the man of letters and of thought, to make him a common soldier, in the very years on which his training for a career in civil life mainly depends. And with all this you have a bad army, for the unanimous testimony of military authority proclaims that an army of three-years men never can attain to perfection. 'We want,' says M. Jules Simon, 'soldiers that shall be soldiers, to protect us against our enemies without and our enemies within. It was supposed that a good soldier was a man who knew his drill, who could shoot straight, and ride, and march, and run. That was a mistake. A soldier requires more than dexterity and strength; he wants the *soul* of military life, which is the creation of habit. Without that, our army is a band of schoolboys or a militia.' What the effect of these changes and occurrences may be on the mind and feelings of the army itself, we do not think it prudent to enquire. The French army has for many years shown a wise and noble determination to stand aloof from politics, and to do its duty in the service of the country. But it can hardly be supposed that they view with indifference the exercise of supreme military authority by a man of tainted reputation, whose conduct has earned for him notoriety without respect. It is highly creditable to the army and navy of France that not a single officer of high character could be found to execute the recent orders of the Ministry, and that General Billot and Admiral Jauréguibery resigned their offices rather than sully their fame.

Of the attitude of the Princes of the Royal House of France who have been deprived of their military commands and threatened with expulsion from their native country, it does not become us to speak; but we venture to say that it has been marked by the same dignified patriotism which distinguishes all their conduct. They have adhered inflexibly to their principle of implicit and absolute obedience to the law, whatever that law may be, and they have set the army an example of strict military discipline, even when others may have been tempted to impugn it.

Of the foreign policy of the recent French administrations there is little to be said, for they have had no foreign policy at all. M. Gambetta was supposed to have a foreign policy, but it was a dangerous one. His predecessors and successors are innocuous; but they have contrived, nevertheless, to isolate their country, and although we believe no State in Europe has the least intention of encroaching on the rights and independence of France, and they desire, on the contrary, to live on friendly terms with the French nation, the relations of all the Powers with the French Ministry are cool. A much closer understanding has happily sprung up between England and the German Powers, as well as between England and Italy, than had previously existed. The policy of the British Government in Egypt and elsewhere has the concurrence of Europe, and we are certain that no real French interests will be injured by it. The French themselves must determine upon the course they wish to pursue in their foreign relations. But it is not a little significant that several of their ablest representatives at foreign Courts have resigned rather than serve under the present Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that their places are not likely to be filled by men of the diplomatic rank and experience we are accustomed to meet with in the embassies and legations of France. In this, as in every other branch of the public service, the Government have superseded the ablest servants of the State to put their own creatures into offices of profit and dignity. But they have lowered the offices without raising the characters of their nominees.

The Senate is, of all the existing institutions of France, the most able and respectable. It comprises within its walls most of the men of political experience, weight, and eloquence who have not been totally eliminated from public affairs. Its spirit is liberal, but not reactionary, and it offers the best security for the Republic by endeavouring to preserve it from the follies and excesses of the revolutionary party. The Senate, like the Chamber of Representatives, is an elected

body; but it represents a more educated class of constituents. There is this inconvenience in a second elected Chamber, that the ablest men in the country are drafted into it; they are therefore removed from the more active and popular assembly, and the body which has most power has least intelligence. There has not, we believe, in the last ninety years been any assembly in France so devoid of political ability as that which now plays the foremost part in the country. It has no leaders, no discipline, no knowledge, and no conduct. It would be discourteous in a foreigner to apply to it the terms that are current in France, as, for instance, when M. Gambetta called it 'une assemblée de sous-vétérinaires;' but it must be judged by its works. The fear of a dissolution, which would consign the majority of its members to obscurity and oblivion, keeps it in check. Otherwise the jealousy and dislike of the superior influence of the Senate would lead to a cry for a revision of the Constitution, by which is meant the extinction of the Upper House. M. Jules Ferry has had the wisdom to postpone that intemperate demand. M. Clémenceau, on the contrary, has adopted it as the watch-cry of the more advanced party. The Revision of the Constitution—a Constitution about seven years old!—means another transformation of the form of government by sweeping away the second Chamber, which acts as a check on the popular Assembly, perhaps by abolishing the Presidency which has proved so ineffective, and by throwing all power into the hands of what would be in fact another Convention. It remains to be seen what resistance the present administration and the country will offer to these extravagant projects.

We have followed M. Jules Simon with interest thus far, with some additional observations of our own. It only remains for us to quote his *bilan*—his summing up of the account. 'Let us ask then,' he says, 'what we have done in these three last years. We have made nothing but ruins. We have lowered the intelligence of the country by subjecting it to the multitude, and the multitude by depriving it of the objects of its belief. Such is, in a few words, our history.' The verdict is a sorrowful one, and it proceeds from a man who is no enemy of the Republic, but, on the contrary, an ardent champion of true liberal principles. We know not how many ministries have passed over the stage in this short interval, but they have been the mere mouthpieces and implements of the popular Assembly, and they have sacrificed everything in the attempt to secure a majority which perpetually dissolved in their grasp. It is not a Parliament supporting a

Government, but a Government hanging by sufferance on the caprices and passions of the Chamber. Accordingly, what have they done? First of all, they have attacked the Church and outraged the religious sentiments and convictions of all who have not embraced secularism and positivism as their creed. The next step was to overthrow the system of free education which the Republic itself had established only five years before, and to apply the whole teaching power of the country to reconstruct the 'moral unity of France' on secular and Republican principles, with an express exclusion of the very name of the Deity. Next they have threatened the magistracy in their eagerness to override the law and corrupt the source of public justice. Their administration of the finances has been the most reckless and costly ever known, and the distress of the people is increasing with the prodigality of the State. The measures taken for the reorganisation of the army have not had the results which were anticipated, whilst the recent demands of the Chamber and military measures of the Government threaten to shake its allegiance as well as its efficiency. The direction of the foreign affairs of the Republic has passed from M. Freycinet to M. Duclerc, and from M. Duclerc to M. Challemeil-Lacour. The names of these Ministers suffice to describe them; but there is something infinitely ridiculous in the heroic attitude assumed in Tonkin, the Congo River, Madagascar, and Tunis, by men who have forfeited their position in the politics of Europe. And lastly the Constitution itself, under which these things have been done, is threatened with further 'revision' at no distant period. M. Jules Ferry would give it a lease of two years. These are the ruins over which M. Jules Simon pours forth his eloquent lamentations. Religion, public instruction, law, finance, the army, and the foreign relations of a State are its main concerns; to threaten these institutions is to shake the pillars of the edifice; and if these aggressions are accomplished, they would go far to disintegrate a nation.

We have the more willingly turned our attention on the present occasion to the political state of a foreign country, inasmuch as we are bold enough to assert that the British Government is at present sailing in comparatively smooth waters, and stands unshaken before Parliament and the people. No burning question of intense political interest agitates the nation. No passionate desire manifests itself to carry or to defeat the measures that await the slow acceptance of Parliament. The eager impulse to substitute Lord

Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir Drummond Wolff, for Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and Sir William Harcourt, appears to be confined to the small body of men known as the Fourth Party in the House of Commons. It is the business of an Opposition to make the most of any untoward incident that arises, and the present leaders of the Tory party have endeavoured to use all their opportunities. They have been assisted and supported in their efforts to discredit the Government by a certain number of advanced Liberals, who have done what they could by their writings to persuade the country that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are hurrying us towards an abyss, that great organic changes are at hand, and that within a few years the triumphant ascendancy of the Radical party will sweep away the Church, the House of Lords, and the British Constitution. Happily, the writers who terrify us with these predictions are not likely to be in a condition to fulfil them. They are the most worthless and profligate of their class, the very scum of society; and we can only attribute their publications to the keen contention for notoriety which distinguishes several of our monthly contemporaries. The more extravagant these would-be Jacobins are, the more they hope to excite attention and command a sale. These demonstrations do not deserve serious notice. They are the artificial products of men hard driven to deliver themselves of a speech or an article. They frighten none but the most timorous or the most foolish of mankind. The men who utter them know very well that the British Constitution is tougher than to fall to pieces before such pellets as these, and that the present Ministers of the Crown are not the men likely to overthrow it.

It is true that the Liberal party comprises many shades of opinion, but the most appropriate distinction we can suggest between them is that of the 'Constructives' and the 'Destructives.' The Constructive element of the Liberal party has within the last half-century brought to a successful issue all those reforms and improvements to which the progress of the nation is due. The Destructive element tells us that all this is of little worth as long as society is subjected to the oppression of property and capital, to the privileges of an aristocracy, or even to the union of the several parts of this kingdom. We need not enquire to which of these opinions the immense majority of the people of this country incline. It is a bugbear to suppose that an irresistible torrent of democracy is sweeping down upon us to produce results like those we have just been describing in France. The Constructive element is strong

enough in good sense and patriotism to drive the Destructive element out of the field or to subdue it, and we claim for by far the most influential part of the present Administration an unshaken adherence to those principles.

Good government is based upon facts and a correct estimate of facts, not upon theories. Whenever the present Administration has firmly grasped the real facts of a case, it has acted with vigour and success. Thus, when the disturbances in Egypt had reached a point which seriously threatened the interests of the Empire, there was no hesitation in undertaking a task from which every other Power in Europe flinched, and an expedition was sent out with great promptitude which placed Egypt in a few weeks under the guard of England. The deplorable events of last spring in Ireland removed all uncertainty as to the course to be pursued there. The Executive Government was armed with fuller powers, and under the firm administration of those powers by Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, crime has sensibly diminished, conspirators have been brought to justice, and the authority of the law asserted. These two examples of resolution and ability have done more to commend the Government to the confidence of the country than any of its previous measures, and the consequence is that the Administration is, in fact, much stronger than it was a year ago.

As regards the great problem of Irish administration, the principles on which the Government has acted for the last twelvemonth are identical with those we put forth in this Journal in January 1881. We have only to regret that their truth was not acknowledged at an earlier period; for they were just as certain two years ago as they are now, and the demonstration of them has been written in the interval in characters of blood. It was to our mind just as apparent then as it is now that the Land League was only the mask of a great political conspiracy against the peace and union of these kingdoms, and that the attempt to disarm or defeat it by agrarian concessions was visionary; for the Hiberno-American incendiaries were already, at that time, advocating the execrable deeds of violence which they have since brought so nearly to their accomplishment. It would have been well if strenuous legislative and executive measures had been taken many months ago to crush these treasonable practices; but the causes which impeded the action of the Government at an earlier period are well known.

Whenever the Government has acted vigorously on the well-known traditions of public duty, it has succeeded: whenever it has allowed its proper action to be warped or suspended

by the theories which are commonly associated with the politicians of Manchester and Birmingham, it has failed. For it is the peculiar characteristic of those false views of government, that they lead to results exactly opposite to those which are intended or desired. The man who goes about preaching against war encourages aggression; the man who declares against the use of force encourages murder; the man who stoops to conciliate or propitiate conspirators encourages treason. The political instinct of the country condemned these mistaken courses; and the confidence of the nation was restored to the Cabinet in exact proportion to the vigour with which they were renounced. Fortunately Mr. Gladstone's last declaration in answer to Mr. Parnell's Bill left no uncertainty at all as to the determination he had formed.

It is unlucky (especially for themselves) when men of great oratorical powers reason on public affairs from theories originating in their own minds, and not from the reality of things; and they are apt to use expressions open to interpretations not contemplated by themselves. But these abuses of language have but little effect on the inexorable course of events; when the emergency arises, a minister is compelled to act in obedience to the higher obligations of law and duty; and he is judged, not by what he has said, but by what he does.

Although speech and debate play so large a part in our political life, the most essential functions of government are those executive duties about which least is said. The business of administration in this great Empire is constant and ubiquitous. The details of what is required by the machinery of government—to maintain peace and order, to enforce the due observance of law, to secure the efficiency of the great public services, and to watch the fluctuations of finance—are infinite. The public hear soon enough of the accidents and imperfections which occasionally supervene, but very little of the rapid and effective action of the authority which presides over every branch of the administration. These duties have seldom been more onerous than they are at present. The Government is engaged in a contest with a formidable conspiracy against social order and against the union of the realm. This contest is carried on without any undue strain of the law, without the least exercise of arbitrary power, against men who set all law at defiance, and who do not scruple to employ the most violent means of action. When the history of the present times comes to be written without reference to the party passions of the day, we are confident that justice will

be done to the sobriety, the strength, and the liberality with which the duties of the executive administration are performed at the present time.

The dynamite conspiracy organised by a band of miscreants for the avowed purpose of destroying public buildings, property, and life in the very heart of civilisation, is beyond all question the most treasonable plot against the nation and the Government which any minister has had to deal with since the Thistlewood gang was sent to the scaffold. It surpasses the famous Gunpowder Plot in atrocity, and it is the more abominable as it proceeds from men to whom the most liberal concessions have recently been made. Sir William Harcourt, and the authorities acting under him, deserve the highest credit for the patience, sagacity, and resolution with which this diabolical scheme has been tracked, and, we trust, frustrated. The crime contemplated appears to us to be the highest known to the law, for it is directed against the very existence of society.

Nor can we pass over in silence the remarkably able speech in which Mr. Childers introduced his Budget on April 5—by far the most satisfactory Budget which has been presented to the House of Commons for many years. We trust that the flourishing state of the finances, the large reductions of the National Debt, and even the decrease in the duties on drink, are substantial proofs of the improved condition of the people, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may long retain the power to carry on his enlightened, moderate, and judicious system of financial policy.

In comparison with these duties, which are essential to the existence of society, though they do not fall within the ken of declamatory politics, we do not hesitate to place the legislative functions of the Government in the second rank. It is no doubt desirable that legislative measures should be proceeded with, more especially those of a practical character; but until new laws are promulgated old laws remain in force. All the reforms and amendments of the law of which we are justly proud have been the result, in this country, of long discussions and slow legislation: that, probably, is one reason of their soundness and stability. The Government prepares and proposes these measures, but it rests far more with the House of Commons and the country than with the Government to determine the rapidity of their progress and the period of their final adoption. Several excellent bills of this nature are now before Parliament. Two of them have been referred to Grand Committees, and the labours of those bodies are watched with

great interest. But if the work of legislation is delayed, it is obviously because neither the House of Commons nor the country at large have formed an energetic resolution to carry them. If the strong will of the nation were touched by a sense of the necessity for immediate action, there can be no doubt as to the result. At this moment the prevailing feeling of the public is one of indifference. No one desires heroic legislation or dramatic changes. The Government provides a bill of fare in excess of the public appetite. It follows that many a dish leaves the table untouched. Party leaders lash their sides in vain to persuade the country that our institutions are in danger—that everything is imperilled by the growing audacity of the Radical faction; but the truth is that at the present moment Parliament seems bent on doing too little rather than too much, and that the *vis inertiae* of the Legislature opposes for the time an almost invincible obstacle even to measures desirable in themselves and not calculated to excite the dread or the dislike of moderate men. As long as this state of feeling lasts in the country, it is not probable that Parliamentary sessions will be much more productive than they have been of late.

If this state of things is, on some accounts, to be regretted, it is, on the other hand, a proof that the opinions of the more moderate section of the Liberal party have not lost their ascendancy either in the Administration or in the country. We see no signs of that triumphant superiority on the part of the advanced Liberals which is prognosticated by Mr. Labouchere. The Radical party of fifty years ago, which boasted in its ranks a Grote, a Molesworth, a Charles Buller, men of thought and character, was of a different stamp. They exercised a real influence over the Government and the nation; yet they too vanished. Those who, in our day, are seeking to advance the democratic cause by mere Jacobinism and bluster, would be utterly powerless if they were not an appendage to the great Liberal party, which shares none of their more extravagant opinions. Even when they are acting with their Irish allies, they scarcely command fifty votes in the House of Commons. We hold, therefore, as we have ever held, that the strength of the Liberal party still lies with the Constructive and not with the Destructive section of its members. We see no reason to suppose that the great body of enlightened public opinion in the country will be reduced to capitulate either to a distracted and intemperate Tory opposition, or to the anarchists, who have acquired nothing from the lessons of the French Revolution, except the desire to imitate its course.

Either alternative would be equally dangerous. The cause of order, of progress, and of constitutional freedom, is identified with that *via media*, that middle course, which has led us thus far onwards with increasing advantages to the welfare of the people and the security of the Empire.

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